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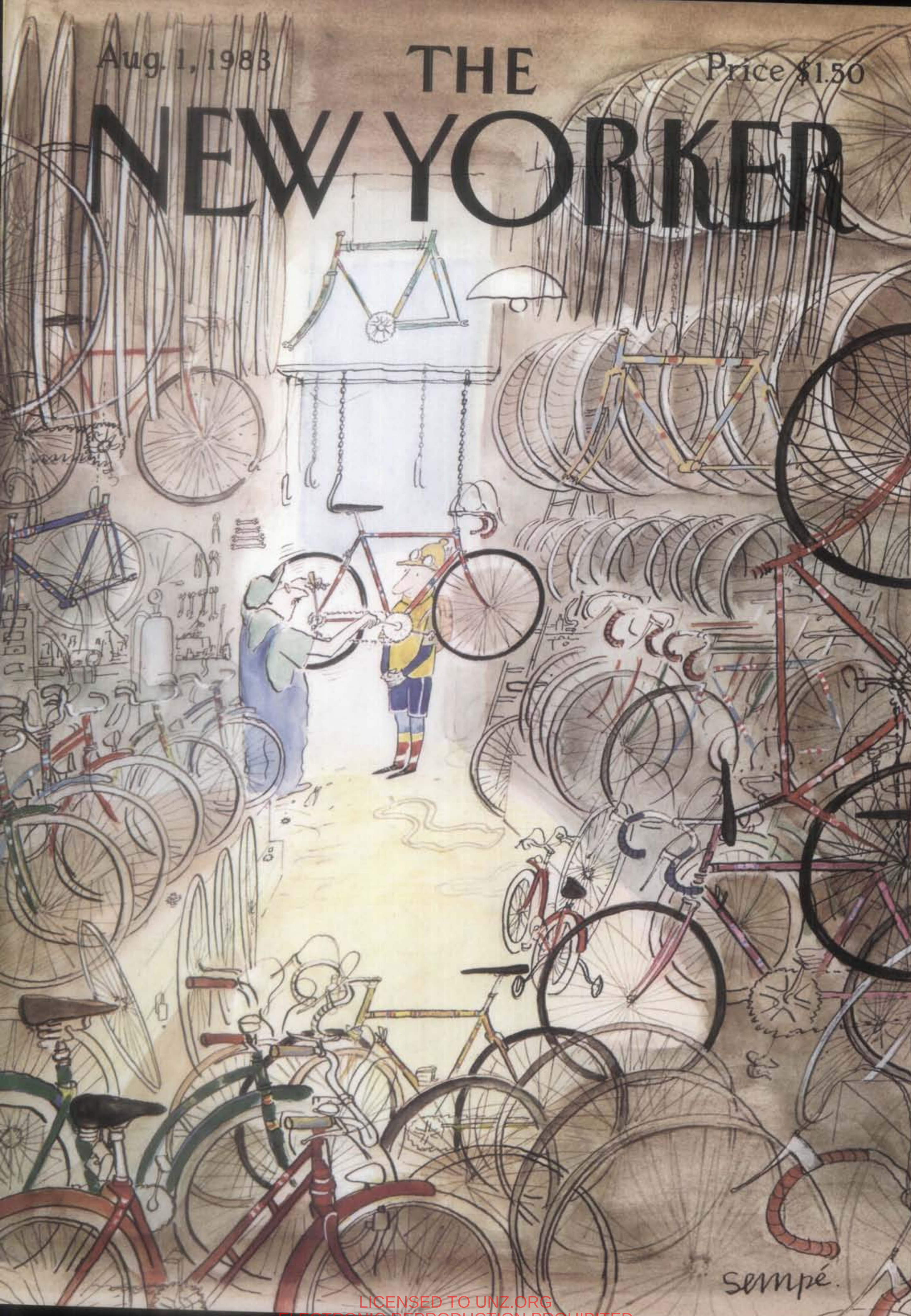

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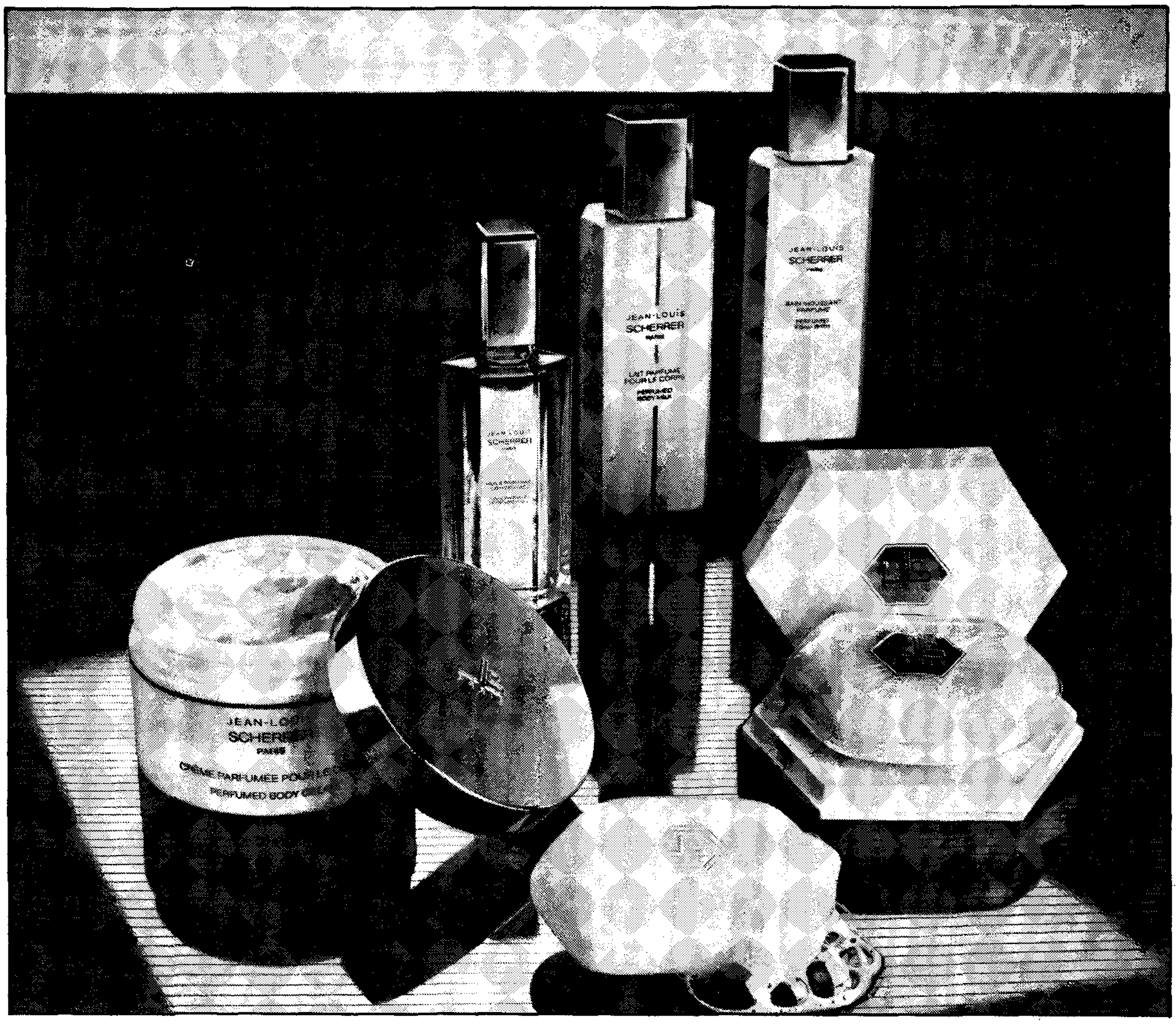
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The *haunting* "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, *and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at* 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-*obsessed fifteen-year-old.* (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—John Rubinstein, Michael Moriarty, and half a dozen other first-rate actors in a rousing revival of the Herman Wouk melodrama. On Tuesday, Aug. 2, Mr. Moriarty will succeed Mr. Rubinstein, and will in turn be succeeded by Philip Bosco. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a *collection of poems about cats, and now the* cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A spirited revival of the late Marc Blitzstein's "labor opera," with alumni of John Houseman's Acting Company. Mr. Houseman himself tells as a prologue the dramatic story of the show's original opening in 1937, with Mr. Blitzstein alone onstage at the piano. The actor-singers, notably Randle Mell, Michele-Denise Woods, and David Schramm, are splendid. (5/23/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A revival of the one-man show, with new material from Mr. Crisp's book "How to Become a Virgin." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Greater Tuna—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 7: Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury in a revival of the musical based on "Auntie Mame," the novel by Patrick Dennis and subsequent play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Messrs. Lawrence and Lee wrote the book and Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. The director is John Bowab. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—An unlucky mingling of musical comedy and magic. Doug Henning can make horses vanish into thin air, but he can't transform himself into a romantic troubadour. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. *With Kathy Bates and Anne Pito*niak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart *classic musical of 1936.* The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orgasmo Adulto Escapes from the Zoo—Estelle Parsons in a one-woman performance of eight short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Rame.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"KISSING THE PRESIDENT" . . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 31

"CROSSING THE LINE" . . . . *John McGahern* 32

"TWO BROTHERS IN A FIELD OF ABSENCE" (POEM) . . . *Cynthia Macdonald* 34

A REPORTER AT LARGE
(LAW OF THE SEA CONFERENCE—PA[illegible] . . . . . *William Wertenbaker* 38

"THE CLEAR DAY" (POEM) . . . . *Douglas Dunn* 40

A POLITICAL JOURNAL . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 66

"POLLEN" (POEM) . . . . *Brendan Galvin* 79

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 80

BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 85

COVER: *J. J. Sempé*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, Jack Ziegler, Edward Koren, William Steig, Stuart Leeds, Charles Saxon, Nurit Karlin, Saul Steinberg, Mischa Richter, Everett Opie, George Booth, Frank Modell, James Stevenson, Arnie Levin, Warren Miller*

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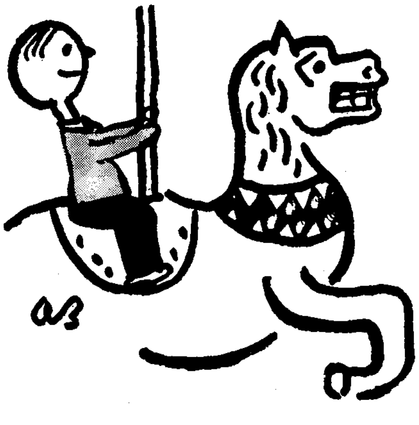
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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31	1	2	3	4	5	6

The first program of four plays opens Wednesday, July 27, and the second program of four plays opens Thursday, Aug. 4. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. *Opening-night curtains at 7; other performances nightly, except* Mondays, at 8.)

Passion—Peter Nichols' new play begins as a comedy and ends at a point just short of tragedy. Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart are the outstanding members of a fine cast. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caitlin Clarke, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, July 31.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Women's Series: Four New Black Playwrights—Joyce Walker-Joseph's **GAMES:** Thursdays through Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. . . . ¶ Pearl Cleage's **HOSPICE:** Thursdays through Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. . . . ¶ Risë Collins' **INCANDESCENT TONES:** Thursdays through Sundays at 9. Matinées Sundays at 4. . . . ¶ Nubia Kai's **PARTING:** Thursdays through Sundays at 9. Matinées Sundays at 4. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Closes Sunday, Aug. 7.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Jason Robards heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Lily Knight have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Birney plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Mark Hamill plays the hapless Mozart; and Maureen Moore plays his pretty, perky wife. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 2, John Thomas Waite will replace Mr. Hamill. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,672 *performances so far.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Elizabeth Allen, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score, and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Aug. 4, at 2.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star David Garrison as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Jonathan Hadary substitutes for Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes Theatre, formerly the Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday, July 27, at 2, and Friday, July 29, at 8: "Soirée Debussy," "Le Jeune Homme et la Morte," and "L'Arlésienne." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 27-28, at 8, and Saturday, July 30, at 2 and 8: "Notre Dame de Paris." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face* type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, pianist **RAN BURTON** will lead a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, **KENNY BARRON** will be at the keyboard and in charge of a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**ART FARMER,** who plays pretty, crackling solos on his flugelhorn, heads up a quartet that features **CHICO FREEMAN** on tenor, through Sunday, July 31; on Tuesday, Aug. 2, pop-multinational-jazz flutist **HERBIE MANN** will bring in his band for a week's stay. Music from ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday, July 27, Blotto; Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30, weirdie d.j. Dr. Demento; Sunday, July 31, Gary Puckett and Luke Fredricks; Wednesday, Aug. 3, **TAJ MAHAL,** the blues singer who went to Amherst College, and the Tannahill Weavers; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 4-5, **THE HEATH BROTHERS** and **NORMAN CONNORS & THE STARSHIP ORCHESTRA.** Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The very fine piano and bass hands: **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, July 30, and **STANLEY COWELL** and **REGGIE WORKMAN** beginning Monday, Aug. 1. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ'S** trio performs from eleven to two. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** whose piano style was influenced by Tatum and Chopin, performs nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, July 27, Breakfast in Bed, Art in the Dark, Lemmy Caution, and Color Red; Thursday, July 28, Health Hen, Baby Boom, and Tiffani & Time; Friday, July 29, the Sorrows and the Wild; and Tuesday, Aug. 2, Drawing and Hard Facts. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Pianist **TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and others more than forty years ago and who is still pretty wonderful, is available to a whole new generation of listeners Mondays through Saturdays. Ronnell Bright is at the piano on Sundays. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, July 27, Liz Carroll; Saturday, July 30, Diamonds in the Rough; Wednesday, Aug. 3, John Whelan, with Conway & Ryan; and Saturday, Aug. 6, Urban Grass. Music from nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, July 31, pianist Lou Stein's quintet will perform from about nine-fifteen. Mondays from eight-thirty belong to Ed Polcer's quintet, and the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. **ASTRUD GILBERTO** is singing here in her distinctive soft, low, nondramatic voice with singer and guitarist Paulo Jobim through Sunday, July 31; on Tuesday, Aug. 2, blues and jazz singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** will take over. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Thursday, July 28, the Deidre McCalla band and Jan Greenwald; Friday, July 29, **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Sunday, July 31, Jane Brucker; Monday, Aug. 1, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, Aug. 2, Harmony Thieves and Peggy Atwood; Thursday, Aug. 4, Guy Van Duser & Billy Novick; Friday, Aug. 5, **PETER STAMPFEL** & the Bottle Caps and the Mark Black band; and Saturday, Aug. 6, the Bermuda Triangle and Christine Lavin. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday and Thursday, July 27-28, Irene Datcher; Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, Val Eley; Monday through Thursday, Aug. 1-4, Patricia Barber and Michael Arnopol; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: Matt McEarlean's trio works through Sunday, July 31; Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 3-7, **DAVID ALLYN** will sing with support from the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays belong to singer-pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are the property of bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups play from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and Baba Motta has the same hours on Sundays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **JOHN EATON,** a mainstream-type player who is known as "the best pianist in Washington, D.C.," performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays have been allocated to **DILL JONES.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; from eight on Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but at all times a powerhouse of a pianist, plays duets with bassist **RON MC CLURE** through Saturday, July 30. On Tuesday, Aug. 2, **HANK JONES** will claim the keyboard, and **MICHAEL MOORE** will bring in his bass. The Sunday and Monday men are **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, July 27, **MEMPHIS SLIM,** the expatriate blues singer, pianist, and composer (he's lived in and been appreciated by Paris for years); Thursday, July 28, the Mamas & the Papas and Scioto County; Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, Blackwater and Peach Fish Pie; Monday, Aug. 1, **HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 2-3, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Flutist **RICHARD CLAY** heads a quintet that features pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** and drummer **BILLY HART** on Wednesday, July 27. Thursday through Sunday, July 28-31, have been reserved for trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** and his quintet. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**—**JACKIE & ROY** to their many admirers—perhaps the finest vocal duo in jazz, wind up their stay with their band on Saturday, July 30. Shows Wednesday and Thursday at nine and eleven, and Friday and Saturday at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and lyricist **JON HENDRICKS** is present with his singing wife, two other singing colleagues, and a rhythm section to perform tunes by Armstrong, Ellington, Basie, and others which Mr. Hendricks has set to words. Through Saturday, July 30. On Tuesday, Aug. 2, singer and pianist **BOBBY SCOTT** will arrive. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday, July 27, the Boobs, the George Theiss band, and the Adults; Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, Melanie; Monday, Aug. 1, the Push and the Jackets; Wednesday, Aug. 3, Jeffrey Roy, the Privates, and the Gift; Thursday, Aug. 4, the Firemen, PT 109, and No Laughing; Friday, Aug. 5, the Shirts and Motivation; and Saturday, Aug. 6, John Macendoe & the Revelations. Shows at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays are reserved for a jam session from about ten. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, July 29, the Higsons and the Eel Dogs; Saturday, July 30, the Waitresses; and Friday, Aug. 5, Martha & the Muffins. Music from way past your bedtime.

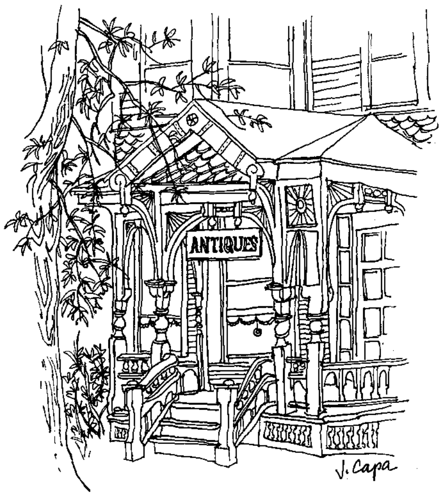
RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet here on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom

HAND MADE POT
d. ehrenberg

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, July 28, Meatloaf; Friday, July 29, Donnie Iris; Saturday, July 30, the **FLESHTONES;** Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 1-3, **KING SUNNY ADE & HIS AFRICAN BEATS,** who are from Nigeria and who play wonderful international dance music with electric guitars and talking drums, and it all sounds like a cross between African high-life music and Santana; Friday, Aug. 5, the Cure; and Saturday, Aug. 6, rockabillyist Robert Gordon. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, July 27, pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ;** Thursday and Friday, July 28-29, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS;** Saturday and Sunday, July 30-31, pianist **JORGE DALTO & THE INTERAMERICAN BAND,** featuring percussionist **CARLOS PATATO VALDEZ;** Wednesday, Aug. 3, trumpeter Tiger Okoshi; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, flutist Noel Pointer. Mondays belong to the Ed Palermo big band. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, July 27, Clive Stevens; Thursday, July 28, Adesanya; Friday, July 29, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday, July 30, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Aug. 2, the Brazilian Express; Wednesday, Aug. 3, Cigano; Thursday, Aug. 4, the African Connection; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON,** a piercing blues-singing baritone and rocking alto saxophonist, leads his band through Saturday, July 30; on Sunday, July 31, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON** perform Brazilian jazz; on Monday, Aug. 1, **OLIVER LAKE & JUMP UP** provide out-there but nonetheless rhythmic reggae; and on Tuesday, Aug. 2, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** will move in with **RICKY FORD, JOHN FADDIS, KENNY BARRON,** and **FREDDIE WAITS** for five nights. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**Esquerita Milochi,** a rolling, rhumbaing blues shouter and pianist—New Orleans style—performs in these pleasantly simple surroundings through Saturday, July 30. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday after nine is salsa night in the barnlike downstairs room: on Aug. 1, Conjunto Libre will share the stage with Adalberto Santiago and guest jazz soloist, saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN.** Friday through Sunday, July 29-31, **SARAH VAUGHAN** will be present, and those who manage to get in will be part of perhaps the most emotional audiences this side of Luciano Pavarotti and Jerry Garcia. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, Argentine wailing tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** will be onstage. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **DAPHNE HELLMAN** remains at the helm of her jazz harp on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **HANK JONES** and tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** co-pilot a quartet until Sunday, July 31; on Tuesday, Aug. 2, **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto player, will really be fortunate—he'll be working with **CECIL MC BEE, BILLY HART,** and **HILTON RUIZ.** Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE,** pianist **RAY BRYANT,** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** team up through Sunday, July 31. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Joel Forrester. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. **THE COUNTSMEN,** a Basie-alumni quintet guided by the sagacious saxophonist and vocalist **EARLE WARREN,** can be heard every night. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Bebopper **JOE ALBANY** is at the piano through Saturday, July 30; on Monday, Aug. 1, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** will come in to take on the piano-bass duties. Sundays are claimed by **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN.** Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

David Bowie—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, July 27, at 7:45.

A Flock of Seagulls—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 28, at 8.

Barry Harris Trio—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday, July 29, at 10, 11:30, and 1. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 10, 11:30, and 1, with Clifford Jordan.

Jackson Browne—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8.

Melissa Manchester—With Wayland Flowers & Madame. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8.)

Charles Davis and the Baritone Saxophone Retinue—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 10.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

John Ahearn—Wall sculptures reflecting life in the South Bronx (some of the castings were actually made in the streets), the liveliest a double-Dutch jump-rope tableau. There are also four pieces by Rigoberto Torres, who collaborates with Ahearn. Through Aug. 26. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Butter—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Mati Klarwein—Visionary landscapes and a few portraits. Through Friday, July 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Hitch Lyman and Gary Kulak—Watercolors of gardens in Italy by the former, and garden arbors in welded steel (one full size) by the latter. Through Friday, July 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Large watercolors of nudes done in his characteristic closeup, impersonal style. Through Aug. 17. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. A Pearlstein retrospective is currently at the Brooklyn Museum.)

Creative Time—This well-known art booster is presenting two separate projects this summer: At **BATTERY PARK CITY,** Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts., Art on the Beach (bring your beach pail) consists of six outdoor installations, each one devised by an artist-architect-performer team to serve in turn as the setting for the respective performers, who will be offering their programs on Sunday evenings as the summer marches on. On July 31, at 6:30: Richard Flood (a theatre-dance piece). (Exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. Admission to Mr. Flood's performance is five dollars.) . . . **ART IN THE ANCHORAGE,** Cadman Plaza West and Front St., Brooklyn, ten art installations shown in an indoor space under the Brooklyn Bridge. (Admission is two dollars; hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **ALA,** 32 W. 20th St.: Five young Roman artists, among them Bruno Ceccobelli and Gianni Dessì, showing paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Sept. 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The annual Old Master print show, strong on Rembrandts (fourteen out of a total of three hundred plus). Through Friday, Aug. 5. . . . **BONNIER,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Ryman, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: One sculpture each by eleven artists whose works run the gamut from a tabletop barnyard tableau featuring two sheep and a hen, by Angelo Ippolito, to forged-steel abstractions suggestive of birds in flight, by Martin Chirino. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: The use of color is the common denominator in these paintings by gallery—and other—artists; included in the group are Eugene Brodsky, Vera Klement, and Adja Yunkers. Through Aug. 10. . . . **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works incorporating found objects, by such artists as Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Man Ray, and Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through Saturday, July 30. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: A show mounted by the Whitney Museum which examines the influence of comic-strip artists, such as Milton Caniff, Al Capp, and Walt Kelly, on American painting from the past two decades. Terry and the Pirates, L'il Abner, and Pogo are placed in the company of works by Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, and others. There are also cartoons by Saul Steinberg and Ad Reinhardt. . . . ¶ Programs of animated films are shown Mondays through Thursdays at 11:30, 12:30, and 1:30, and Fridays at 11:30 and 1; the programs change from day to day, but not from week to week. Through Aug. 26. (Closes at 3.) . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Eleven artists (Jenny Holzer, Tim Rollins, Ida Applebroog, others) exhibiting paintings, video, photographs, etc., that fall into the category of social commentary. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Delicate wood cabinets with unusual screens and drawers by Loren Calaway; shaped canvases heavily encrusted with grimy-looking paint by Michael David; and figurative oils by Dona Nelson. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through Aug. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Louisa Chase, Roberto Juarez, and Robert S. Zakanitch. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Two enigmatic figure paintings by Sabina Mirri, a young Italian newcomer, are included in the summer show of works that are mostly by familiar gallery artists. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the fifties by Clinton Hill, Mark Rothko, Stephen Greene, Michael Loew, and others. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **PROTETCH MCNEIL,** 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Large-scale sculptures by Scott Burton, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and four others. Through Friday, July 29. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS,** 128 E. 63rd St.: A hundred and fifty or so original drawings from the comic strips that everybody read from the twenties through the sixties—Krazy Kat, Maggie and Jiggs, the Katzenjammer Kids, Steve Canyon, Flash Gordon, and all the rest. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Five sculptors and four painters who either have had a show here this season or will have next. Among the artists are Heide Fasnacht, Will Horwitt, Abbie Zabar, and David Shapiro. Through Aug. 19. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: The Way Out West Show is centered on two New Mexico artists, Howard Cook (drawings and prints) and Barbara Latham (prints). Ansel Adams, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others are also represented. Many photographs, of course. Through Aug. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists—Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted file cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (color photographs of picaresque murals he paints inside abandoned houses). Through Sept. 10.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others mount group shows of works by gallery members, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St. (Both closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **EINSTEIN,** 243 E. 82nd St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Esther Bubley—Prints from the forties (some of Texas and Central Park), plus a selection from her series on children. Through Saturday, July 30. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Ruth Orkin and Michael George—Two photographers showing their prints of Central Park in Central Park. Through Sept. 11. (The Dairy, in the Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

Joe Steinmetz / Lou Stoumen—Photographs of debutante gatherings and the like on Philadelphia's Main Line in the thirties and forties juxtaposed with more recent prints of Tupperware parties—and the like—in South Florida. / Black-and-white photographs documenting Times Square in the past forty years. Through Aug. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1854-1946)—A retrospective of some hundred and fifty photographs on loan from the National Gallery of Art, and selected in consultation with Georgia O'Keeffe, has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St.: Prints by eleven photographers who live and teach in Georgia, Florida, or South Carolina. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: The sixth annual show of X-rated (mostly) photographs of nudes. George Platt Lynes, Robert Mapplethorpe, Charles Gatewood, and Arthur Tress are some of the artists. Through Friday, July 29. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of nudes—from Timothy Greenfield-Sanders' daughters, to Marly Stone's black child in the arms of a white woman at a nude beach, to E. Powis Jones' undressed mannequins. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists, who include Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, and John Coplans. Through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A mounting of eleventh- to eighteenth-century Chinese paintings, offering major artists and themes, especially landscapes and Buddhist figures. Most of the eighty-plus works come from the permanent collections. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum" as well as a re-creation of part of the natural-history museum he founded in Philadelphia in the seventeen-eighties. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** The work of Alfred Stieglitz. Through Aug. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard compositions as he arranged them on the walls of his last studio. Also, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting that was unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Some Contemporary Prints," a show offering just that; all of them are large and are recent acquisitions, and represent the efforts of (among others) Jennifer Bartlett, Francesco Clemente, Georg Baselitz, and Eric Fischl. Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

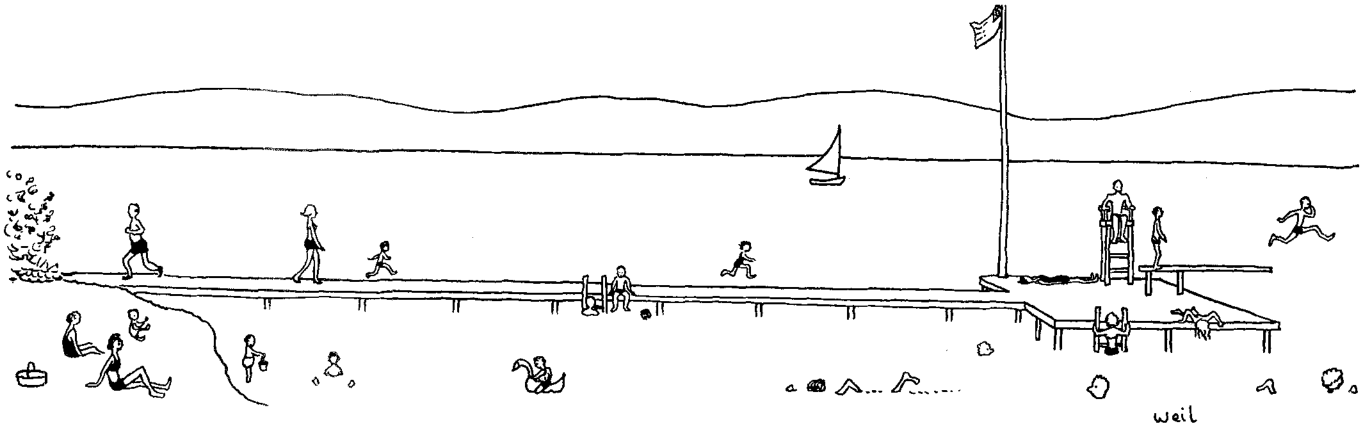
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tâpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's painting "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, forty prehistoric bowls found in the Southwest which show that good design is timeless and that American Indians were good designers. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Through Sept. 18. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A



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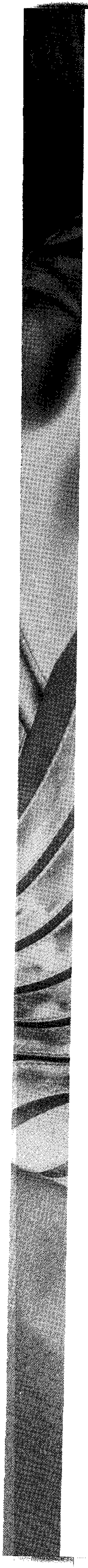

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that cannot be duplicated,
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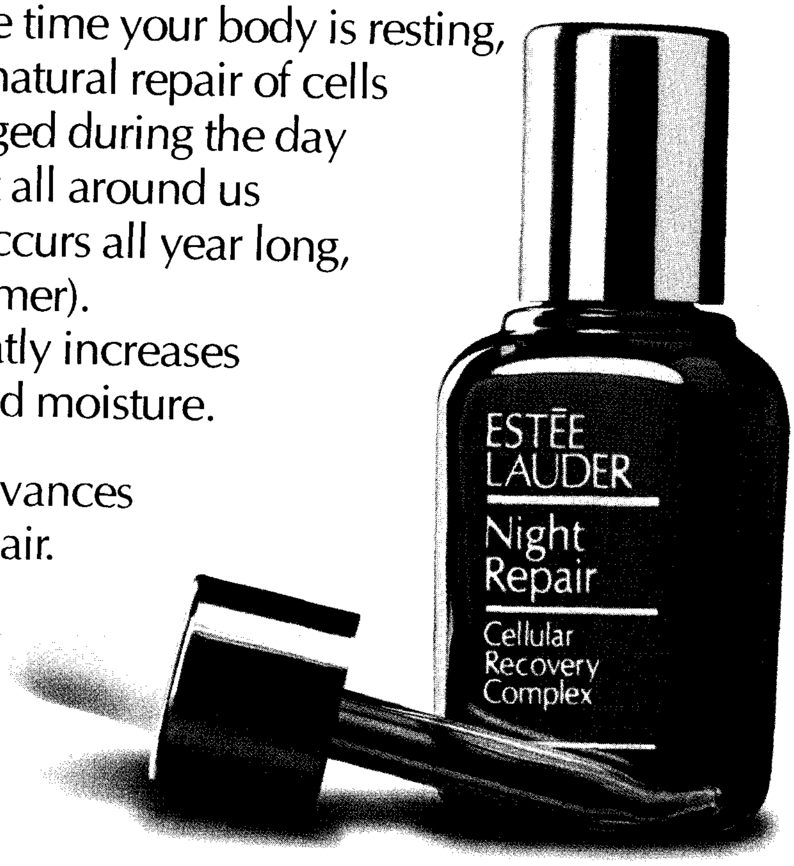
better looking skin.



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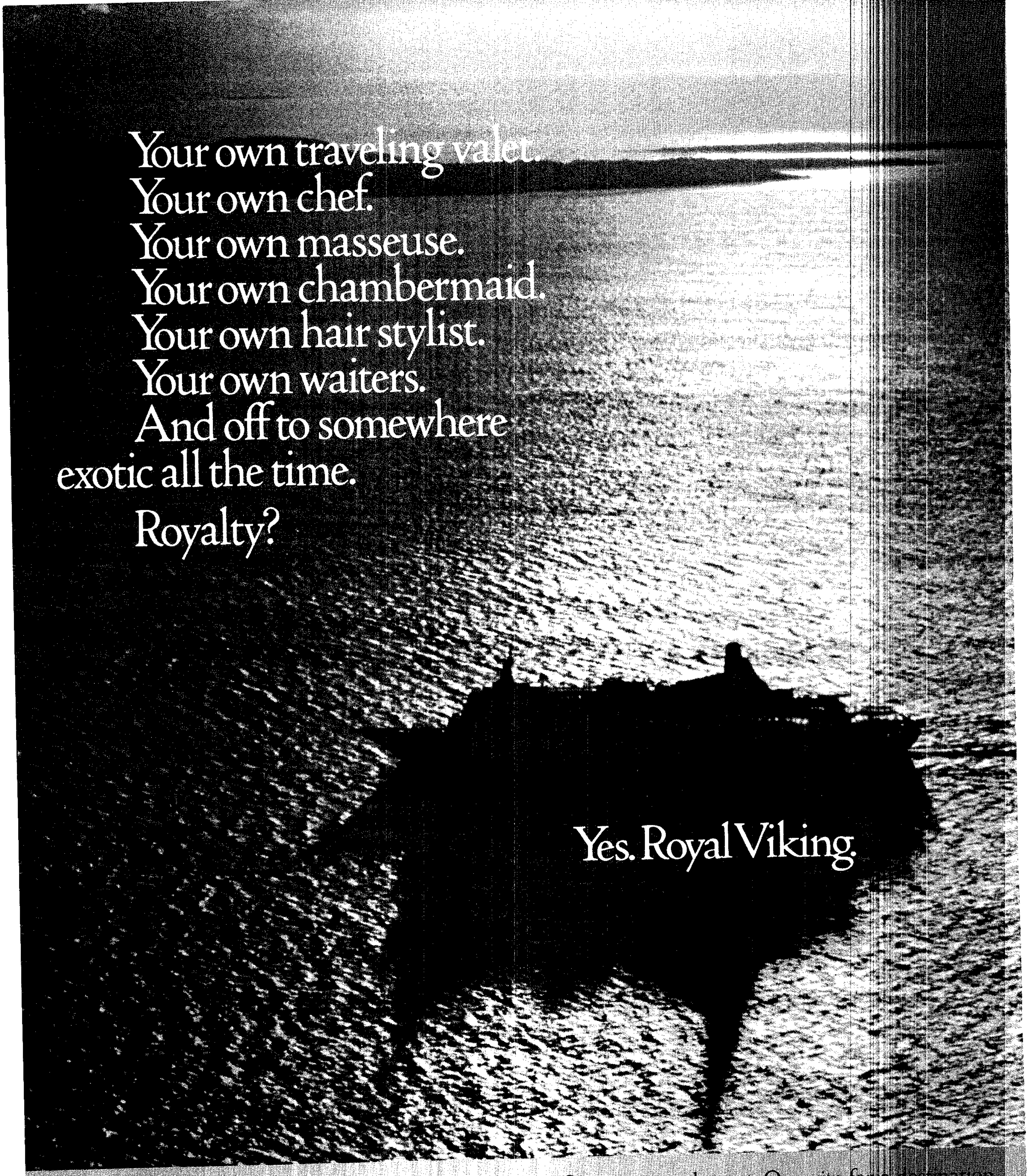
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artisans from around the world. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—An array of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through Sunday, July 31. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A travelling exhibition of architectural photographs that date from an early (1840) daguerreotype, by Samuel Bemis, of Boston's King's Chapel burial ground, to a 1935 study of Rockefeller Center by Alfred Stieglitz. Some of the other names are Atget, Frith, Beato, Abbott, and Sander. Through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Music on the lawn: On Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 6:30, a two-hour concert by the jazz trio IBEX.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through Saturday, July 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus nearly twice as many drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection show of letters, manuscripts, and first editions centers on famous literary figures who found inspiration in travel and includes an incunabulum, printed in 1491, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales;" a diary excerpt, dated 1804, in which Washington Irving describes his first morning in Paris; and a first edition (1939) of "Journey to a War," W. H. Auden's account of a trip to China. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artist Richard Yarde has put together a large installation here that recreates the Savoy Ballroom's bandstand and dance floor, populated with representations of musicians and dancers. Also, fifteen studies in watercolor. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6. Also open Thursday, July 28, until 8.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—At the time of going to press, no performances were taking place at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, because of a strike.

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 27. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 27: Julius Rudel conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 28: Jean-Pierre Rampal and Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and John-Steele Ritter, harpsichord, in a program of music by J. C. Bach, Rameau, C. P. E. Bach, Vivaldi, and Devienne. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 29-30: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Yefim Bronfman, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 1, and Wednesday, Aug. 3: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Hermann Baumann, horn. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 2: The Emerson String Quartet, with Mr. Pommier and Mr. Stoltzman. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4: The Messrs. Zukerman and Baumann; Marc Neikrug, piano; Miss Zukerman; and the Michala Petri Trio, in a program of music by Telemann, Doppler, Brahms, and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as viola soloist, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano, and Michala Petri, recorder. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

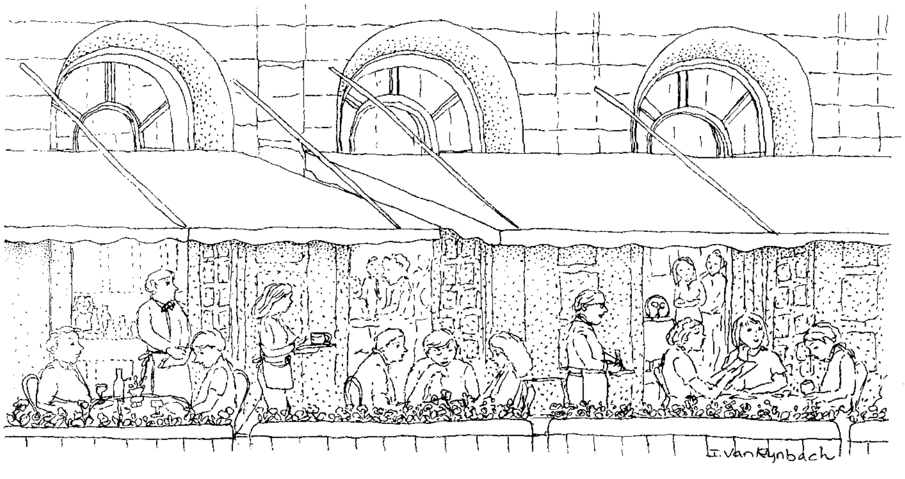
IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 28, at 8:30: Benjamin Luxon, baritone, and André Previn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in an all-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in a Brahms-Bruckner program, with Maureen Forrester, contralto, and the men of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8:30: Klaus Tennstedt directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Esther Hinds, soprano; Mr. Luxon; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Brahms-Dvořák program, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Mr. Ma and Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a dress rehearsal of Gluck's opera "Orfeo ed Euridice" (see Aug. 6). . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony performing Tchaikovsky's "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 9: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program, with Mr. Ax. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Gluck's opera "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Benita Valente and Erie Mills, sopranos; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 28, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Richard Strauss–Prokofieff program, with Mihaela Martin, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 5:30: Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Eliot Fisk, guitar; and Elizabeth Mann, flute, in a program of Spanish songs. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Miriam Fried, violin, and Luis Batlle, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra in a program of music by Vivaldi, Mozart, Chopin, and Schubert, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 5:30: The Emerson String Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 28. On Saturdays, buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, July 27: Lena Horne. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 28: Peter, Paul & Mary. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29: John Denver. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30: Jackson Browne. . . . ¶ Sunday and Monday, July 31-Aug. 1: Asia and the Greg Kihn band. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 2: Joan Armatrading. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 3: A Flock of Seagulls and the Fixx. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4: The Animals. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5: The Talking Heads. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6: Men at Work. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7: Al Jarreau. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '83—Final performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un soupçon*—**WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 27-28, AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter," a musical by Jack Eric Williams, and "Shakespeare and the Indians," a musical, with a book by Dale Wasserman, music by Allan Jay Friedman, and lyrics by Rob Preston and Rita Briggs. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 29, AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter" and "Shakespeare and the Indians." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Oakland Ballet. . . . **AT 11:** Walt Michael & Co. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 30, AT 3:** The Oakland Ballet. . . . **AT 5 AND 7:** The John Herald Band. . . . **AT 6:** Me-



notti's "The Old Maid and the Thief," presented by the Chamber Opera Theatre of New York. . . . **AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter," "The Old Maid and the Thief," and "Shakespeare and the Indians." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Oakland Ballet. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Walt Michael & Co. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 31, AT 3:** "Shakespeare and the Indians" and "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter." . . . **AT 6:** Grupo Aymara. . . . **AT 7:30:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter," "Shakespeare and the Indians," and John O'Neal in "Don't Start Me to Talking or I'll Tell You Everything I Know." . . . **AT 8:** The Oakland Ballet. . . . **WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, AUG. 3-4, AT 8:** "Shakespeare and the Indians." . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 5, AT 8:** "Shakespeare and the Indians." . . . **AT 8:30:** Adam Makowicz, Marian McPartland, and Jay McShann. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** The Widespread Jazz Orchestra. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 6, AT 6:** Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a program of music by Harry Cowell, used as accompaniment for three art films by Oskar Fischinger. . . . **AT 7, 9, AND 11:** The Amherst Saxophone Quartet. . . . **AT 8:** "Shakespeare and the Indians," and Sergiu Comissiona conducting the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra in an all-Brahms program, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 7, AT 3:** "Shakespeare and the Indians" and the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, in a varied program. . . . **AT 5:** Philippe Petit, highwire artist, with Evelyn Crochet, piano, and the Los Angeles Brass Quartet. . . . **AT 6:** The Los Angeles Brass Quartet. . . . **AT 7:30:** "Shakespeare and the Indians." . . . **AT 8:** The Duke Ellington Orchestra, directed by Mercer Ellington. . . . **AT 11:** Billy Reed & Street People. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 30: Nina Wiener and Dancers, as well as Michael Moschen, juggler. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-6: The Hubbard Street Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, July 27, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Thursday, July 28, at 7:35; Friday, July 29, at 8:05; Saturday, July 30, at 4:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Met players from the 1973 National League Championship team and other major league players of the time); and Sunday, July 31, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Montreal, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 2-3, at 7:35, and Thursday, Aug. 4, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 8.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 27, through Monday, Aug. 22. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 27; the Test, Thursday, July 28; the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, July 30; the DeWitt Clinton, Wednesday, Aug. 3; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. The Amory L. Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 30. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. San Diego. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TENNIS—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 27-29, at noon and 7:30; semifinals Saturday, July 30, at 1; and finals Sunday, July 31, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 762-6220.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8, except Saturday, Aug. 6, when post time will be 1; through Friday, Aug. 19. The Hambletonian, Saturday, Aug. 6.

YACHTING—America's Cup at Newport: Defenders' observation trials, through Wednesday, July 27. . . . ¶ Challengers' (Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy) preliminary trials, through Saturday, Aug. 6.

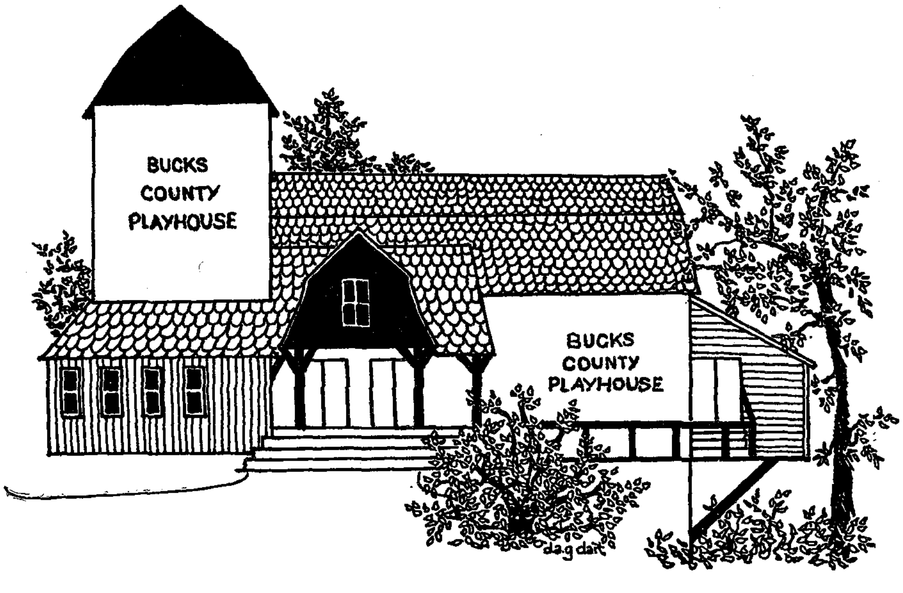
THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **RICHARD III,** with Kevin Kline, Marian Seldes, Betty Miller, and David Alan Grier, will be given through Sunday, July 31. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 7.) . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Katherine Fink, flute, and David Jolley, horn. (Saturday, July 30, at 8.) . . . ¶ Dino Anagnost directing the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society in a program called "New York in Song," with members of the Little Orchestra Society. (Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco," with Juliana Gondek, soprano; Edward Perretti, tenor; and James Deitch, baritone. The last in a series of productions. (Wednesday, July 27, at 8.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, July 29, at 8: Betty Carter. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8: The James Moody quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 6: Jimmy Heath. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 8: The New York Samba Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8: The Saheb Sarbib quintet. (East River at Fulton St.)



WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Orchestra. The third in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval, running through Thursday, Sept. 1. Wednesday, July 27: Joan Armatrading and Jules Shear. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29: Jaco Pastorius Word of Mouth, Lenny White, and Michal Urbaniak. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30: America and Renaissance. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 1-2: Men at Work. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 3: Jorma Kaukonen and Paul Butterfield & Rick Danko. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6: Willie Colon, with Hector Lavoe and Yomo Toro. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

BROOKLYN BRIDGE CENTENNIAL—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing, at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Wednesday through Sunday, July 27-31, at 9:15 and 10, and Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 3-7, at 9 and 9:45. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING —At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Aug. 14.

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Aug 7 (day). Toronto, Aug. 8 (twi-night doubleheader), Aug. 9 (night), and Aug. 10 (d). Chicago, Aug. 15-17 (n). California, Aug. 19-20 (n) and Aug. 21 (d). Oakland, Aug. 22-23 (n). Seattle, Aug. 24 (n) and Aug. 25 (d). Baltimore, Sept. 9-10 (n). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Aug. 12-13 (night) and Aug. 14 (day). San Francisco, Aug. 26-27 (n) and Aug. 28 (d). Los Angeles, Aug. 29 (twi-night doubleheader) and Aug. 30-31 (n). San Diego, Sept. 2-3 (n) and Sept. 4 (d). Philadelphia, Sept. 5-7 (n).

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Penn State vs. Nebraska. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Aug. 29.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. Giants, exhibition game, Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Los Angeles Raiders, exhibition game, Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, exhibition game, Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Miami Dolphins, exhibition game, Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, Sept. 4.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Aug. 24-Oct. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Sept. 5-Dec. 31.

SOCCER—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Montreal, Aug. 14. Chicago, Aug. 21. Tampa, Aug. 28. Toronto, Sept. 2.

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Aug. 30-Sept. 11.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 8-Nov. 5.

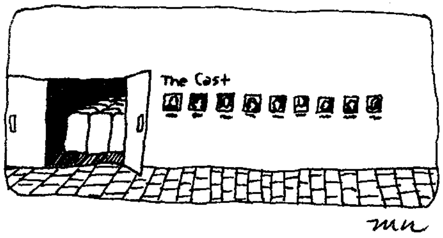
YACHTING—America's Cup at Newport: Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy in the semifinal trials for the right to challenge the United States, Aug. 11-22. . . . Defenders' final trials, starting Aug. 16. . . . Challengers' final trials, starting Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Aug. 24-28.)

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "La Cage aux Folles," a musical based on the French comedy of the same name by Jean Poiret. Music and lyrics are by Jerry Herman, the book is by Harvey Fierstein, and George Hearn and Gene Barry head the cast. . . . ¶ A revival of Emlyn Williams' play, "The Corn Is Green," starring Cicely Tyson.

OTHER DATES—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 3-5, Sept. 10-11, and Sept. 17-18. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, Sept. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 31: "Neige" (directed by Juliet Berto and Jean-Henri Roger; in French), with Berto.
From Aug. 2: A two-week program of films from the Cinémathèque Française.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 28: "Gandhi" (†).
From July 29: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 28: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
July 29-Aug. 4: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†); and "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson.
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 28: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.
From July 29: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Octopussy" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman III" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through July 28: "WarGames" (†). From July 29: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 28: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).
From July 29: "Blue Skies Again" (Richard Michaels), with Harry Hamlin.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Octopussy" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 4: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).
From Aug. 5: "Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through July 28: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.
From July 29: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through July 28: "Superman III" (†). From July 29: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Grey Fox" (Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth.
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 28: "Gandhi" (†).
From July 29: "WarGames" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: Through July 28: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From July 29: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through July 28: "WarGames" (†). From July 29: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.
Theatre 2: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Trading Places" (†).

72nd St. East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"WarGames" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 28: "Superman III" (†). From July 29: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "God's Angry Man" (1980; directed by Werner Herzog); and "Huie's Sermon" (1980; Werner Herzog). From Aug. 3: A program of six short films by George Kuchar.
Theatre 2: July 27: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre. July 28-29: "Vidas Secas" (1982; Nelson Pereira dos Santos); and "Earth Entranced" (1970; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). July 30-31: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker. Aug. 1-2: "Emitai" (†) and "Boesman and Lena" (†). Aug. 3-4: "O Cangaceiro" (1954; Lima Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Matraga" (1966; Roberto Santas; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 5-6: "Pixote" (†); and "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuki Tamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: "Jaws 3-D."
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 28: "Gandhi" (†).
From July 29: "Blue Skies Again" (Richard Michaels), with Harry Hamlin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Staying Alive" (Sylvester Stallone), with John Travolta.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Flashdance" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 4: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
From Aug 5: "Kitty and the Bagman" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Liddy Clark.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Aug. 4: "Children of Paradise" (†).
Aug. 5-6: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 28: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall). From July 29: "Pauline at the Beach" (Eric Rohmer; in French).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Puberty Blues" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja.
Theatre 2: "Ways in the Night" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in German).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: A Woody Allen festival.
Theatre 2: "The First Time" (Charlie Loventhal).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From Aug. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 28: "Gandhi" (†). From July 29: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 4: "WarGames" (†). From Aug. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 28: "Superman III" (†). From July 29: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "Octopussy" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 28: "The Road Warrior" (†) and "Blade Runner" (†). From July 29: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 28: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From July 29: "Gandhi" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 4: "Jaws 3-D."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (di-

rected by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 3: Through July 28: "The Survivors" (†). From July 29: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).
Theatre 4: "Screwballs."
Theatre 5: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), *with Linda Blair and John Vernon.*
Theatre 6: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through July 28: "Deadly Force" (Paul Aaron), with Wings Hauser. From July 29: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Lady Sings the Blues" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 28: "Heartbreaker." From July 29: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through July 28: "WarGames" (†). From July 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 28: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†). From July 29: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 27: "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "Hester Street" (1975; Joan Micklin Silver), with Carol Kane and Mel Howard.
July 28: "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "More" (1969; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Mimsy Farmer.

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July 29-30: "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian); and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.
July 31-Aug. 1: "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere; and "A Slave of Love" (1978; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Yelena Solovei.
Aug. 2: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "The Children of Theatre Street" (†).
Aug. 3: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslav film, with English subtitles and dialogue); and "Camouflage" (1977; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).
Aug. 4: "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; in Latin).
Aug. 5-6: "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).

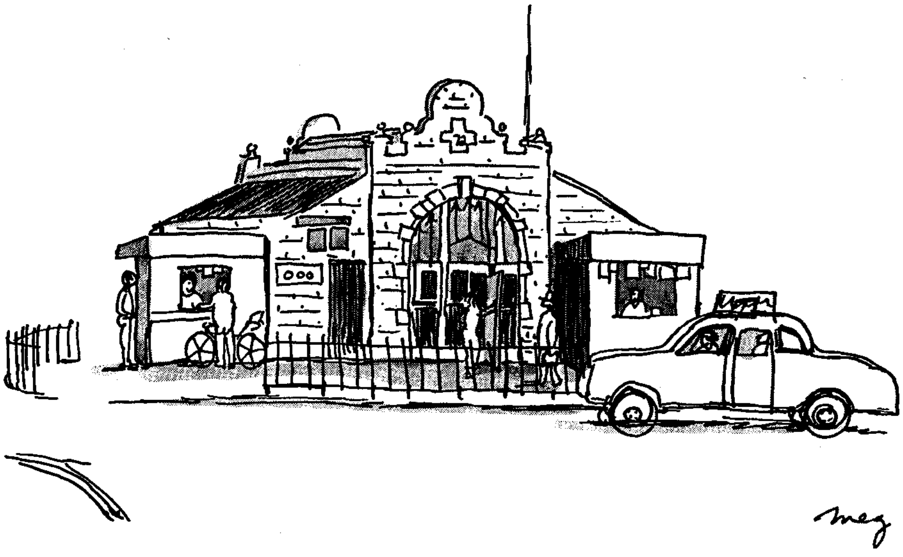
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 28: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal.
July 29-30: "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers; and "The Killing" (1956; Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.
July 31-Aug. 2: "Carny" (1980; Robert Kaylor), with Gary Busey, Jodie Foster, Robbie Robertson, and Meg Foster; and "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.
Aug. 3-4: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
Aug. 5-6: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 27: "Tempest" (1982; Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, and Susan Sarandon; and "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
July 28: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta; and "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.
July 29-30: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Magic" (1978; Richard Attenborough), with Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter.
July 31: "Wasn't That a Time!" (1982; Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers; and "Alice's Restaurant" (†).
Aug. 1: "Escape from New York" (1981; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef; and "The Fog" (†).
Aug. 2: "Endless Love" (†); and "The Fan" (1981; Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
Aug. 3: "Private Lessons" (1981; Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman; and "Summer of '42" (†).
Aug. 4: *"The Blue Lagoon"* (†); *and* "The Outsiders" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.
Aug. 5-6: "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
July 27: "Cat Ballou" (1965; Elliot Silverstein), with Jane Fonda, Lee Marvin, Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman, and Tom Nardini; and "Goin' South" (1978; Jack Nicholson), with Nicholson, Mary Steenburgen, Veronica Cartwright, and John Belushi.
July 28-30: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
July 31-Aug. 1: "Tommy" (†); and "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker).
Aug. 2-3: "The Onion Field" (†) and "In Cold Blood" (†).
Aug. 4-6: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood) and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), both with the Marx Brothers.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 28: "That'll Be the Day" (1973; Claude Whatham), with David Essex and Ringo Starr; and "Stardust" (1975; Michael Apted), with David Essex.
July 29-30: "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), *with Julie Andrews,* James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras; and "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.
July 31: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Aug. 1-2: "The Elephant Man" (†); and "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.
Aug. 3-4: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams.
Aug. 5-6: "The Dark Crystal" (1982; Jim Henson and Frank Oz); and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
July 27: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
July 28: "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "Pat and Mike" (1952; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray.
July 29: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mex-



ican film, in Spanish); and "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film; in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova.

July 30: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

July 31: "Doctor Zhivago" (†).

Aug. 1: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (†).

Aug. 2: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price; and "The Horse's Mouth" (1958; Ronald Neame), with Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh, and Ernest Thesiger.

Aug. 3: "In a Year of 13 Moons" (1978; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Volker Spengler; and "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine.

Aug. 4: "David Copperfield" (1935; George Cukor), with W. C. Fields, Roland Young, Freddie Bartholomew, Edna May Oliver, and Basil Rathbone; and "Romeo and Juliet" (†).

Aug. 5: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

Aug. 6: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), and Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; and "The Music Lovers" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 27: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner; and "The Matchmaker" (1958; Joseph Anthony), with Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins, Shirley MacLaine, Paul Ford, Robert Morse, and Wallace Ford.

July 28-30: "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941; Robert Z. Leonard), with Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, Dan Dailey, and Lana Turner; and "Morning Glory" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou.

July 31-Aug. 1: "A Man's Castle" (†) and "Beast of the City" (†).

Aug. 2-3: "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna; and "Rosemary's Baby" (†).

Aug. 4-6: "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray; and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 27: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Bandits on the Wind" (1961; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese).

July 28: "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe; and "Gung Ho!" (1944; Ray Enright), with Randolph Scott.

July 29-30: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "Burden of Dreams" (1982; Les Blank), a documentary about the making of "Fitzcarraldo."

July 31: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "The Wanderer" (1969; Jean-Gabriel Albicocco; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Jean Blaise.

Aug. 1: A program of cartoons by Bob Clampett and Robert McKimson.

Aug. 2: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake.

Aug. 3: "Zatoichi's Revenge" (1965; Akira Inoue; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Hoodlum Priest" (1967; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.

Aug. 4: "Niagara" (†); and "Let's Make Love" (1960; George Cukor), with Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand.

Aug. 5-6: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a silent film), with Keaton; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner; a silent film), with Buster Keaton.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 27: "Undercurrent" (1946; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Mitchum, and Edmund Gwenn; and "Without Love" (1945; Harold S. Bucquet), with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Keenan Wynn, and Lucille Ball.

July 28: "No Way to Treat a Lady" (1968; Jack Smight), with Rod Steiger, Lee Remick, and George Segal; and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad" (1967; Richard Quine), with Rosalind Russell and Robert Morse.

July 29-30: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, Laird Cregar, and Robert Preston; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

July 31: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell; and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Aug. 1: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Aug. 2: "Strike Up the Band" (†); and "Babes on Broadway" (1941; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.

Aug. 3: "We're Not Dressing" (†); and "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields.

Aug. 4: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (†).

Aug. 5-6: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—July 28 at noon: "Les Grandes Illusions: 1939-41" (directed by Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles).... ¶ July 28 at 2:30: "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (1942; Marcel Carné; in French, with English subtitles), with Arletty, Alain Cuny, Marie Déa, and Jules Berry.... ¶ July 28 at 6: "Le Capitaine Fracasse" (1943; Abel Gance; in French, with no English subtitles), with Fernand Gravey and Assia Noris.... ¶ July 29 at noon: "Les Grandes Illusions: 1939-41."... ¶ July 29 at 2:30: "L'Eternel Retour" (1943; Jean Delannoy; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Marais and Madeleine Sologne.... ¶ July 29 at 6: "La Main du Diable" (1943; Maurice Tourneur; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay.... ¶ July 30 at noon: "The Golden Coach" (1953; Jean Renoir), with Anna Magnani.... ¶ July 30 at 2:30: "L'Assassin Habite à 21" (1942; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay and Suzy Delair.... ¶ July 30 at 5: "Les Inconnus dans la Maison" (1942; Henri Decoin; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu.... ¶ July 31 at noon: "The Golden Coach."... ¶ July 31 at 2:30: "Remorques" (1941; Jean Grémillon; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan, and Madeleine Renaud.... ¶ July 31 at 5: "Les Anges du Péché" (1943; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles), with Renée Faure, Jany Holt, and Sylvie.... ¶ Aug. 1 at noon: "Un Art Classique sous l'Occupation et la Libération" (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles).... ¶ Aug. 1 at 2:30: "L'Homme de Londres" (1943; Henri Decoin; in French, with no English subtitles), with Fernand Ledoux and Jules Berry.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 6: "Le Baron Fantôme" (1943; Serge de Poligny; in French, with no English subtitles), with Odette Joyeux, Alain Cuny, and Jany Holt.... ¶ Aug. 2 at noon: "Un Art Classique sous l'Occupation et la Libération."... ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30: "Le Capitaine Fracasse."... ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "Le Lit à Colonnes" (1942; Roland Tual; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Marais, Odette Joyeux, Valentine Tessier, and Fernand Ledoux.... ¶ Aug. 4 at noon: "Un Art Classique sous l'Occupation et la Libération."... ¶ Aug. 4 at 2:30: "La Main du Diable."... ¶ Aug. 4 at 6: "Le Six Juin à l'Aube" (1944; Jean Grémillon; in French, with no English subtitles) and "La Libération de Paris" (1945; in French, with no English subtitles).... ¶ Aug. 5 at noon: "Un Art Classique sous l'Occupation et la Libération."... ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: "L'Assassin Habite à 21."... ¶ Aug. 5 at 6: "Le Retour" (1946; Henri Cartier-Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles) and "La Bataille du Rail" (1946; René Clément; in French, with English subtitles and narration).... ¶ Aug. 6 at noon: "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam.... ¶ Aug. 6 at 2:30: "Le Six Juin à l'Aube" and "La Libération du Paris."... ¶ Aug. 6 at 5: "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd. (570-3949)—July 28 at 8: "Tennessee Williams's South" (1973; Harry Rasky), a documentary.... ¶ Aug. 2 at 8: "The Night of Counting the Years" (1969; Shadi Abdelsalam; in Arabic).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity, and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (8th St. Playhouse; July 31.)

Beast of the City (1932)—Walter Huston as an idealistic chief of police who tries to clean out his vice-ridden city. Undistinguished melodrama, though Jean Harlow turns up. Charles Brabin directed. (Regency; July 31-Aug. 1.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feel-

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ing of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/82.) (Olympia Quad; through July 28.)

The Blue Lagoon (1980)—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. All we have to look forward to is: When are these two going to discover fornication? The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl and waiting for guppies to mate. It's Disney nature porn. The cinematography, by Nestor Almendros, is so inexpressive that we seem to be looking at the scenic wonders of a vacation spa in a travelogue. Taken from a popular novel of 1908, by Henry de Vere Stacpoole, which was adapted for the screen once before, in 1949, with Jean Simmons. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 4.)

Blue Thunder—The plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern, Warren Oates, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Embassy.)

Boesman and Lena (1973)—A film up to Beckett's plays, written by the remarkable South African writer Athol Fugard. We are in the company of two coloreds who make a small living out of selling empty bottles. They are loathsome, scurrilous, locked in intimacy, each other's ball and chain and best friend. The woman says, "I want my life. Where's it?" It is time, the apartheid country feels, for them to throw themselves away. But "How do you do what when it's yourself?" (Film Forum; Aug. 1-2.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 4.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot; Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich) and the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker-informer; and Maria Casarès, in the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Aug. 4.)

The Children of Theatre Street (1977)—An American production team was able to get behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then lost sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 2.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The pure-souled poet-doctor Zhivago (Omar Sharif, with wet, dark eyes) is at the center of the scenarist Robert Bolt's poetic enigma, and the director, David Lean, surrounds him with enormous historical reconstructions of the Russian Revolution. Neither the contemplative Zhivago nor the flux of events is intelligible, and, what is worse, they seem unrelated to each other. (It's hard to know what kind of hero or even what kind of group of people *could* hold these events together.) And in this movie, so full of "realism," nothing really grows—not the performances, not the ideas, not even the daffodils, which are also so "real" they have obviously been planted for us, just as the buildings have been built for us. After the first half hour you don't expect the picture to breathe and live; you just sit there. It isn't shoddy (except for the balalaika music, which is so repetitive you could kill the composer); it's stately, respectable, and dead. It's not in itself a disgraceful failure, but it does have one disgraceful effect: the final shot of a rainbow over the huge dam where Zhivago's lost daughter is working. This banal suggestion that it has all been for the best and that tomorrow will be brighter is not only an insult to the audience, it is a coarse gesture of condescension and appeasement to the Russians. Would Lean and Bolt place a rainbow over the future of England? With Julie Christie, who does have some life as Lara, and Rod Steiger, who brings something powerful, many-sided, and sexual to the role of Komarovsky, and Geraldine Chaplin, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Siobhan McKenna, Jack MacGowran, Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, Adrienne Corri, Geoffrey Keen, Noel Willman, and Klaus Kinski, with his eyes popping and huge veins bulging out of his forehead as he says, "I am the only free man on this train." From the novel by Boris Pasternak; cinematography by Freddie Young; production design by the aptly named John Box. (193 minutes.) (Metro Cinema; July 31.)

The Elephant Man (1980)—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. There's something indefinably erotic going on here—it's submerged in the film's rhythm and in the director's whole way of seeing. Scene by scene, you don't know what to expect; you're seeing something new—subconscious material stirring within the format of a conventional narrative. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 1-2.)

Emitai (1971)—A film by the Senegalese writer-filmmaker Ousmane Sembène about black villagers who are pushed closer and closer to resistance by the inhuman demands of a colonial power (the French, during the Second World War). Yet they delay. Even after their women and children are rounded up and put in the sun, the men postpone taking action; they make sacrifices to their gods, hoping to learn what to do—but the gods are silent. (Emitai is the Master of Thunder.) The film deals with the interrelationships in the village between the men and the women, and between the men and their gods—and in both cases they turn out to be complex, ironic, puzzling. Ousmane Sembène's approach is thoughtful and almost reticent; the viewer contemplates a series of tragic dilemmas. Yet for all its intelligence, the movie isn't memorable—partly because the last section is unsatisfying. (In Wolof, an African language.) (Film Forum; Aug. 1-2.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga (see "Star Wars" and "Return of the Jedi") is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Gotham Cinema; starting July 29.)

Endless Love (1981)—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about a teen-age boy's single-minded love for his young girlfriend, the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. The novel was a purplish glorification of the hero's masochism, and it was purplish in a violent way. The love that was endless was a physical addiction. The two kids fornicated furiously and just about constantly; they went at each other like battle-scarred veterans of the sex wars. And the boy's passionate love resulted in his being sent to an insane asylum. Even in the fifties, when movies were full of misunderstood young heroes, no boy ever suffered so much for love. Zeffirelli has turned this passion into tender, gentle romance, with the scenes of intercourse so "tastefully" rendered that nothing in the movie makes much sense, not even the graceful sexual position of the two young actors—Martin Hewitt as David and Brooke Shields as Jade. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Maybe teen-agers will be touched by the sensitivity and devotion of the pair; adults may go a little giggly-crazy, especially since the parents are a quartet of letches and bores—reminiscent of the parents in "Splendor in the Grass," where a passionate girl (Natalie Wood) was packed off to a loony bin. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is Jade's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as David's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin); it's all bathed in a Zeffirellian golden glow. When David and Jade are at the Planetarium and he says, "I'm going to name a star after you," a voice in the theatre piped up, "Brooke Shields is already a star." Also with Penelope Milford. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 2.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Coronet, Festival, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

The Fog (1980)—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens, and thus never quite grabs us and holds us prisoner. With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 1.)

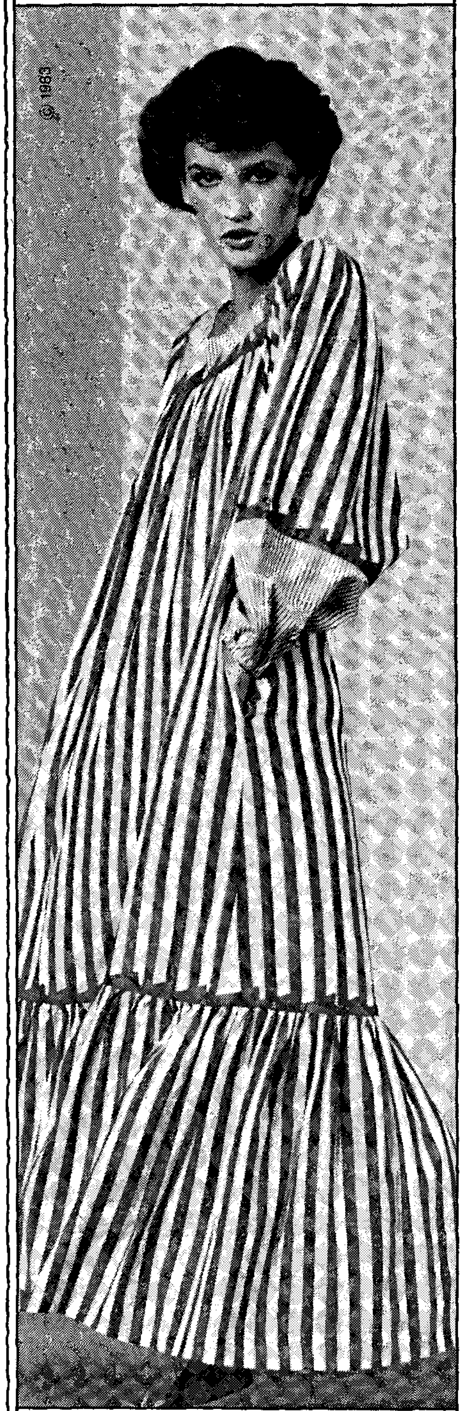
Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, D. W. Griffith, Guild, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 28. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 29.)

In Cold Blood (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted by Richard Brooks from the Capote original. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 2-3.)

Jazz on a Summer's Day (1960)—The 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, with Anita O'Day, Big Maybelle, Dinah Washington, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Chico Hamilton, Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, and other joys. Bert Stern's camera style infectiously conveys the festival's happy, lazy-day atmosphere; the America's Cup observation trials, which are also going on, are an unstressed part of the film's visual texture. In the evening, when Mahalia Jackson, with her majestic chest tones, sings the word "soul," she defines it for all time. This is one of the most pleasurable of all concert films. Aram Avakian edited. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 1.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed. With Richard Pryor (as Piano Man) and Billy Dee Williams. (New Embassy 49th St.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it marked her tenth year in films, and it is one of her few good vehicles. Somerset Maugham's melodrama (generally believed to be based on an actual incident) had been a



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Broadway success for Katharine Cornell and was filmed—memorably—in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels. (Those blessed with movie-loving parents may still retain images of Eagels' corrupt beauty, and of her frenzied big scene when the heroine tells off her husband.) The central figure is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it (in the courts, at least, because in Singapore the white ruling class must stick together). Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. Cold and proper, she yet manages to suggest the passion of a woman who'd kill a man for trying to leave her. She is helped by an excellent script (by Howard Koch) and by two unusually charged performances—James Stephenson as her laywer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes two formidable women—Frieda Inescort, who seems ineffably absurd as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard, whose performance as the Eurasian woman was actually taken very seriously by many people. With Bruce Lester, Cecil Kellaway, Victor Sen Yung, Willie Fung, Tetsu Komai, and Doris Lloyd. The insistent music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, taut direction and the erotic awareness he brings to the material. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 4.)

A Man's Castle (1933)—Spencer Tracy and the lovely, big-eyed Loretta Young in a Depression idyll about an independent-minded man who takes in a homeless waif and lives with her—one of Frank Borzage's heavily sentimental yet magically romantic movies. With Glenda Farrell, Marjorie Rambeau, Walter Connolly, Arthur Hohl, and Dickie Moore. The script is by Jo Swerling, the cinematography by Joseph August. (Regency; July 31-Aug. 1.)

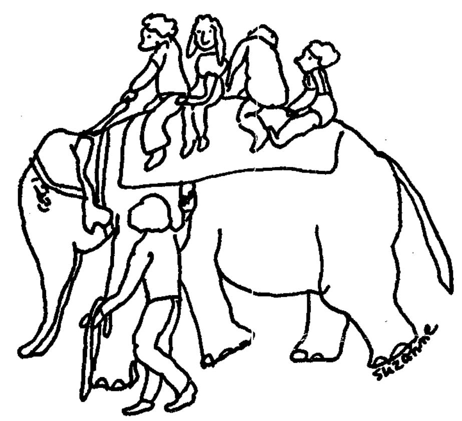
The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. This time, Tchaikovsky (Richard Chamberlain) is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. For much of the movie, the characters slide in and out of fantasies that seem not so much theirs as Russell's. Whose fantasy are we in when Glenda Jackson, as Nina, Tchaikovsky's wife, writhes in torment in a blue-green madhouse and, in one sequence, is seen deliberately lying across a grating, spread-eagled, while the madmen locked below reach up under her skirt? It's unlikely to be Tchaikovsky's fantasy, because his wife (whom he lived with for only a few weeks) wasn't confined in a bedlam until three years after his death. The central plot mechanism—Tchaikovsky's patroness throws him out when he is revealed to be homosexual, and so he is forced to become a conductor to support himself—is a concoction. When the facts were falsified in the old Hollywood bios, it was to soften and simplify, to please the audience. Russell makes everything frenzied and violent and sadistic, as a form of stimulus for the audience, and possibly even more for himself. Everything is caught in flagrante delicto. The film is homoerotic in style, and yet in dramatic content it's bizarrely antihomosexual. There are a few really good moments, such as Glenda Jackson's self-conscious grin when she first goes to meet Tchaikovsky, and this part of the film has some suspense; later, her role comes dangerously close to self-caricature. With Max Adrian, Christopher Gable, and Kenneth Colley. The screenplay is credited to Melvyn Bragg, based on the book "Beloved Friend," by Catherine Drinker Bowen; cinematography by Douglas Slocombe. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Niagara (1953)—This isn't a good movie, but it's fascinatingly tawdry and nasty—the only movie that explored the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity. There's no affection for her here. This picture was made just before she won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the amoral, destructive tramp—carnal as hell—she plays here must represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of her. Monroe's wet-lipped lasciviousness is enough to keep the first half of this murder melodrama going, but by the second half there's nothing but plot twists, centering on Niagara Falls. Joseph Cotten plays the husband whom she plans to kill; Richard Allan is her lover. With Jean Peters and Denis O'Dea. The script is by Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen; Henry Hathaway directed. (Thalia; Aug. 4.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)



An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

The Onion Field (1979)—Joseph Wambaugh's very strong version of his own book, the true story of a sixties Los Angeles cop-killing, with painfully evocative performances by John Savage as the officer who survived a horrifying night in the onion field, and James Woods as the small-time hood who executed Savage's partner. The film's argument is that the law itself has become an obstacle to justice, and although this is not wholly proved, a good case is made. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 2-3.)

Pixote (1980)—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Thrown into a reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote watches as several of the larger boys gang-rape a kid not much older than he is, and his truculent baby face is indifferent, but he's a little camera taking it all in. A group of boys, including Pixote, break out, and he and three others snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing cocaine. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen. She's the whore spawned out of men's darkest imaginings, and in her scenes the movie achieves a raw, garish splendor. The script, by Babenco and Jorge Duran, is based on the novel "Infância dos Mortos," by Jose Louzeiro; cinematography by Rodolfo Sanches. In Portuguese. (11/8/81) (Film Forum; Aug. 5-6.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy (see "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Star Wars") might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Road Warrior (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Olympia Quad; through July 28.)

Romeo and Juliet (1936)—Expensively devotional, in the literal-minded and heavily overproduced Irving Thalberg manner, but the readings are often clear and sensible, and there is an audacious, controversial, florid performance by John Barrymore as Mercutio. Leslie Howard is an anemic, overage Romeo, while Norma Shearer, never much of an actress, makes a valiant effort at Juliet but never rises above conventional adequacy. With Basil Rathbone (Tybalt), Edna May Oliver (the Nurse), C. Aubrey Smith (Capulet), Ralph Forbes (Paris), Violet Kemble-Cooper (Lady Capulet), Reginald Denny (Benvolio), Katherine De Mille (Rosaline). Directed by George Cukor; the play was simplified by Talbot Jennings. Totally made in a studio Italy, it remains a chief example of the pasteboard M-G-M style in full decadence. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 4.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (Regency; Aug. 2-3.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Greenwich Playhouse, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gemini, and Olympia Quad; through July 28. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 4.)

Star Wars (1977)—One of the two or three biggest box-office successes in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (See "The Empire Strikes Back" and

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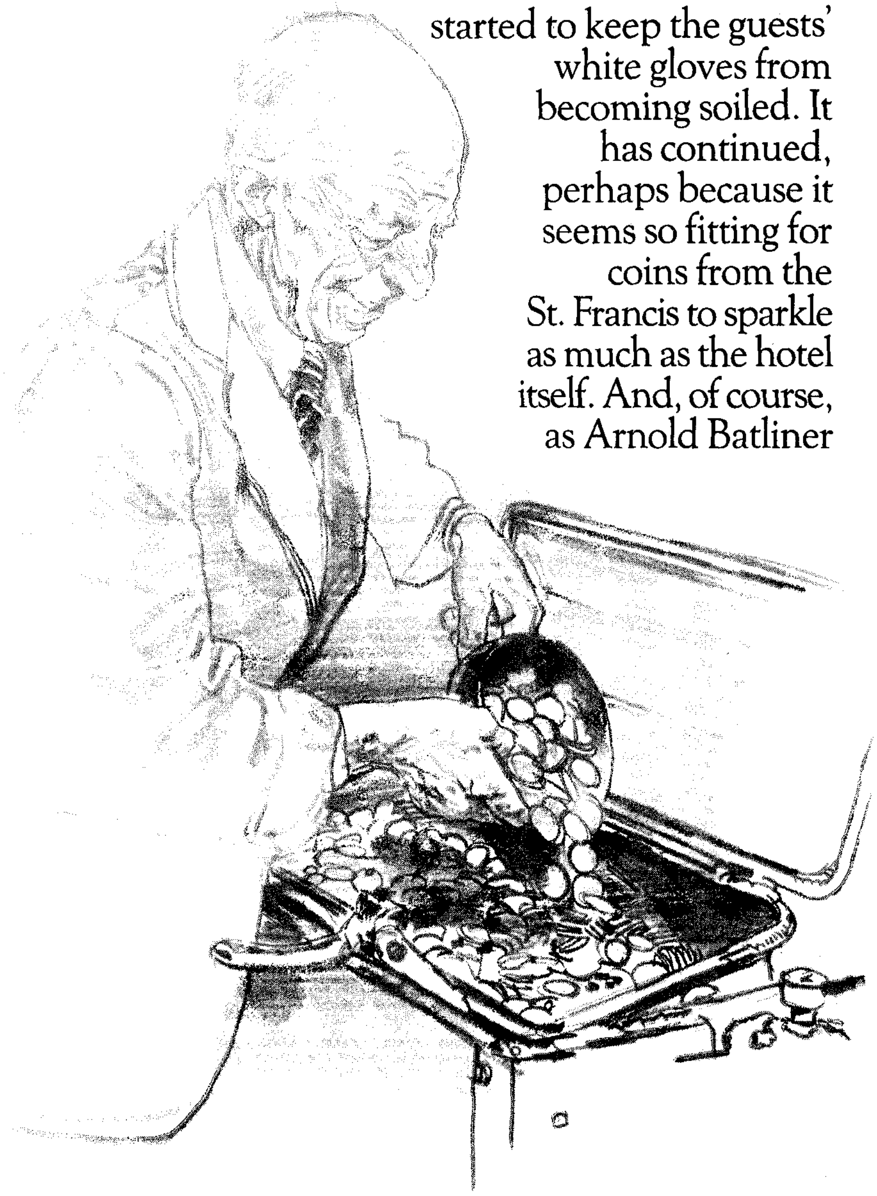

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“Return of the Jedi.”) (Gotham Cinema; starting July 29.)

Strike Up the Band (1940)—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, that hard-to-forget teen-age vamp June Preisser, and Paul Whiteman and his orchestra in an M-G-M musical directed by Busby Berkeley that is so poorly paced, and so loaded with sanctimonious moral lessons, that even the George and Ira Gershwin score doesn't save it. (The Andy Hardy pictures were never this square.) The script, by John Monks, Jr., and Fred Finklehoffe, is like a noose around everybody's neck. Rooney is the drummer in the high-school band that turns itself into a swing orchestra, with Garland as the vocalist; the group is trying to raise money to compete in a national contest. Rooney's flamboyant energy makes some sequences fairly bright, but in a number of scenes he's photographed so that he's foreshortened, and he's given hopelessly awkward moments; his mother (big-bosomed Ann Shoemaker) urges him to become a doctor, and he says to Garland, “Now, do I look like a doctor?” Garland is rather dreary in a role which requires her to have romantic longings for Rooney though he thinks of her only as a pal; even her songs lack bounce—the arrangements are too sweet and too slow. The siren Preisser (who also does acrobatics) is much livelier than Garland; she's like a baby Mae West, and her eyes rove with mischief. With the ebullient William Tracy, who is often funny; Larry Nunn in the sad-sack role of the boy who is hurt; and Virginia Brissac. In the “Drummer Boy” number, Rooney hits the drums with manic exhibitionistic joy, and he takes a crack at a xylophone, too. But in the other musical numbers (including a real Berkeley ghastly oddity—a marionette orchestra made out of pieces of fruit) Berkeley doesn't know when to end things; he keeps them going until he runs out of ideas. The score includes “Our Love Affair,” by Arthur Freed and Roger Edens. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2.)

Summer of '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 3.)

Superman III—Gus Gorman (Richard Pryor), a computer wizard, is ordered by his boss (Robert Vaughn), the slimy-suave head of a conglomerate, to work out the elements of kryptonite, the only substance that can destroy Superman (Christopher Reeve). Gus fakes one element, and his near-kryptonite doesn't kill Superman; it demoralizes him, and he begins to perform dirty deeds. Richard Lester, who directed (he also did “Superman II”), provides agreeable visual humor, and the film begins promisingly, but Lester wants us to see Superman as a virtuous clod, and this drains the mythic life out of the movie. As Lana Lang, the girl from Smallville who has had a crush on Clark Kent since high school, Annette O'Toole is the only member of the cast who appears to believe in her role yet stays in a comic-book frame. Also with Gavan O'Herlihy, Pamela Stephenson, Annie Ross, and—fleetingly—Margot Kidder as Lois Lane, Jackie Cooper, and Marc McClure. The script is by David and Leslie Newman. (7/11/83) (Murray Hill, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 28.)

The Survivors—Robin Williams may be that rarity, a fearless actor; his cock-a-doodle-doo eagerness transcends the flaws in this slapstick social satire. He plays a junior executive in New York who gets fired on the same day that Walter Matthau, the owner of a service station, loses his business. They meet at a lunch counter, where each man is trying to drown his sorrow in a cup of coffee, and when a bullying thug (Jerry Reed) tries to rob the place, they disarm him and, briefly, become media heroes. Being fired seems to have thrown a switch in the young executive's skull, and after the attempted robbery he goes gun-crazy, buys an arsenal, and goes off for a course of training in survival tactics at a parafascist camp in New England; he wants to learn how to be violent, so he can live in the wild and protect himself when the social order collapses. The best thing about this framework is that it permits Robin Williams to be himself and yet to be in character. He sputters out his short-circuited thoughts; he seems to be free-associating twenty-four hours a day, and this spritzing never seems false or prepared. (It's Matthau's function to soothe him.) There's a lot of unconventional humor in the script by Michael Leeson, though he doesn't appear to be experienced in building a plot to a climax, and the director, Michael Ritchie, tends to be at his sharpest in divertissements on a theme rather than on the theme itself. Jerry Reed (better known as a country musician) has a fine handsome, maniacal presence—he has scary, deep-set eyes; and Kristen Vigard is fresh and entertaining as Matthau's spacey redhead daughter. The unusually gifted supporting cast includes Anne Pitoniak and Joseph Carberry (who has the presence of a young Bogart), as well as Marian Halley, Annie McEnroe, and James Wainwright. (7/25/83) (Criterion Theatres; through July 28.)

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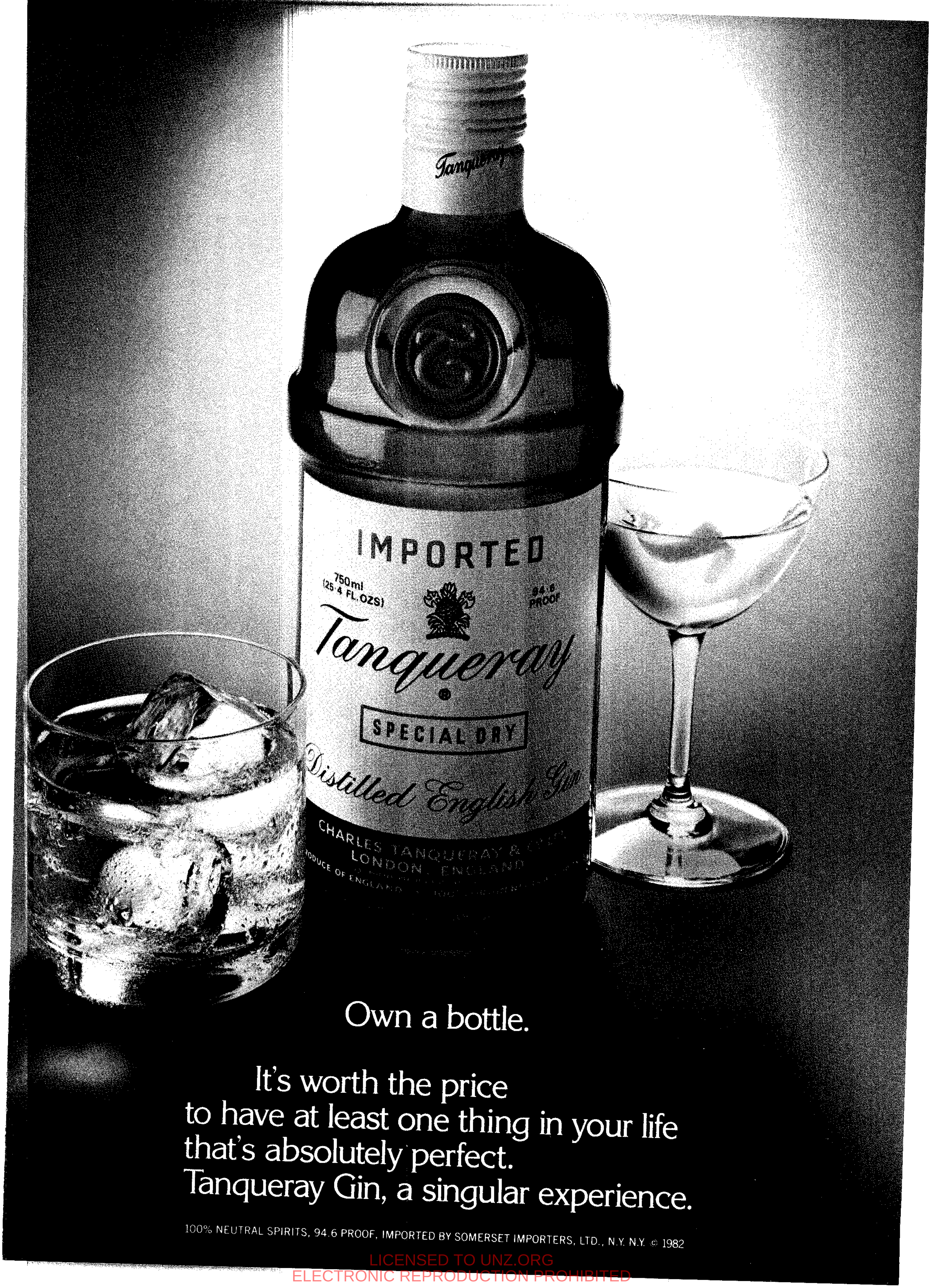
Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 31-Aug. 1.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

Twilight Zone—The Movie—Four young directors—John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and the Australian George Miller (who made “The Road Warrior”)—pay homage to the Rod Serling TV series “The Twilight Zone.” It's disappointing that they didn't attempt to engineer more modern and artful macabre games than the ones on the old shows; what they've given us is an overproduced remake, but with some redeeming elements. The prologue, written and directed by John Landis, and featuring Dan Aykroyd as a hitchhiker and Albert Brooks as a driver, is a beauty, but the happy rush of fright we get from it has to sustain us for a long stretch, because the first two episodes are embarrassments. The first (by Landis) is a painfully blunt sermon on the evils of racism and prejudice, starring Vic Morrow, who, along with two Vietnamese-American children, was killed in a helicopter accident during the filming; it's like an unconscious parody of the old shows, and its straightness is a deadweight on the viewer's head. The second, a lump of ironclad whimsy directed by Spielberg, is about how a group of people in a home for the aged have their minds magically refreshed; it's coy and twinkling, with gloppy rich music—it's horribly slick. The third, directed by Joe Dante, is a risky attempt at using a style derived from animated cartoons for an insidious, expressionist effect; it has an insane atmosphere—it's eccentric and unsettling, with startling good things in it. (Among them is the alert, graceful Kathleen Quinlan as a strong-willed schoolteacher.) The subject—how horrible life might be if a ten-year-old boy (Jeremy Licht) could run everything just as he liked, on the basis of what he has learned from TV—may be too fertile for the half-hour form. There are also too many different kinds of spookiness and parody buzzing around in the material. For those people in the audience whose childhood included a TV set that was always going, this half hour may reawaken all sorts of childhood feelings. But even for them it's probably better when they think it over than when they're watching it. The fourth episode, directed by Miller, from a script by Richard Matheson, is the best reason to see the movie; it's a classic shocker of the short form. Almost all the action takes place in the confines of an airliner during a storm, where a passenger, played by John Lithgow, is seated, squirming and thrashing about, sick with fear. The whole episode is about this one passenger's freaking out. Miller builds the kind of immediacy and intensity that the high points of “Jaws” had. The images rush at you; they're fast and energizing. And Lithgow does something that's tough for an actor to do: he shows fear without parodying it and yet makes it horrifyingly funny. With his white face all scrunched up, and anxiety burning out his brain, he takes us with him every step of the way, from simple fear to dementia to stupor. This episode is a comic orgy of terror. (7/25/83) (34th St. East, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through July 28. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; July 29-Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting July 29.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (U. A. 85th St. East, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through July 28. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting July 29.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's “The Admirable Crichton,” one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; the spoiled heiress is Carole Lombard; he doesn't bat her around the way the hero of Lina Wertmüller's shrill “Swept Away” does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings “It's Just an Old Spanish Custom”), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include “Love Thy Neighbor” and “She Reminds Me of You.” (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 3.)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THE NEW YORKER

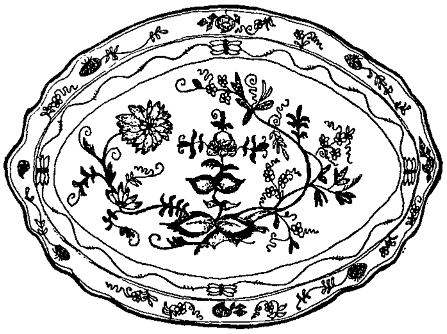
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG friend writes:

The other day, I was listening to FM radio, and the disc jockey was playing a lot of Byrds and Jefferson Airplane and some Jimi Hendrix, and he was talking about "the Sixties" as if they took place a long time ago, which in fact they did. I was born in 1960, and hence was a technical participant in the decade, but since I eluded awareness of the world around me for ten or eleven years, it might as well have been the Gay Nineties, or even the Big Band Era. By the time I got to the Sixties, everyone else was looking for his coat; the first L.P. in my collection, "Abbey Road," was the last the Beatles recorded, the first election I can recall featured a man named George McGovern, and the war in Vietnam, which began without my knowledge, ended, no thanks to me, not long after I learned which side we were on. So I missed all the fuss, and the only consolation (besides having avoided all the traumas heaped on those who live in chaotic times) lies in belonging to the first generation that can begin to think about the Sixties as history of the sort one reads in books, instead of the sort one puts in résumés or recalls in dreams. Of course, the price of relative objectivity is relative ignorance, and the chance exists that all my reading and film-watching and record-listening have poisonously romanticized the period for me. Still, as the last few months wore on, I've found myself thinking more and more often of the silhouette of that decade. What looms as so novel and attractive about the Sixties, to one used only to the lowercase seventies and early eighties, is that a number of people appear to have been thinking about and asking fundamental questions in that period—asking them insistently, and as if the answers mattered. And surely for a little while it must have looked as if the nation's politics and ways of life were fluid enough to flow in new directions. The anti-nuclear movement resembles a Sixties-style crusade more closely than anything else in my time, and, at least at the very start, it asked big questions, too—life and death, that sort of thing. Quickly, though, the lid that keeps big questions in a dark hole was weighted back down with treatises and reports, all replacing the big questions with little, conventional ones. One big march, a lot of attendant hullabaloo, and then in a flash the debate stopped being about deterrence and the morality of nuclear weapons and started to concern itself with "real" issues, like how many SS-20s and Pershing IIs would make for a European standoff, and whether or not it made sense to put a hundred MX missiles in what sort of silos, or—at the very best—whether or not our present level of overkill was sufficiently high to allow us to freeze our arsenal.

If my generation has an analogue to Vietnam, it is Central America, and the same phenomenon has been at work there. On the bloodied face of it, this seems a classic big question: What should the United States represent to the rest of the world? Freedom? Food? Sanctioning the murder of nuns? But as the question reached the establishment (a term not bandied about much these days, for no obvious reason), the issues posed by the region turned out to be different. How *much* military aid should go to El Salvador? Should our support of Somocista and other rebels in Nicaragua be *overt* or *covert*? No one in the United States Congress, and almost no one on United States op-ed pages, has taken an "extreme" position on the left ("U.S. Out," for instance), just as hardly anyone is willing to suggest deep cuts in our arms stockpile or to debate seriously the morality of nuclear weapons. Liberal politicians, who would now prefer to be called "moderates," make all the right noises. None of them like death squads, but almost nobody proposes cutting off funds to the Central American dictatorships that function, basically, as death squads with national anthems. In Latin-American policy, and in a hundred other areas in our national life, sea changes—dramatic, and even radical—are needed, but in my time the most we've done is to form bipartisan committees on this or that.



My time has been a limp time. Even the music. Last week on TV, there was a rock-and-roll salute to the seventies, which listed the biggest song of the decade as Debby Boone's "You Light Up My Life," with the Bee Gees' smash "Stayin' Alive" just behind. If the world were as it should be, such limpness—and even Debby Boone—would make no difference. But last week's newspapers reported that the gap between black and white incomes remains exactly as wide as it was in 1960, the year that four black students refused to leave a Greensboro lunch counter and in so doing touched off a movement. And late last week President Reagan said he "would hope" that a naval blockade of Nicaragua would not prove necessary. Fundamental questions disappeared at the end of the Sixties not because they were settled but because they could not be settled without huge changes in the way America and Americans operate. The same mixture of affluence and fear that raised the questions in the first place prevented people from taking those huge steps—and, in fact, encouraged them to shy away, with the kind of sentiments that brought Ronald Reagan to power. The questions—about economic and racial justice, about war, about being rich in a poor world—were passed on to the future, which, for the moment, I belong to. Because upheavals like the Sixties', with the corresponding opportunities for real change, happen rarely in America, my generation may not get a chance at providing lasting answers. And if the chance came to us, there is no reason to imagine we'd do any better than our older brothers and sisters did. But the chance to make history is better than reflecting on it, and there are times when I wish that I'd been born ten years earlier.

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Greenery

THE urban tree is gallant. The urban tree is an air-cleaner, noise-absorber, glare-reducer, natural coolant, and emotional tranquillizer. And long-suffering. We learned all this recently at a conference on urban horticulture at the New York Botanical Garden—a three-day meeting attended by more than two hundred foresters, arborists, horticulturists, plant researchers, landscape architects, and city planners. At issue was how to improve the life of the urban tree—urban planting in general—and, by extension, our own lives. Dr. Harold Tukey, president of the International Society for Horticultural Science and director of the University of Washington's Center for Urban Horticulture, said in his opening address, "As the world population grows and people are increasingly crowded into dense clusters, the need for understanding of the growth of plants within cities and the effects of these plants on human beings becomes critical. What effects do plants have on people? Is blood pressure lowered? Are blood sugar and serotonin levels changed? What clinical and chemical factors are affected by a beautiful landscape, a wooded park . . . or a ficus in the office?" The answers to these questions, as put forth by the several dozen participants, were on the positive side.

But the urban tree, like other urban living things, is subject to stress, and stress was a major theme during the conference. Dr. David Karnosky, the director of the N.Y.B.G.'s Institute of Urban Horticulture and the chairman of the gathering, and the author, with Paul Berrang, of "Street Trees for Metropolitan New York," has written about "a vast array of stresses, including limited root space, contaminated soils, poorly aerated soils, soils that are too wet or too dry, vandalism, vehicle injury, air pollution, reflected heat, and high winds." Dr. Karnosky's book states, "It is not surprising that the average life expectancy of urban street trees in the eastern United States has been estimated to be less than ten years." In the past, street trees have been selected for form and leaf color. Now the movement is to select them also for tolerance to urban stresses. "The streetside environment in metropolitan areas is one of the most difficult for growing plants and trees," Dr. Karnosky said.

On the first day of the conference, we heard from Robert Skiera, the city forester of Milwaukee, where, by his estimate, there are three hundred thousand street trees maintained by the city and an adequate vegetation budget (seven million dollars). "You have to figure out what it is going to cost to have the city look good and present that to the policymakers," he said. "You can't just take what's left over after the rest—fire, sanitation, et cetera—have received their allocations. You have to agree on the initial concept. If you're not going to maintain a certain quality level of vegetation, then don't plant in the first place. The difference between looking good and not looking good is very slight. Stop maintaining and things look bad very fast. You must also realize that a row of well-maintained street trees will increase real property value by five to fifteen per cent."

Tessa Huxley, the executive director of the Green Guerillas, a ten-year-old volunteer group that helps New York communities make their neighborhoods greener, showed slides of some of the stoutest urban gardens we've ever seen. "Most people think rubble is something to get rid of," she said. "We use it—we're garbage-pickers. We build on it, plant on it. When making a garden, we involve everyone. If a person has planted a tree, he or she won't strip the bark off it. Bedsprings make a great garden gate."

Charles A. Lewis, the horticulturist at the Morton Arboretum, in Lisle, Illinois, talked about the human dimension of horticulture. "Plants are non-threatening and non-discriminating," he said. "They respond not to the

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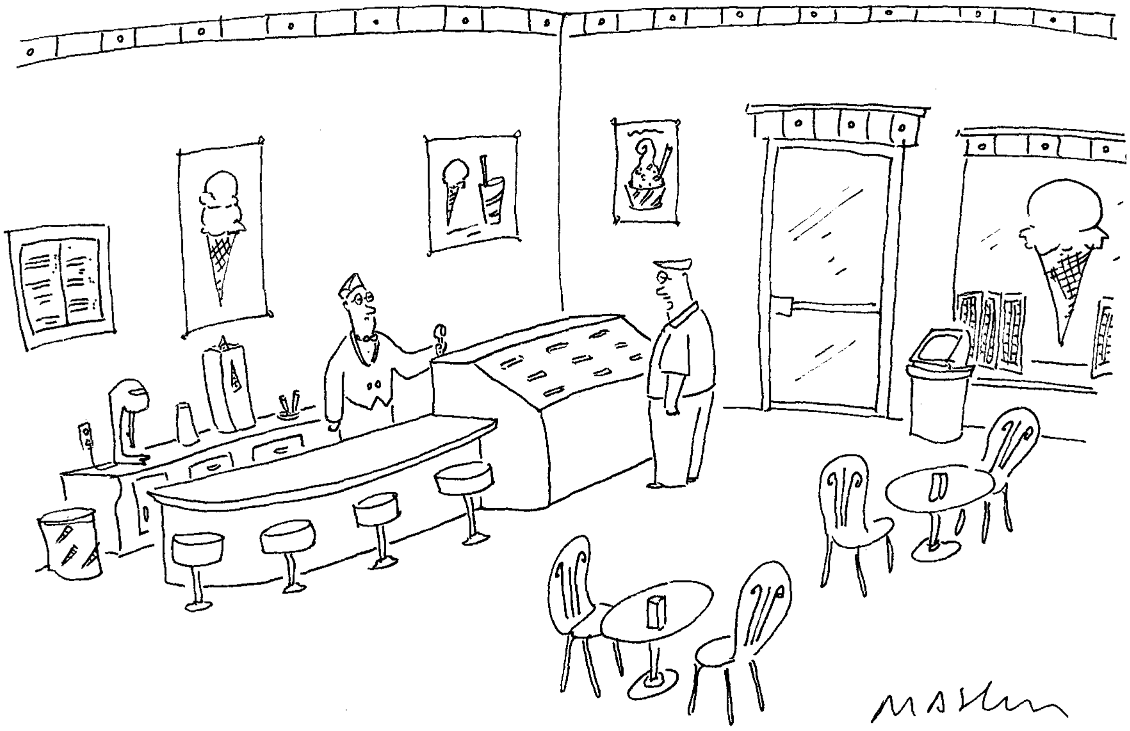
race, intellect, wealth, or physical capacity of the gardener but to the care given them. Plants ease anxiety and tension, give a sense of tranquillity. How do plants enter into the human experience? In hospitals, geriatric centers, schools for the mentally disadvantaged, drug-rehabilitation programs in prisons, horticultural therapy helps heal physical, mental, and social disabilities. Environmental psychologists and others are examining the kinds of landscapes that people like. The ability of vegetation to ease stress should be considered by environmental planners in the location and design of everything from hospitals to high-stress workplaces."



"You know what they're saying all over town, don't you? They're saying you're always out of butter pecan."

The next morning, we heard from William Flemer III, who is the third-generation president of the seventeen-hundred-acre Princeton Nurseries. "Biologically sensitive landscaping" means putting a "plant in the niche for which its evolution has exactly fitted it," he explained. "There has been no natural evolution to create plant material which will thrive" in the inhospitable conditions the city provides, but "there are some trees and shrubs which are especially tough and resistant. Proven survivors are London plane, thornless honey locust, ginkgo, and hybrid elms." Among plants are privet, euonymus, fire thorn, Japanese barberry. In general, " 'pioneer' species [the first to grow in an abandoned field] are much safer bets for city planting than what are known as 'climax' trees or shrubs [the ultimate stable plant population of a field]. The very qualities which enable a grown tree to invade an open field and fight it out with exposure and/or sod are qualities which are likely to enable it to survive the vicissitudes of city life. Cockspur-thorn and Washington-thorn trees, pioneer species if ever there were, grow exceptionally well in the city, while the Japanese red maple or *Stewartia* will not make it through the first summer. Both are understory woodland trees. Honey locust and Amur cork tree are tough and drought-tolerant, while sugar maple and katsura tree scorch badly in summer heat and pavement glare. Another important thing for city trees is to have a root system which will tolerate a low oxygen level in the soil. . . . The wild callery pear comes from a heavy-clay area of northern China, so it is not surprising that its improved, thornless clones have proved to be first-class city trees."

Greenery is menaced by two-spotted spider mites, bagworms, forest tent caterpillars, gypsy moths, potato leafhoppers, scale insects, plant borers, and bark beetles. We learned that trees have abiotic problems as well—problems not related to living things. "We can't just work to improve trees," said Dr. Karnosky. "We need to improve the design of the tree *pits*. Many dead trees in the New York City area have just plain been flooded in their pits."

The meeting broke for coffee and cookies outside. We chatted with a Bartlett-tree specialist and an urban landscaper from Montreal. "I vowed this morning I would respect the beech tree," said the landscaper. "It's a little like the ailanthus. It grows anywhere."

"Everybody's down on the ailanthus," said Tessa Huxley, who was wearing a Green Guerilla T-shirt, with a flowering flowerpot on the front. "I think it's a hero."

Back inside, we heard from John Mini, one of the foremost interior landscapers in the country, who has provided interior plantings for the atria of, among others, the Ford Foundation, ChemCourt, and the Park Avenue Plaza. "One of the most common criticisms of our interior-landscape designs is the overuse of ficus and other too common specimens," he said. "I can say now that there are about thirty formerly rare plants and flowers in or near production. There are the *Alocasia amazonica;* the *Tetrastigma;* the new anthurium (a cross between the *andraeanum* and the *clarinervium*); the *Philodendron pluto;* the *Philodendron talamancae*, with its interesting coloration; the schefflera amate, produced by tissue culture, with, so far, an excellent record; and the black-olive tree *Bucida buceras*. The future looks bright on a number of counts. The only uncertain element is whether buildings will be properly designed to grow these occasionally more demanding varieties. If not, there is always the ficus."

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Boccie

ON a recent trip to Italy, we acquired an interest in the game of boccie, which, for those who have never seen it, is played with heavy, grapefruit-size wooden balls, generally red for one side, green for the other. Two, four, or even eight people may play. The balls are rolled down a long, narrow court of packed clay or sand toward a small yellow or white wooden ball, or *pallino*, which sits at the other end; the object of the game is to leave one's ball closest to the *pallino*. In Italy, in the seaside town on the Adriatic where we were staying, we would spend hours beside the boccie court watching a quartet of old men as they played, rolling ball after ball down its smooth, dusty surface. In the apparent simplicity of the game we began to discern the subtleties of strategy, the kinetic possibilities of the balls' interactions, and the infinite geometric patterns the balls formed on the court, all enlivened by the theatricality of the players: an enormous man with an enormous, tanned bald head, who launched his ball with the venom of Zeus, his whole face contorting in a horrible grimace; a thin, well-dressed man, who used his cane as the third leg of a tripod, his arm swinging down like a pendulum as he bowled. There was also a young boy in a bathing suit, who always played with his mother as spectator, beaming down on her son's smug excellence.

So when we learned there was a New York boccie court, off Court Street, in Brooklyn, we hastened there on a warm Saturday afternoon to see what was going on. We brought with us a friend—a handsome young woman of Roman birth, named Andrea—to serve as our interpreter. We arrived to find the court surrounded by onlookers: men leaning on a chain-link fence, sitting in pairs on benches or standing in little groups—all, it seemed, engaged in animated conversation. Most were middle-aged or elderly, many wore hats, glasses, or both. The court itself—long, perfectly smooth—was occupied by four men who stood at one end in various attitudes of repose. From among them a tall, thin man stepped boldly forward, rolled his ball, and followed it as it moved slowly down the court, walking behind it and speaking to it in soft, supplicating tones, making broad, sweeping gestures with his hand as if to influence its course.

"*Montala, montala!*" he kept saying. ("Climb, climb!" whispered our interpreter.)

"*Fagli mangiare la polvere!*" said another man. ("Let it eat the dust!" translated Andrea.)

The ball went slower and slower, and finally came to rest several feet short of the *pallino*.

"*Arritirate! Arritirate!*" chided his opponents. ("It's dialect," said Andrea. "It means 'Retire! Retire!' ")

"*Vattenne! Sparisci!*" said another man. ("Get off the scene! Disappear!")

A man in a suit and tie stepped forward and, as he flung his ball down the court with a broad, sweeping gesture, said, "*Ué, io ero un soldato in Italia!*," or "I was a soldier in Italy!" This self-encouragement seemed to work, because his ball cracked against his opponent's ball and knocked it away, and he swept backward with the broad, flourishing steps of a dancer.

At the other end of the court, two men stood staring down at the *pallino* and the two balls that were nearest it, one red, one green.

"*Verde!*" cried one man.

"*Rosso!*" cried the other.

There followed a long examination of the two balls and a subsequent ritual of measurement, as one of the contestants, heel to toe in his black shoes, walked off the distance between each ball and the *pallino*.

"*Verde!*" they all cried.

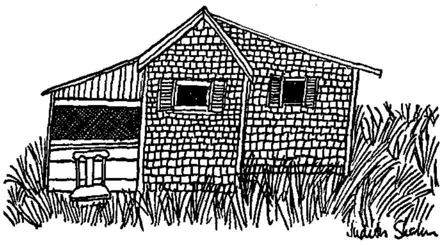
On the other side of the court, two men sat facing each other on a bench and began a game of cards, slapping them down, snatching them up again, the sound of their voices rising and falling like passing storms. Beside us, several men were having a conversation about neckties.

"I love neckties," said one in Italian. "There's nothing like a good tie. I used to have a beautiful one, but I lost it."

"I've heard that if you take out the lining it makes the tie much better," said another.

"I can see you know nothing about neckties!" said a third scornfully.

Behind us, on the playground, two softball teams were engaged in a heated game. A short, roundish fellow seemed to be preparing for a fistfight, for, having taken off his coat, he was running around in small, tight circles like a boxer in the ring, rendered suddenly light and nimble in his rage. The feared carnage was averted, however, when he was wrestled to the ground by one of his teammates like a roped calf.



On the boccie court, balls continued to roll back and forth, knocking, knicking, colliding with a pleasant clicking sound. Each rolled ball was followed by an expectant silence, the men turned into statues as they followed the ball's progress, erupting in jubilation or despair as it reached the *pallino*.

A rotund man was preparing for a shot by way of a few deep knee bends.

"*Sei uscito pazzo*," someone said softly. ("You're sick," Andrea translated.)

And as we got up to leave, a man with his arms outspread in a gesture of supplication spoke loudly, as if addressing all the people within earshot. "*Chi sape comme funziona questo paese*, anyway?" he said.

Andrea laughed. "It's dialect," she told me. "He said, 'Who knows anything about the way this country works, anyway?' "

Stars and Stripes

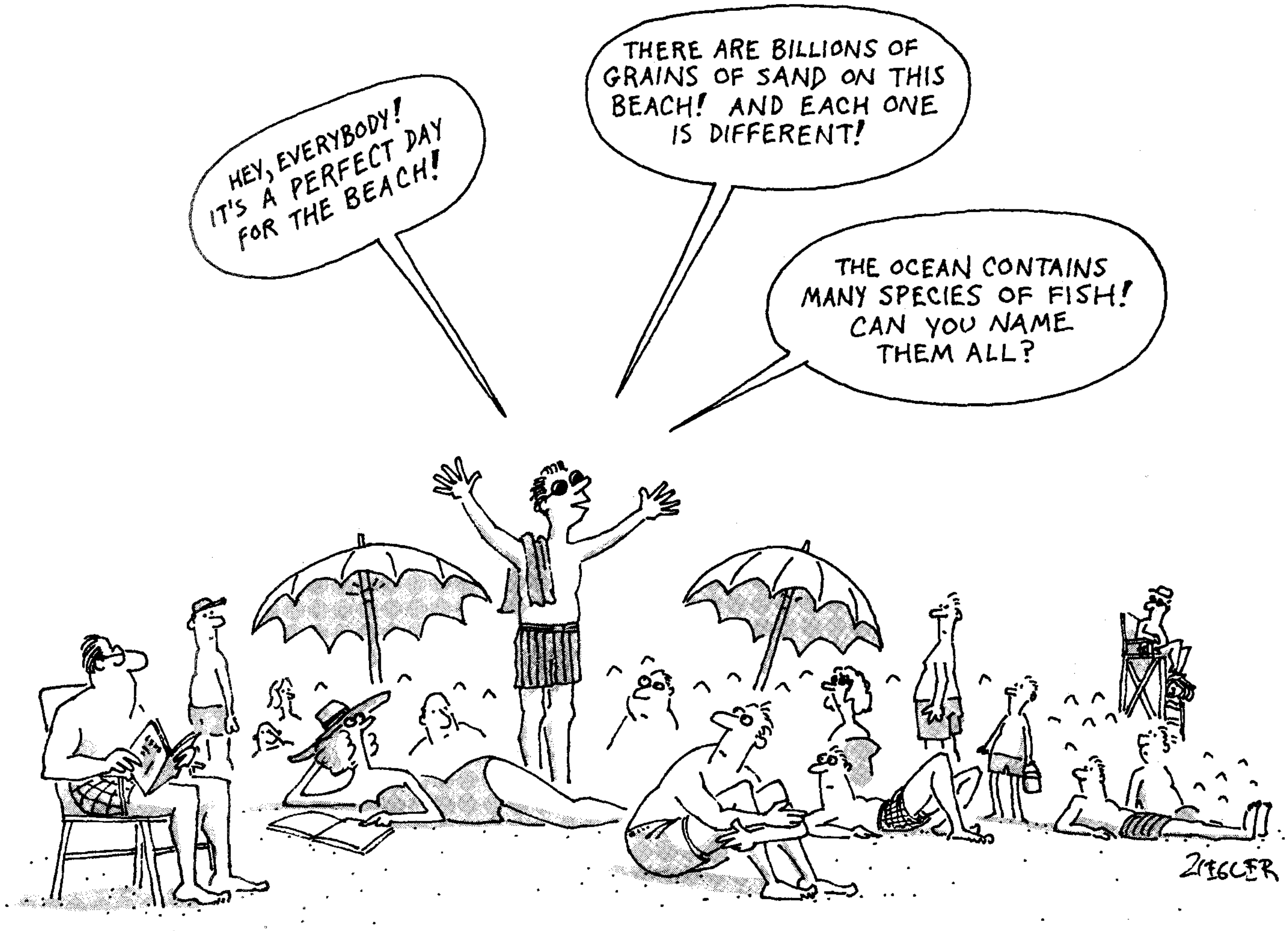
THERE is more than one way to skin a cat, and more than one way to outfit a living room. Fredrick Davies, no authority on cats, demonstrated his new approach to interior decoration last week on the ninth floor of Gimbels. Briefly told, he advises people on the home furnishings they should purchase by considering their astrological sign. "It's the first time this has ever been done in a big way," said Mr. Davies happily. "But I think there will be a lot more of it in the future. It's a boom time for astrology in general. Looking at the stars and at the economy, I think astrology will do very well right through December. When times are hard, people turn to mystical things. I bet religion is doing very well right now. And it's an excellent time for home improvement as well. A lot of people are saying, 'As long as I'm out of work, I might as well have a go at constructing that gazebo I've always wanted.' "

Perched behind a desk on the furniture-showroom floor, Mr. Davies spent all last week asking clients for the date and hour of their birth. When we arrived, he was talking to Theodora, a Cancer.

"Do you like yellows?" he asked. "You're right on the cusp of Gemini."

Theodora liked yellows.

"Make sure your kitchen is nice," Mr. Davies said. "Because you're the type of person that whoever comes over you'll always tell them to sit


HEY, EVERYBODY! IT'S A PERFECT DAY FOR THE BEACH!
THERE ARE BILLIONS OF GRAINS OF SAND ON THIS BEACH! AND EACH ONE IS DIFFERENT!
THE OCEAN CONTAINS MANY SPECIES OF FISH! CAN YOU NAME THEM ALL?
ZIEGLER

CLEARING A SPACE AT THE BEACH

* * *

down and have a piece of pie. Entertaining at home is good for you, but only have two or three people at a time, not twenty."

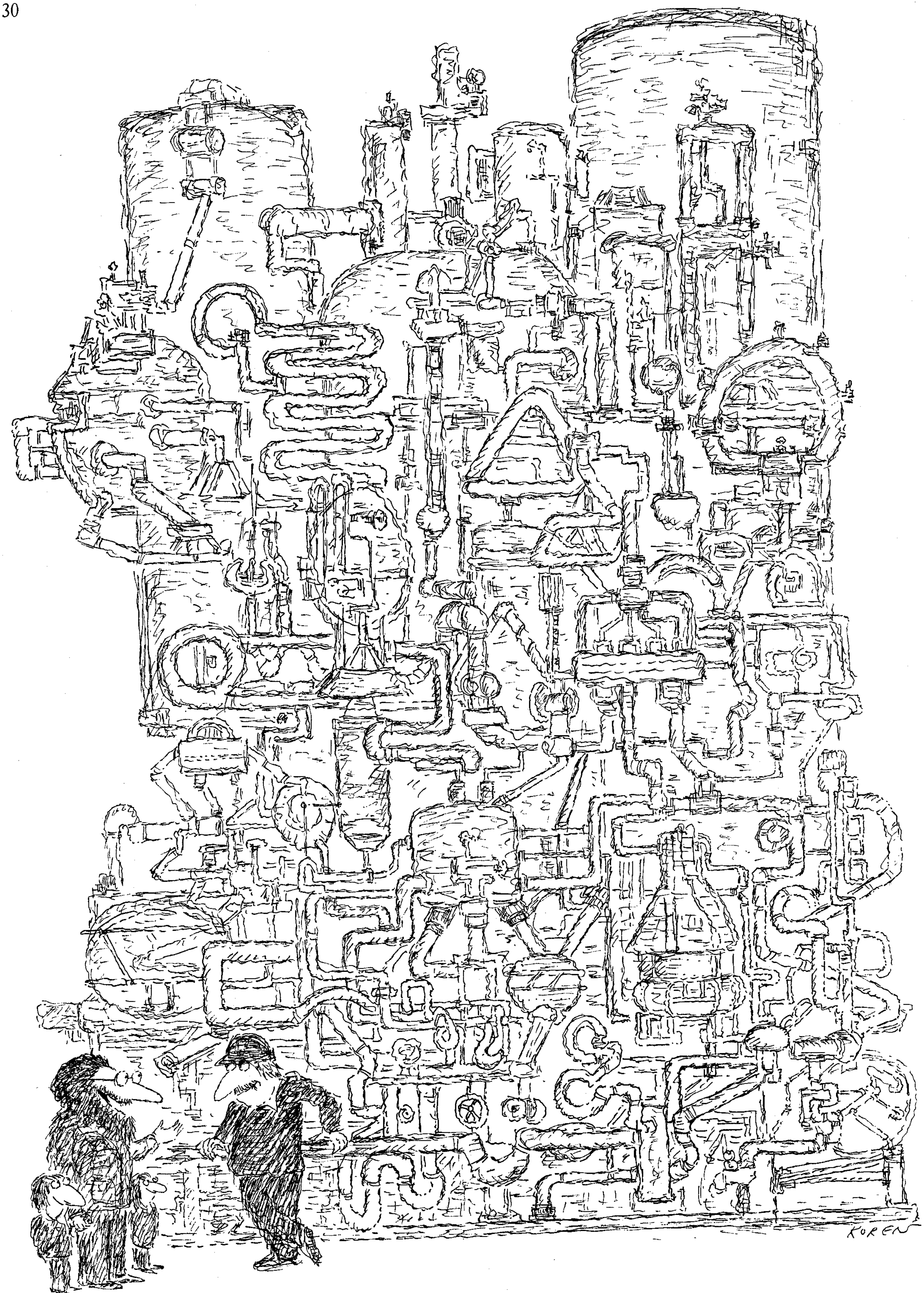
"Why, I never have more than two or three!" said Theodora, her eyes widening at the power of the zodiac. "I used to have twenty, or even fifty, but now I'm getting on in years."

While Mr. Davies talked to Theodora, we surveyed the model rooms that Gimbels' Home Fashions Director Gerda Clark had assembled with Mr. Davies' counsel. They were all terrific, and neat as a pin. What sign are slobs born under, we wondered. The astrological notes posted beside each room made us wonder about something else. These signs gave facts, like the favorite color of people born under that sign, and also, in short bursts of adjectives, pocket profiles. Strung end to end, the adjectives for the twelve types of people were: candid, impulsive, curious, honest, probing, broadminded, humane, enthusiastic, positive, enterprising, full of vitality, patient, sympathetic, caring, affectionate, versatile, clever, exuberant, expressive, impatient, proud, trusting, authoritative, steadfast, systematic, kindhearted, appreciative of beauty and comfort, gentle, very kind, retiring, ambitious, reserved, artistic, well-balanced, very elegant, just, determined, passionate, sexy, exact, methodical, industrious, discriminating, and (all twice) independent, energetic, generous, restless, sensitive, and persevering. Well, we thought, that's good. But once or twice in our life we've run across someone exhibiting an *undesirable personal characteristic*, and—while we're sure these people are hard at work on self-improvement—we thought we had better ask Mr. Davies if there was a thirteenth sign we didn't know about in the zodiac. "Well," he said, "I guess I was highlighting the things that are flattering to people, the more Pollyannaish sort of things. Other things might not make people want to buy furniture. But, as long as you asked, Khomeini, Adolf Hitler, Ho Chi Minh, and Lenin were all Tauruses. On the other hand, so is Queen Elizabeth. And also Swami Muktananda, who is a guru."

Mr. Davies, who had been up that morning at eight to advise a British client on the precise moment to sell his million-pound house, asked a young man walking by what sign he was. When the man answered Sagittarius, Mr. Davies said, "I thought so, because you're tall. Sagittarius rules the legs. But Woody Allen is a Sagittarius, too, which makes sense in another way, because the Archer also governs the sense of humor."

Mrs. Clark, who told us she thought of astrological living rooms after seeing Mr. Davies on David Susskind's TV show, explained that all the books on the display bookshelves were wrapped in blank covers because otherwise people would steal them. "They go through here like locusts," said Mrs. Clark, who is a Capricorn.

"Muhammad Ali is a Capricorn, too," said Mr. Davies. "And both he and Mrs. Clark love Early American furniture!"



"Where's the business end of this thing?"

KISSING THE PRESIDENT

Between political speeches and introductions, [Tammy] Wynette took the stage to sing with her arm around the President's waist and her head on his shoulder. As she finished, she kissed him gently on the lips and said: "You're so wonderful."—*The Post.*

Q: What class of person is, under the U.S. Constitution and applicable statutes, entitled to kiss the President?

A: The Constitution says nothing specifically about kissing the President. Nor are there laws on the books directly relevant to this issue. There is, however, quite an elaborate protocol governing the matter, dating, we are told, from the Age of Jackson, when kissing the President first became popular. Considered as a class, those permitted to kiss the President are women, mostly.

Q: Are men ever permitted to kiss the President?

A: Frenchmen and officials or dignitaries of former French territories are permitted to kiss the President in the traditional French manner, on both cheeks, first the left, then the right. Other men are not permitted to kiss the President.

Q: Not even the Joint Chiefs?

A: Not even the Joint Chiefs. The Joint Chiefs will maintain the position of attention at all times. In their war bonnets. Heroes, on the other hand, are granted special dispensations. At moments of high emotion, such as airport greetings or awarding of the National Medal, a reciprocal Class B embrace is stipulated, providing that the embrace is initiated by the President.

Q: What is a reciprocal Class B embrace?

A: The participants advance toward each other, faces aglow, across the tarmac or whatever as the Marine Band plays. The President extends his hand and pumps the hand of the hero, then grasps him by the upper arms and gives him a little shake. The hero is then allowed to grasp the President by *his* upper arms and give *him* a little shake. More or less to maintain his balance.

Q: What is a Class A embrace?

A: A Class A embrace is a full-chested hug, or "bear" hug. Only employed in relation to women. And bears of course, for all we know, at night, deep in the National Forest, by the light of a single Watt— But this is speculation.

Q: Are there political considerations operable in determining who may or may not kiss the President?

A: Both international and domestic. Kissing the President is an option available, in general, only to citizens of the Free World.

Q: No Communists, then, are allowed to kiss the President?

A: State Department theorists have war-gamed a scenario in which, at the conclusion of a very successful summit meeting, the President and Mr. Andropov might tastefully join in a middling-warm Class B embrace with a twenty-five per cent escalation factor. The latter involves the sides of their heads touching, briefly.

Q: What if a male Communist baby tried to kiss the President?

A: No babies are allowed to kiss the President willy-nilly. The President may elect, at his discretion, to kiss any baby-sized individual he wishes, but the initiative must always be his. It is conceivable that under certain circumstances the President might find it apposite to kiss a male Communist baby—a visit to Wroclaw, for example.

Q: Can just any American woman kiss the President?

A: Any American woman of whatever kind whatsoever. Even Democrats. However, it helps if you are a National Institution. There are more opportunities. Tammy Wynette. Dolly Parton. Loretta Lynn. Jeane Kirkpatrick.

Q: Is it appropriate to sing your hit Top Forty song with your arm around the President's waist and your head on his shoulder?

A: Don't be stuffy. Of course. Jeane Kirkpatrick has not as yet had a Top Forty song, to my knowledge, but we are told she is taking Dobro lessons.

Q: Then any free American woman, be she old granny or young lubricious scantily clad sex bomb, may kiss the President any time she wishes?

A: Correct. The President is said to be especially partial to old grannies—loves and respects them and admires their spunk. So, attending the average flood disaster, the President will typically fill one sandbag for the levee and buss one homeless but still spunky old granny. Young lubricious scantily clad sex bombs are sometimes not allowed to kiss the President because of the danger of exposure to harmful strobe light.

Q: What is the one right thing to say after you have kissed the President?

A: "You're so wonderful."

Q: Is pinching the President permitted?

A: The President, though vast, is finite. Thus, pinching the President is not permitted. You can imagine . . . one pinch multiplied by . . .

Q: How about dropped handkerchiefs?

—Donald Barthelme

Irresolute Group

CROSSING THE LINE

THE bus journey had felt as if we'd crossed the whole breadth of Ireland. Their letter had said the school was seventy miles from Dublin, but the conductor had checked it, and it was far closer to a hundred. A few of the last leaves from the almond saplings that stood at intervals along the pavement were being scattered about under the lamps as the bus came at last into the small town. The principal was waiting for me at the stop. He was a big man, prematurely bald, and I could feel his powerful tread at my side as we crossed the street to a Victorian cottage, the old vine above its doorway as whimsical there in the very middle of the town as a patch of thyme or lavender.

"The house is tied to the school," he explained. "That's why it's not been bulldozed. We don't have any rent to pay."

His wife looked younger than he, the faded blond hair and bird face contrasting with her full body. There was about her something of materials faded by the sun. They had two pubescent daughters in convent skirt and blouse, and a son, a few years older than the girls, with the mother's birdlike face and blond hair, a frail presence beside his father.

"Oliver here will be going back to the university in a few days. He's doing chemical engineering. He got first-class honors last year, first in his class," the principal explained matter-of-factly, to his wife's obvious pleasure and the discomfiture of the son. "The fees are stiff. They leave things fairly tight just now, but once he's qualified he'll make more in a few years than you and I will ever make in a whole bloody lifetime of teaching. These two great lumps are boarders in The Bower, in Athlone. They have the weekend off." He spoke about his daughters as if he looked upon them already as other men's future gardens.

"We'd give you tea," he said, "but the Archdeacon is expecting you. He wants you to have supper with him. I hope you like porridge. Whether you do or not, you'd better bolt it back like a man and say it was great. As long as you take to the stirabout, he'll see nothing much wrong with you. But were you to refuse it, all sorts of moral doubts might start to grow in his old head. He's ninety-eight, the second-oldest priest in the whole of Ireland, but he'll tell you all this himself. I'd better leave you there now before he starts to worry. The one thing you have to remember is to address yourself like a boy to the stirabout."

The wind had died a little outside. We walked up the wide street, thronged with people in from the country for the late Saturday shopping. My father and mother would be in Westport tonight, as on every Saturday night of their lives. They'd be telling people like these that I'd gone to take up my first job, childishly proud, having scraped and worked long hours to put me through college. They had hoped I'd become a priest, but a teacher was the next best. They'd blossom in the congratulations they'd receive but pretend it was all nothing. "It seems like yesterday when he used to help us bring in the eggs on a Saturday night. How time flies. . . ." There were queues outside the butcher's and the baker's and within the chemist's. Music came from some of the bars. Everywhere there was much greeting and stopping. Pale-faced children seemed to glide about between the shops in the shadows of their mothers. Children raised diffident hands or called "Master Kennedy" to the big man by my side, and he seemed to know them all by name.

One rather well-dressed old man alone passed us in open hostility. It was in such marked contrast to the general friendliness that I asked, "What's wrong with *him*?"

"He's a teacher from out the country. They don't like me. I'm not in their bloody union. Are you in the I.N.T.O., by any chance?"

"They offered us a special rate before leaving the college," I said. "Everybody joined."

"That's your own business, of course. I never found it much use," he said irritably. He left me outside the heavy iron gates of the presbytery. "Call in on your way back to tell us how you got on. Then I'll bring you down to your digs."

A light above the varnished door shone on the white gravel, and a thick hedge of laurel and rhododendron that appeared to hide a garden or lawn. A housekeeper led me into the front room, where a very old, white-haired priest sat over a coal fire.

"You're from the west—a fine dramatic part of the country, but no fit place at all to live, no depth of soil. Have you ever heard of William Bulfin?" he said as soon as I was seated by his side.

" 'Rambles in Eirinn'?" I asked.

"For my ordination I was given a present of a Pierce bicycle. I rode all around Ireland that summer on the new Pierce with a copy of the 'Rambles.' It was a very weary-dreary business pedalling through the midlands, in spite of the rich land. I could feel my heart lift, though, when at last I got to the west. It's still no place to live. Have you met Mr. Kennedy?"

"Yes, Father. He showed me here."

"Does he find you all right?"

"I think so, Father."

"That's good enough for me, then. Do you think you'll be happy here?"

"I think so, Father."

"I expect you'll see out my time. I thought the last fellow would, but he left. I dislike changes. I'm ninety-eight years old. There's only one priest older in the whole of Ireland, a Father Michael Kelly, from the Diocese of Achonry. He's a hundred and two. You might have noticed the fuss when he reached the hundred?"

"I must have missed it, Father."

"I would have imagined that to be difficult. I

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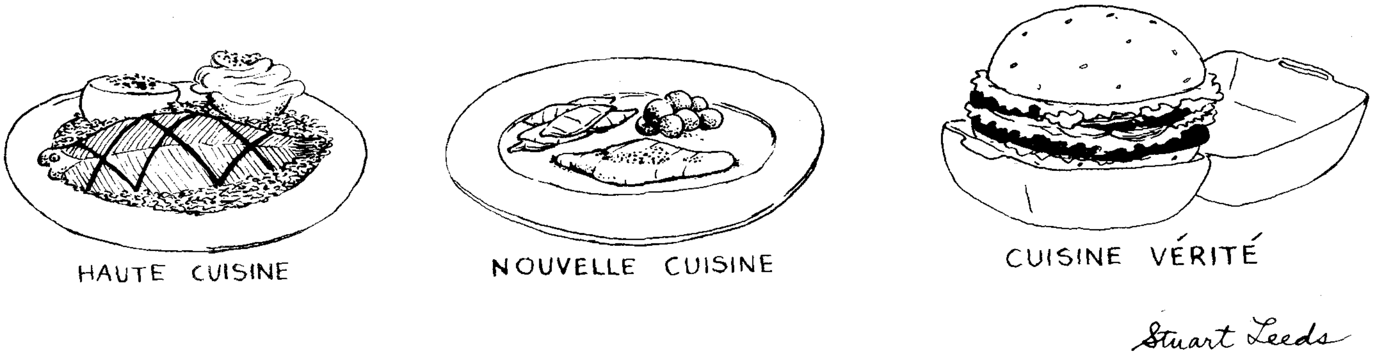
BAIT
R MacMillan



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thought it excessive, but I take a special interest in him. Kelly is the first name I look for every morning on the front of the *Independent*." He smiled slyly. It was where the death notices were printed.

The housekeeper came into the room with a steaming saucepan, two bowls, and a jug of milk and water, which she set on a low table between our chairs. Then she took a pair of glasses and a bottle of Power's from a press and withdrew.

"I don't drink, Father," I said as he raised the bottle.

"You're wise. The heart doesn't need drink at your age. I didn't touch it till I was forty, but after forty I think every man should drink a little. The heart needs a jab or two every day to remind it of its business once it crosses forty. What do you think the business of the heart is?"

"I suppose it has many businesses, Father."

"You'll never be convicted on that answer, son, but it has only one main business. That's to keep going. If it doesn't do that, all its other businesses can be forgotten about."

He poured himself a very large whiskey, which he drank neat, and then added a smaller measure, filling the glass with water. The principal had been right. The saucepan was full of steaming porridge when he lifted the lid. He ladled it into the bowls with a wooden spoon, leaving place enough in the bowl for milk and a sprinkling of sugar. It was all I could do to finish what was in the bowl. I noticed how remarkably steady his hand was as he brought the spoon to his lips.

"If a man sticks to the stirabout, he's unlikely to go very far wrong," he concluded. "I hope you'll be happy here. Mr. Kennedy is a good man. He went on our side in that strike. He kept the school open. It was presumably good for the pupils. I think, though, it brought some trouble on himself. It's seldom wise in the long run to go against your own crowd."

He'd risen, laying the rug aside, but before I could leave he took me by the shoulder up to a large oil painting in a heavy gilt frame above the mantel. "Look at it carefully. What do you see?"

"A tropical tree," I said. "It looks like an island."

"Look again. It's a trick painting," he said, and when I could make nothing more of it he traced lines from the tree which also depicted a melancholy military figure in a cocked hat. "Napoleon on Elba." He laughed.

THE Kennedys had invited me to their Sunday lunch the next day. Their kitchen was pleasant and extremely warm, the two girls setting the big table, and smells of roasting chicken and apple stew coming from the black-leaded range. There was wine with the meal—a sweet white wine, a sauterne. Afterward, the girls cleared the table and, receiving permission, disappeared into the town. Oliver sat on in the room. Kennedy filled his wife's glass to the brim with the last of the sauterne, rose, and got himself a whiskey from the press in place of the wine.

"You were just the way he was twenty-one years ago. Your first school. Straight from the training college. Starting out," Mrs. Kennedy said to him, her face pink with the wine and cooking.

"Teachers' jobs were hard come by in those days," he explained. "Temporary assistant teacher for one year in the Marist Brothers in Sligo was my first job. There was pay, but you could hardly call it pay. Not enough to keep a wren alive."

"It was the first of July," she said. "I remember it well. My father had a bar and grocery by the harbor and sold newspapers. He came in for the *Independent*. He was tall then, with a thick head of brown hair. I know it was the first of July, but I forget the year."

"Nineteen thirty-three. It was the year I got out of college. I bought that *Independent* to see if there were any permanent jobs coming up in October."

"We were both only twenty," she continued. "They told us to wait till we had saved some money—that we had plenty of time—but we couldn't wait. My father gave us two rooms above the grocery part of the shop." She turned to him. "Do you ever regret not waiting?"

"We wouldn't have saved anyhow. There was nothing to save on. And we had those years."

I felt an intruder. Their son sat there, shamed and fascinated, unable to cry "Stop" or to tear himself away.

"Those two rooms were rotten with damp," he said, "and when there were storms you should have heard the damned panes. You could have wallpapered the room with the number of letters beginning 'The Manager regrets' that came through the letter box that winter. Oliver here was on the way."

"Those two rooms were happiness," she said, lifting the glass of sweet wine to her lips, while their son writhed with unease on the sofa.

"We could get no job, and then I was suddenly offered three at the same time. It's always the same. You either get more than you want or nothing. We came here because the house went with the school. It meant a great deal in those days. It still does us no harm."

I WALKED with Kennedy to the school on Monday. He introduced me to the middle classes I was to teach. We walked together on the concrete during the midmorning. Eagerly, he started to talk as we walked up and down among the playing children. The regulation ten minutes ran to twenty before he rang the bell.

"They're as well playing in this weather," he said. "The inspectors never try to catch me out. They know the work gets done."

It was the same at the longer lunchtime, the talk veering again to the early days of his marriage.

"I used to go back to those two rooms for lunch," he confided. "We'd just go straight to bed, grabbing a sandwich on the way out. Sometimes we had it off against the edge of the table. It was a great feeling afterward, walking about with the Brothers, knowing that they'd never have it in the whole of their lives."

I walked with him on that concrete in total silence. No one had ever spoken to me like this before. I didn't know what to say. Such speech, I had always been taught, was reserved for corner boys from the town. The children milled about us in the weak sun. Sometimes I shivered at the premonition that days like this might be a great part of the rest of my life, and I had dreamed once that through teaching I would help make the world a better place.

"What made you take up teaching?" he asked. "I know the hours are good enough, and there's the long holidays, but what the hell good is it without money?"

"I don't know why," I answered. "Some notion of service . . . of doing good."

"It's easy to see that you're young. Teaching is a lousy, tiring job, and it gets worse as you get older. A new bunch comes at you year after year. They stay the same, but you start to go down. You'll not get thanked for service in this world. There were no jobs when I was young. It was considered a bloody miracle to have any sort of a job with a salary. If I was in your boots now, I'd do something like dentistry or chemical engineering, even if I had to scrape for the money."

The time had already gone several minutes past the lunch hour. The children were whirling about us on the concrete in loud abandon, for them the minutes of play stolen from the school day pure sweetness.

"Still, if I had had those chances I wouldn't have gone to Sligo and I'd never have met her," he mused.

TWO BROTHERS IN A FIELD OF ABSENCE

Because as they cut it was that special green, they decided
To make a woman of the fresh hay. They wished to lie in green, to wrap
Themselves in it, light but not pale, silvered but not gray.
Green and ample, big enough so both of them could shelter together
In any of her crevices, the armpit, the join
Of hip and groin. They—who knew what there was to know about baling
The modern way with hay so you rolled it up like a carpet,
Rather than those loose stacks—they packed the green body tight
So she wouldn't fray. Each day they molted her to keep her
Green and soft. Only her hair was allowed to ripen into yellow tousle.

The next weeks whenever they stopped cutting they lay with her.
She was always there, waiting, reliable, their green woman.
She gathered them in, yes she did,
Into the folds of herself, like the mother they hadn't had.
Like the women they had had, only more pliant, more graceful,
Welcoming in a way that you never just found.
They not only had the awe of taking her,
But the awe of having made her. They drank beer
Leaning against the pillow of her belly,
And one would tell the other, "Like two Adams creating."
And they marvelled as they placed
The cans at her ankles, at her neck, at her wrists so she
Glittered gold and silver. They adorned what they'd made.
After harrowing, they'd come to her, drawing
The fountains of the Plains, the long line
Of irrigating spray, and moisten her up.
And lean against her tight, green thighs to watch buzzards
Circle black against the pink stain of the sunset.

What time she began to smolder they never knew—
Sometime between night when they'd left her
And evening when they returned. Wet green hay
Can go a long time smoldering before you notice. It has a way
Of catching itself, of asserting that
There is no dominion over it but the air. And it flares suddenly,
Like a redhead losing its temper, and allows its long, bright hair
To tangle in the air, letting you know again
That what shelters you can turn incendiary in a flash.
And then there is only the space of what has been,
An absence in the field, memory in the shape of a woman.

—CYNTHIA MACDONALD

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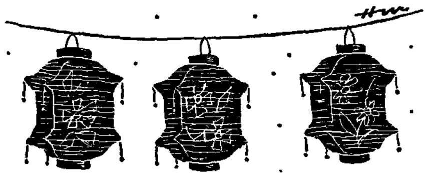
I WAS in my room in the digs Kennedy had got for me after tea one evening when a daughter of the house, in the gym suit of the convent secondary school, knocked and said, "There's a visitor for you in the front room downstairs."

A frail, gray-haired man rose as soon as I entered. He had an engaging handshake and smile.



"I'm Owen Beirne, branch secretary of the I.N.T.O.," he said. "I just called in to welcome you to the town and to invite you to our meeting Friday night. I teach in a small school out in the country. Forgive the speech." He smiled as he sat down.

I explained briefly that I had joined the union already, and suggested that we move from the stiff front room.

"We'll cross in a minute to the Bridge bar," he said. "They always have a nice fire, but it's safer to say what I have to say here. I suppose you don't know about your principal and the union."

"He told me he wasn't a member."

"Did he try to stop you joining?" he asked sharply.

"No. I told him I'd joined already."

"Well, he was a member before the strike, but he refused to come out with us. For seven whole months he crossed that picket line, while the Church and de Valera tried to starve us to our knees."

There was nothing for me to say.

"As far as we are concerned—I mean the rest of the teachers round here—Kennedy doesn't exist. You're in a different position. He's your principal. You have to work with the man. But if we were to meet the two of you together you might find yourself blackballed as well."

"I don't mind."

"It means nothing as far as you're concerned. You just go your own way and notice nothing. But should he try to pull the heavy on you in school—he did with one of your predecessors—let us know and we'll fall on him like the proverbial ton of bricks." He had risen. "That's what I wanted to get out of the way."

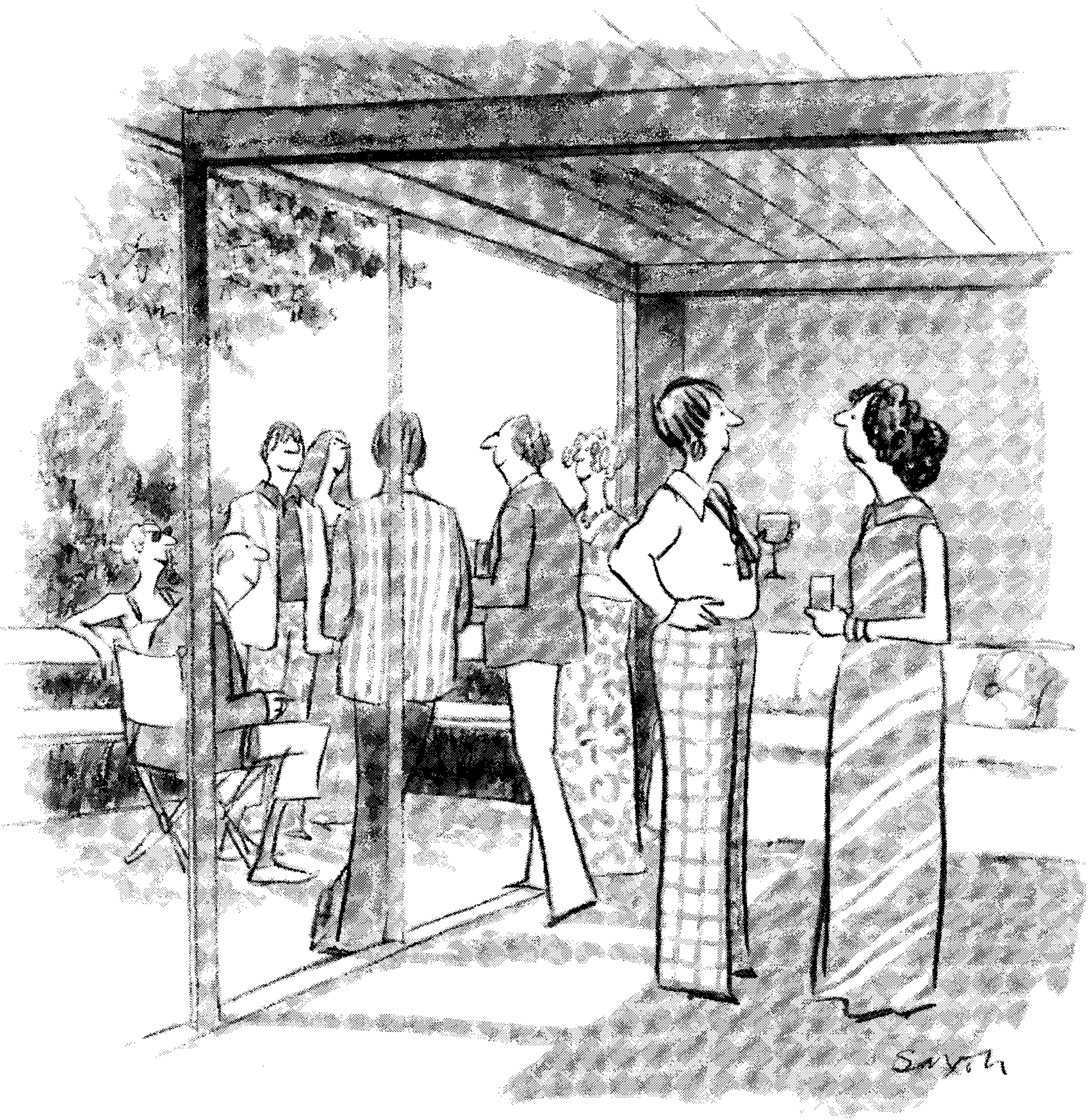
The bar was empty, but there was a bright fire of logs at its end. Owen Beirne ordered a hot whiskey with cloves and lemon. The barman seemed to like and respect him. I had a glass of lemonade.

"Don't you take a drink?"

"Seldom."

"I drink too much. It's expensive and a waste of time. During the months I don't drink, I read far more and feel better every way. Unfortunately, it's very pleasant."

He told me his father had been a teacher. "My poor father had to go to the back door of the presbytery every month for his pay," he said. "The priest's housekeeper gave it to him. It was four pounds in those days. I never forgot my mother's face when he came back from the presbytery one night with three pounds instead of four. The housekeeper had held back a pound because the priest had decided to paint the church that month. One of the great early things the I.N.T.O. got for the teacher was for the salary to be paid directly into his own hands—to get it through the post instead of from the priest or his housekeeper. All that was changed by my time. The inspectors, the dear inspectors, were our hair shirts. A recurring nightmare I have is walking up and down in front of a class with an inspector sitting at the back quietly taking notes. Some were the roaring boys. One rode the bucking mule in Duffy's Circus in Ballinasloe, got badly thrown, but was still out before nine the next morning to check if the particular teacher he'd been drinking with was on time. They were like lords or judges. Full-grown men trembled in front of them at these annual inspections. Women were in tears. The best hams and fruitcakes were brought out at lunchtime. For some there had to be the whiskey bottle and stout in the parlor after school. Then, during the war—the Emergency here—we had an inspector in Limerick called Deasy, a fairly young man. I was teaching in his area at the time. He was a real rat. In Newcastle West, there was an old landed family, a race-horse and gambling crowd, down on their luck. An uncle was the bishop of Cashel. One of the sons was a failed medical student, and God knows what else, and as part of a rehabilitation scheme didn't the bishop get him a temporary teaching



"The trouble with Nantucket is you just can't reach people from five to seven."

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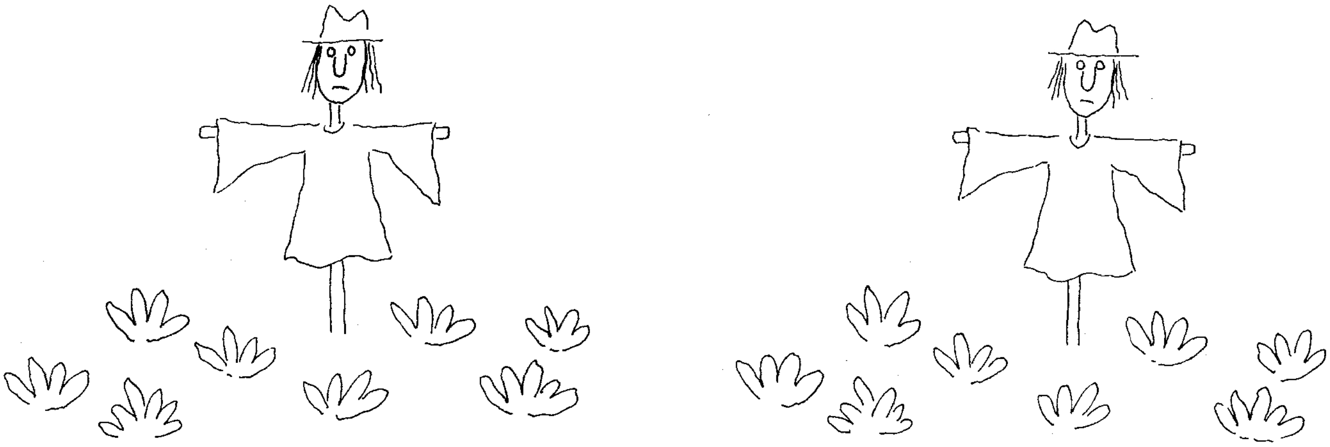


job. Deasy was his inspector. I'm sure the teaching was choice, and what Deasy didn't say to his man wasn't worth saying. This crowd wasn't used to being talked to like that. He just walked out of the school without saying a word. Deasy sat down to his tea and ham sandwiches and fruitcake with the schoolmistress. They were still having lunch when your man arrived back. He sat down with them, opened his coat nice and quietly, produced a shotgun, and gave Deasy both barrels. He wasn't even offered the Act of Contrition. I was in the cathedral in Limerick the night Deasy's body was brought in. It was a sad sight, the widow and seven children behind the coffin. Every inspector in the county was at that funeral. Things were easier afterward."

"What happened to your man?"

"He was up for murder. He'd have swung at the time but for the bishop, who got him certified. They say that after a few years he was spirited away to Australia. He was as sane as I was."

"It seems to be a more decent time now," I said.

"It's by no means great, but it's certainly better than it was."

A few people had come into the bar. They looked our way, but no one joined us at the fire. Beirne had had four drinks, and his face was flushed and excited. He wanted to know what poets my generation was reading. He seemed unimpressed by the names I mentioned. His own favorite was Horace. "Sometimes I translate him for fun, as a kind of discipline. I always feel in good spirits afterward," he said.

Almost absently, he spilled out a number of colored capsules from a small plastic container onto the table and got a glass of water from the bar. "It's the old ticker. I'm afraid it's wobbly. But I hope not to embarrass my friends," he said.

"I'm sorry. That's lousy luck to have."

"There's no need," he answered laughing, as we took leave of one another. "I've had good innings."

Kennedy didn't pick me up the next morning, and I made my own way to the school. As I came through the gates I saw that he had all the classes lined up on the concrete, and he was looking so demonstratively at his watch that I checked the time on my own watch. I was on time, but only just. Before I got any closer, he'd marched his own classes in, disappearing behind a closed door. Instead of coming round with the roll books that morning, he sent one of the senior boys, and at the midmorning break I found myself alone on the concrete for several minutes, but when he did join me his grievance spilled out at once.

"I heard yourself and Mr. Beirne had a long session in the Bridge bar last night," he said.

"He called to the digs. It was more comfortable to cross to the Bridge."

"I suppose plenty of dirt was fired in my direction."

"None. He said the fact that you're not in the I.N.T.O. must be no concern of mine. It was the only time you were mentioned."

"That was very good of him. There are many people around here who would think him not fit company for a young teacher," he said angrily.

"Why?"

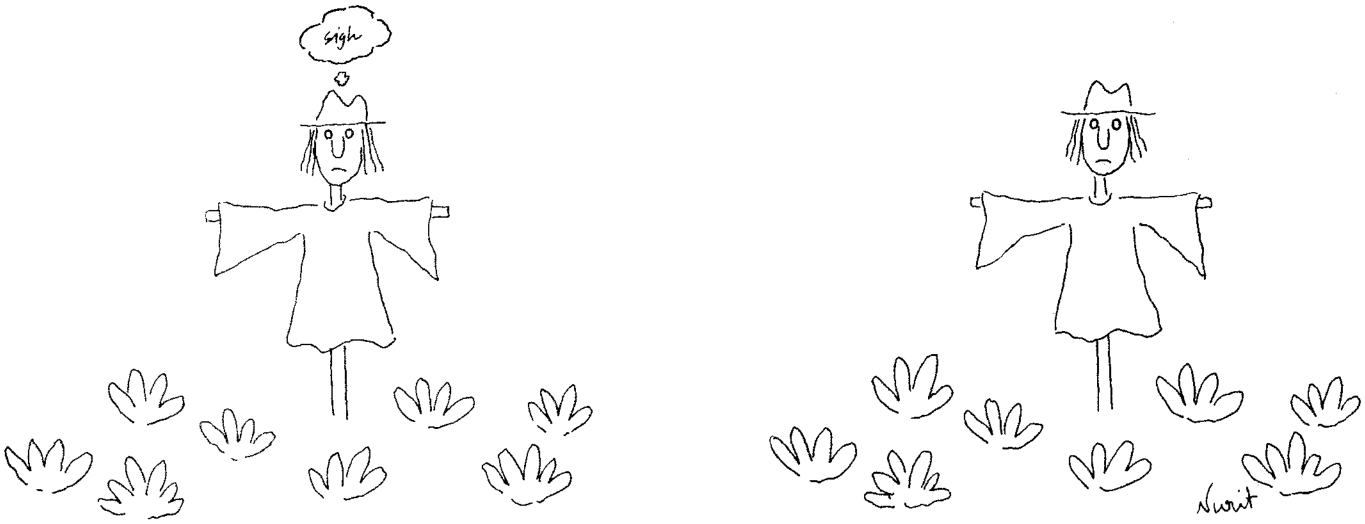
"Every penny he has goes on booze or books, and some of the books are far from edifying, by all accounts. He's either out every night in the bars or else he shuts himself off for weeks on end. They say his wife was dead in the house for most of a day before he noticed. The priests certainly think he's no addition to the place."

"He seemed an intelligent man."

"He knows how to put on a good front, all right."

"He seemed very decent to me." I refused to give way.

"He's no friend of mine. You can take my word for it. All that crowd would have my guts for garters if they got the chance. They'll have a long wait, I can tell you. When I came to this town, we hadn't two coins to clink together. Every morsel of food we put in our mouths that first month here was on credit. But I worked. Every hour of private tuition there was to be had in the place I took, and that's the lousiest of all teaching jobs—face to face for a whole hour with a well-heeled dunce, none of the bright children there to give you a lift. Then I got surveying work with the solicitors. I must have walked half the fields within miles of this town with the chains. I was just about on my feet when that strike was called. The children were in good schools. Why should I put all that at risk? It wasn't my strike. Some of the ones that went on strike will be in hock for the rest of



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their days. And if it had lasted even another month they'd have had to crawl back like beaten dogs. Do you think it was easy for me to cross that picket line with their placards and corner-boy jeers every school day for the whole of seven months? Do you think that was easy?"

"I know it wasn't easy," I said.

THERE was a Mass that Friday for the teachers and children of the parish, an official blessing on the new school year, and we were given the day off to attend the Mass. Kennedy called for me, and we walked up the town together to the church. At the top of Main Street, we ran straight into Owen Beirne. Rather than cut us openly, he crossed to a fish stall and pretended to be examining the freshness of a tray of plaice as we went by.

"Your friend Beirne hadn't much to say to you today. You were in the wrong company," he said.

"I don't mind," I said.

As we came up to the railings of the church, a red-faced hulk of a man, obviously a teacher, the gold *fáinne* and metal tricolor in his lapel, stared at Kennedy in open hostility, cleared his throat, and cast the spittle out into our path. Kennedy said nothing as we hurried into the church. After Mass, clusters of teachers stood about in the church grounds, shaking hands, joking, but as soon as we approached they fell silent or turned away. Not a single person spoke to us or raised a hat or even bowed. We passed out in total silence. I had never run such a gantlet. I had the feeling as we walked back through the town that Kennedy was desperately searching for something to say but that he was too disturbed to settle on any one phrase.

"You might as well come into my place for a cup of tea or something," he said eventually. "You have a good hour yet to go till your lunch."

His house was empty, and he made the tea himself. "They can try as hard as they are able, but they can't harm me now," he began slowly as he made the tea. "In another two years, Oliver will be qualified. By that time, the pair of girls will be on their way into the civil service or training college. That summer, we'll buy the car. We could buy it even now, but we decided to wait till we could do it right. It'll be no secondhand. That summer, we'll take the first holiday since we were married. We'll drive all round Ireland, staying in the best hotels. We'll not spare or stint or anything. We'll have wine, prawns or smoked salmon, sole or lobster or sirloin or lamb—anything on the menu we feel like, no matter what the price."

I was beginning to think that people grew less spiritual the older they were, contrary to what was taught. It was as if some desire to plunge their arms to the elbow into the steaming entrails of the world became more fierce the closer they got to leaving. It was a very different dream to the young priests, cycling round Ireland with a copy of the "Rambles" all those years ago.

"Have you noticed Eileen O'Reilly?" he asked as we sat with the cups of tea.

"She's very pretty," I said.

Eileen O'Reilly worked in one of the solicitors' offices. She was small and blond, with a perfect figure. I thought she'd smiled at me as she passed on her bicycle during a lunch hour. She was standing on the pedals to force the bike across the hill.

I did not say anything, not wanting to seem to join the opposition today of all days. What I'd just witnessed outside the church was in its way as harsh as an execution, and he made me too uncomfortable ever to be able to stay. Eileen O'Reilly would be entirely my own affair. Before that had time to come to anything or fail, I would have already faded into that silence with which he felt surrounded.

"If I was in your place, I'd go for her," he said wistfully. "She has no steady boyfriend. I do surveying for her office, and we always have a joke or an old flirt. When I brought up your name a few days back, she blushed beetroot. I can tell she's interested in you. In two years, Oliver will be qualified and I'll have no more need of the surveying chains. You'd not be rich, but with the fees on top of the teaching you'd be very comfortable for a young man. You could well afford to marry. I'd not leave her hanging around long if I was in your boots. In two years' time if you stayed on at the school here and married Eileen I'd let you into the surveying. There's nothing to it once you get the knack of the chains."

—JOHN McGAHERN

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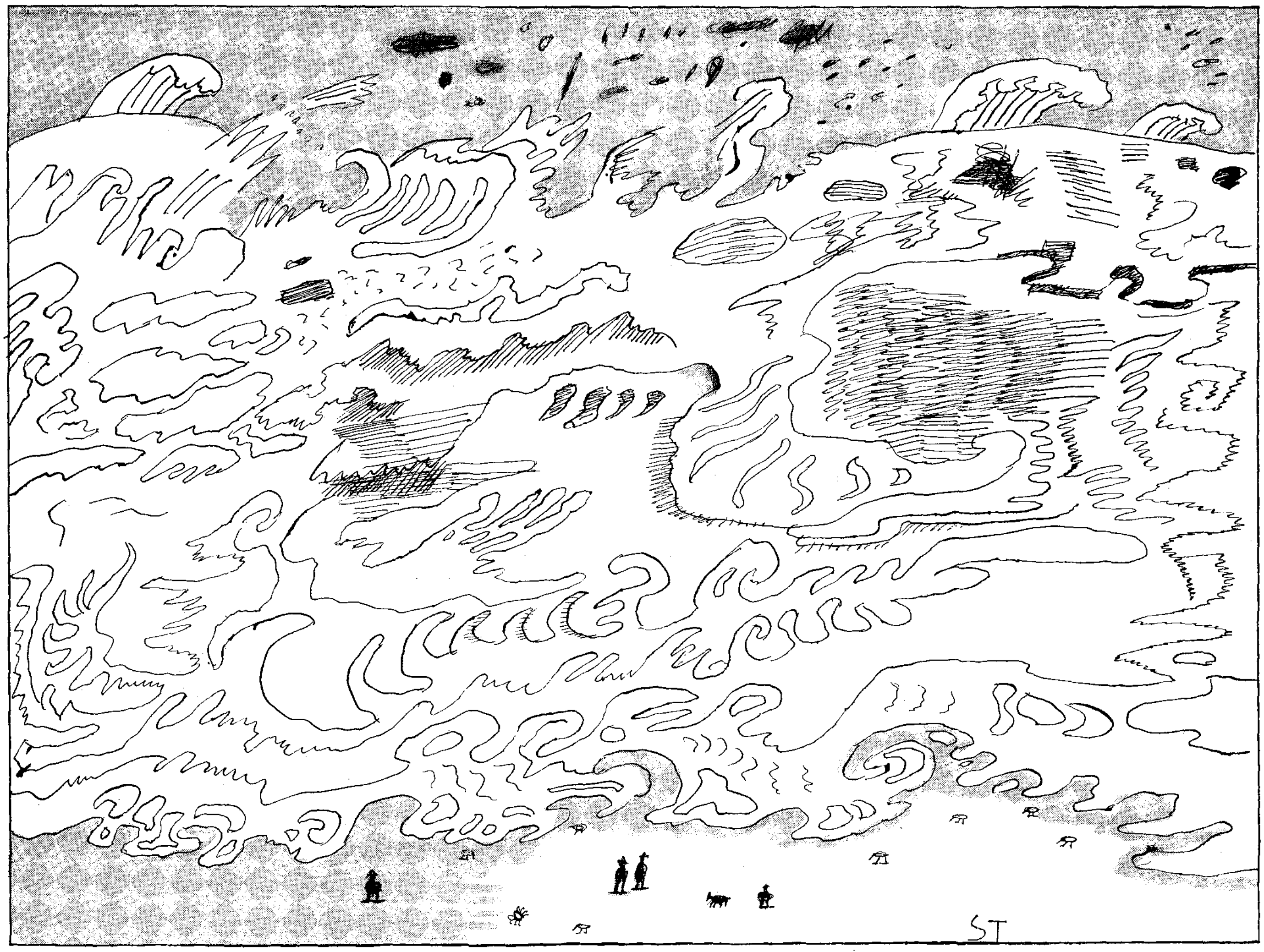
Fresh vegetables are bought daily and cooked to that just right crisp texture the Italians call "el dante."—*Menu for a Holiday Inn in Plattsburgh, N.Y.*

Or "il purgatorio."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAW OF THE SEA—I



THE Third United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea, which came to an end last winter after nine years of deliberations, was the largest and most complex international negotiation ever held. It was also, contrary to widely held beliefs about the conduct of nations today, an occasion when nations subordinated some of their desires to a goal of general order and agreement. To many of those involved, it was the most important peacetime negotiation since the creation of the United Nations itself. Even in more optimistic times, it would be little short of remarkable that several thousand people, from more than a hundred and fifty countries, could work for almost a decade on one of the most complex agendas ever devised—which most rational analysis decreed could only fail—compose their differences, and come to a generally accepted agreement. The Law of the Sea treaty, which the conference has written, is, after the United Nations charter itself, and in spite of some flaws, the most far-reaching and potentially influential agreement on the peacetime conduct of nations ever attempted. Yet despite (or perhaps because of) its importance to other nations, and to the United States, which many of those concerned consider the treaty's greatest beneficiary, President Ronald Reagan has rejected the treaty and has committed his Administration to opposing its acceptance by other nations. To bring it into effect, sixty nations must ratify it, and five have so far done this. The President and his Administration have meanwhile made it clear that, while rejecting the treaty, they propose to take all the benefits to this country negotiated in it, but without paying the negotiated price.

THE initial move toward the Third Conference was a series of meetings in 1965 between the United States and the Soviet Union, and preparations for it began in earnest in 1970, during the Nixon Administration, which had made sweeping proposals for the governance of the seas. The conference, greedy for problems, was to consider almost every conceivable aspect of almost every conceivable question that might be raised by the world's nations concerning the seventy-one per cent of the earth's surface that is covered by oceans and seas, and concerning nations' activities in, on, and over that vast watery region. Formal negotiations began in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1974, but all subsequent negotiating sessions have been held either in New York or in Geneva. Last December, the conference journeyed to Jamaica, the future seat of a future International Seabed Authority, for a signing ceremony. Some sessions involved as many as five thousand people, and some countries had very large delegations; others were able to send but a single delegate, often that country's permanent United Nations representative. Even very small, landlocked countries, such as Lesotho, usually maintained three delegates, and small coastal countries, like Senegal and Madagascar, sent nine or ten. Venezuela's delegates included six of ambassadorial rank. The United States delegation, one of the largest (there are only a few maritime issues that do not affect the United States), consisted of around forty people in recent years, but there had been, at times, as many as a hundred and ten. The conference had at least eighteen negotiating committees on occasion—several with one or more working groups within them—some or all of which could be meeting at once during a designated morning, afternoon, or evening, or during all three. There were six official languages—English, French, Spanish, Arabic, Russian, and Chinese—and formal debate (in up to four committees at once) received simultaneous oral translation into all languages and overnight written translation and printing of documents. Almost all informal negotiation, however, was carried on in English.

THE conference was the third attempt in fifteen years to cope with the rapidly increasing international problems concerning the uses of the ocean. The First United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea, held in Geneva in 1958, produced four treaties known as the Geneva Conventions on the Continental Shelf, on the Territorial Sea and Contiguous Zone, on the High Seas, and on Fisheries and Conservation of the Living Resources of the High Seas; it failed, however, to agree upon a specified breadth for a territorial sea or an unambiguous definition of a continental shelf. The Second Conference was convened two years later, in 1960, again in Geneva, to settle the problem of the breadth of every nation's territorial sea, but it failed by a single vote to adopt an agreement. Many of the problems that were to be thrashed out during the Third Conference were so urgent, and many of the participants were so strongly committed to certain objectives, that it was said by some that the United Nations itself would be gravely shaken if the conference should fail. The conference came to be regarded as a test of whether large-scale meetings involving many countries could find solutions to critical problems. The Law of the Sea conference was not a legal conference in the same sense that, for instance, the 1969 Vienna Conference on the Law of Treaties—which was devoted to international definitions and distinctions—was. Rather, it was a debate over resources, a conference on property and ownership. It might, more informatively, have been titled the United Nations Conference on the Uses and Ownership of the Ocean and Its Resources. It was a conference on food, on oil, on energy, on minerals, on preservation of the environment, on freedom of navigation. It was a forum to right the wrongs done to the developing countries, and they brought to its early years the rhetoric of what had become known as the New International Economic Order and of the North-South dialogue. Along the way, it was a kind of constitutional convention for a world administration for the seabed. It devised new ways of conducting, and making decisions at, international gatherings, and became a model for other large assemblages of countries seeking to deal with complex problems. Its aim was to bring order and law where none existed or where customs were no longer respected and countries had begun to squabble. It dealt with such traditional and relatively straightforward matters as piracy, smuggling, and freedom of navigation on the high seas, on which there was little disagreement; and with hotly disputed ones, like the demarcation between the high seas and national waters, free passage through straits and through the waters of archipelagoes, pollution from ships passing a country's shores, and custody over resources, including food supplies and energy. The list of issues before the delegates was stupendous, and the final statements resolving them will ultimately constitute, in effect, the largest body of international law ever to be codified. The major problems, on which the delegates had to agree, numbered over a hundred, but any number of lesser issues, from the preservation of whales to the custody of antiquities, were also resolved, though they would not have halted the conference if they had not been. When this conference began work, experts predicted imminent failure; there were so many issues and so many delegates that the demands

"A likely story!"

were, as one political scientist wrote eloquently, "quite beyond the competence of human beings to manage." Another argued persuasively that the expectations of so many delegates on such a big agenda insured that the conference would fail. But instead, in the end, the number of delegates and the number of issues appeared to form a critical mass that overcame disagreement. Countries have never welcomed restraints on their freedoms, but the conference made steady, if intermittent, progress on a mountain of laws that the countries themselves would be subject to, including provisions to insure their compliance. Among them were a hierarchy of new international courts to rule on disputes and other machinery for settling disagreements. These alone are of more value to the United States than seabed minerals, as former Representative Paul McCloskey, Jr., of California, said recently.

THE CLEAR DAY

Sunlight gathers in the leaves, dripping
Invisible syrups. Long afternoons
Have been reduced to this significant
Table, melodious ice cubes shaken in
A blue tumbler, lazily tipped vermouth
And a hand measuring it, a propped elbow,
A languid eye, while a reflection on
A leaf turns into everything called summer.
The heat haze ripples through the faraway
Gardens of strangers, acquaintances, of those
I can put a face to. With my eyes shut,
Squeezing the soft salts of their sweat, I see
Beyond my body, nerves, cells, brain, and leisure.
Blue coastal persons walk out of the haze.
They have outflown the wind, outswum the sea.
I think, and feel, and do, but do not know
All that I am, all that I have been, once,
Or what I could be could I think of it.
These blue pedestrians bruise the edge of me
To a benign remorse, with my lessons.
With my eyes shut, I walk through a wet maze
Following a thread of sounds—birdsong in
Several cadences, children, a dog-bark,
The traffic roaring against silence as
A struck march drowns it out, simple tunes of
An amateur pianist, a vulgar shout,
A bottle tapped against a thirsty glass,
The burst of its pouring, and the slip
When the chilled glass wets a wet lower lip.
I could not guess at what the pictures are
In the eyes of a friend turned round to watch
Shrub shadows dapple a few yards of lawn
As his smoke clings to his thoughtful posture.
Tonight, I will look out at the dark trees,
Writing this in the muddle of lost tenses
At an o'clock of flowers turned colorless,
Listening to the small breeze puff against
Little branches, and with my eyes shut hear
The soft collapse of grasses into sleep.
Then, as always, the soul plays over mind
With radiantly painful speculations,
Presenting the clear day, and as I wait
For the ghost of the woman who haunts me
I will sieve through our twenty years, until
I almost reach the sob in the intellect,
The truth that waits for me with its loud grief,
Sensible, commonplace, beyond understanding.

—Douglas Dunn

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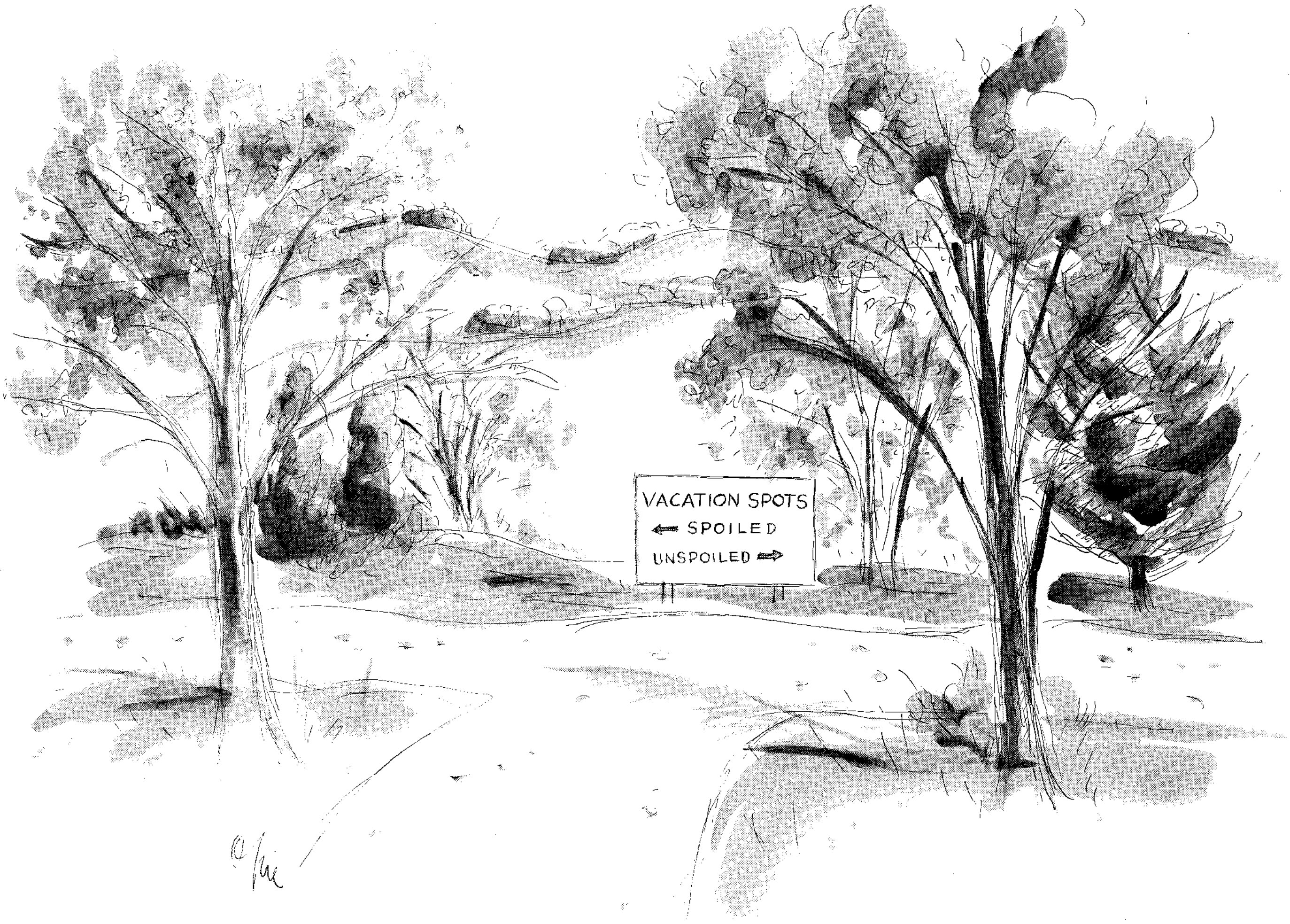
In August, 1980, after the eighth and ninth sessions—in New York and in Geneva—it was announced by Hamilton Shirley Amerasinghe, of Sri Lanka, who served as the conference's president from 1973 to 1980, and, independently, by the heads of various delegations, including the head of the United States delegation, Ambassador Elliot L. Richardson, that agreement had been reached on all major issues that the conference had been grappling with since its start. There was still a good deal of legal housekeeping to do; a few subsidiary and procedural matters had to be resolved; and then there were the concluding steps of formalization and adoption. There were some agreements with which Washington was known to be dissatisfied, and it was expected that the United States would ask for improvements in these, but most delegates were ready to declare the conference a success. Some of the most acute problems had been settled several years earlier, including some that had defied previous efforts over many decades. The success of the conference thus far, said Richardson, who served as our chief delegate from 1977 to October of 1980, proved that a world of over a hundred and fifty countries could reach long-range solutions to complex problems. No small group of nations acting on its own, he said recently, could deal with any of the truly serious problems of the foreseeable future. For other delegates, the success of the conference meant the acceptance of law—law that, as it happens, was Western in outlook. "The new law is a better law than the old system that it replaces—or than the absence of any law at all, which it also replaces in many areas," Ambassador Keith Brennan, of Australia, said not long ago. "The old Law of the Sea began to break up because of its inherent inequity. Beyond three miles, it was 'first come, first served,' and wealthy countries could sail thousands of miles after a resource, while poorer ones could not—though they were just as free to. Some people were not getting a fair share even of fish off their own coasts. Peru was as free to fish off Russia as Russia was to fish off Peru, but somehow never did. The new law is a fairer one than what previously applied. Morally, it is vastly superior."

The agreements made at the conference will bring greater order, security, and certainty to international activities on the ocean, and, indeed, they are already doing so, because many of the countries that accepted primary agree-



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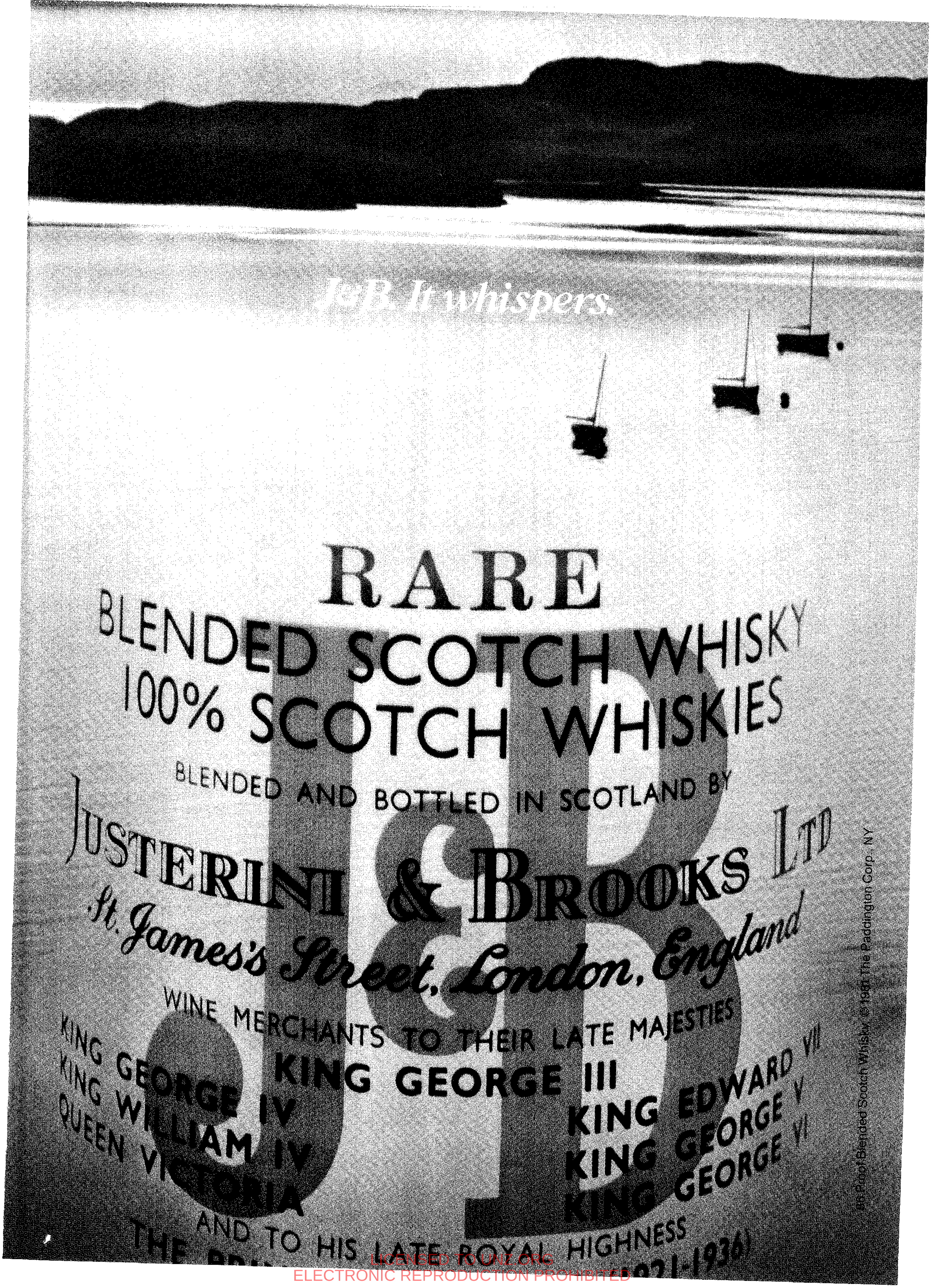
ments have already begun putting them into effect, even before accepting the treaty as a whole. The conference's chief legal and political accomplishment is the Exclusive Economic Zone, which removed most of the sources of such conflicts over resources and navigation as the Cod Wars between Britain and Iceland. Coastal countries are to have dominion over resources to two hundred miles out from their coasts, and foreign ships may continue to pass through this zone as if on the high seas but without rights to any resources. The conference preserved, and even expanded, the right of freedom of passage in straits, in the face of the increasing claims of coastal states. It adopted rules broader than any before for protecting the ocean environment from pollution by ships and from shore and for protecting all species from overexploitation, with special protection for whales and other marine mammals. It created the first world organization for the management of global resources. It reached the first truly universal agreement on the limits of territorial waters—twelve miles—and of the continental shelf, replacing a welter of conflicting and inconsistent claims. It produced, at the insistence of the United States and a handful of other countries, agreement on rules for scientific research in coastal economic zones and continental shelves. Finally, it created an elaborate system of compulsory settlement of disputes in order to preserve and strengthen the agreements reached. The enforcement provisions were considered a breakthrough in international agreements.

After the 1980 session in Geneva, the conferees scheduled one more—the tenth—in New York, for March and April, 1981, hoping to end the negotiations. Meanwhile, a month before Ronald Reagan's election, in November of 1980, Richardson, who had supported George Bush in the Republican Presidential primaries, resigned as head of the American delegation and was replaced by George Aldrich, who had been his deputy, and who was also a Republican. (Every chairman of the United States delegation to the Law of the Sea conference has been a Republican except T. Vincent Learson, the former chairman of I.B.M., who served as chief delegate in 1976.) In late February and early March, after weeks and months of preparation with their home governments, delegates began to assemble in New York for preliminary caucuses before what they thought would be the culminating session, scheduled to open on Monday, March 9th. On that morning, however, the delegates read in the *Times* that during the weekend the Reagan Administration had dismissed Aldrich and half a dozen of his associates from the American delegation. This step was taken without informing other governments, including those of our close allies; the Administration merely issued a routine public statement afterward. One of the men who had been dismissed along with Aldrich didn't know of his dismissal until he opened a paper in the subway on his way to the conference that morning. Even as the decision was made, Aldrich and others had been in New York consulting with other delegates. A few days before, another decision—to keep negotiations open until the Administration completed a review of its policy—had been announced without previous notice to other governments. The British Ambassador had been handed a report of it as he boarded a plane for New York. The Administration's statement also said that James L. Malone, the Assistant Secretary of State for Oceans and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs, had been appointed to replace Aldrich as chairman of the United States delegation. (He would, as Richardson and Aldrich had, bear the title of Ambassador and become, as Richardson had been, the President's special representative to the Law of the Sea conference.) Now, later on March 9th, Malone told delegates and U.N. officials what most had already feared: that the recently installed Reagan Administration had no immediate plans to negotiate with other countries on any treaty subject.

"A wave of dismay has gone around the world," Ambassador Brennan told me that afternoon. But Ambassador Malone explained that the seemingly imminent close of negotiations had left the new Administration no choice except to blindly accept the treaty as it then existed or to abstain from any further negotiation while conducting a full review of all that was in it. In reality, though, other remedies had been available. A few weeks earlier, as that session approached, some leaders (including Aldrich) saw that the chance of finishing in the spring of 1981 was already lost; by March 9th other delegates also knew this. Despite a special session, the conference's drafting committee still had months more work to do, and negotiations could not proceed without a new draft proposal from the United States. If a move to formalize the draft treaty had arisen anyway, several delegates told me, it could have been stopped in a number of ways without the United States' appearing to be involved, and there had been sufficient faith in the final outcome so that they, and others, had been prepared to delay the conference for the sake of the United States.

THE interests of the United States in the Law of the Sea conference were overseen, not always to everyone's satisfaction, by more than a dozen departments and agencies of the government, including the State, Defense, and Energy Departments; the Department of Commerce, including the Maritime Administration and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration; the Department of Transportation, including the Coast Guard (pollution, smuggling, the safety of ships); the Department of the Interior (offshore oil and minerals); the Treasury Department; the Environmental Protection Agency; the National Security Council; the National Science Foundation; and the White House itself—and internal differences over the treaty had from time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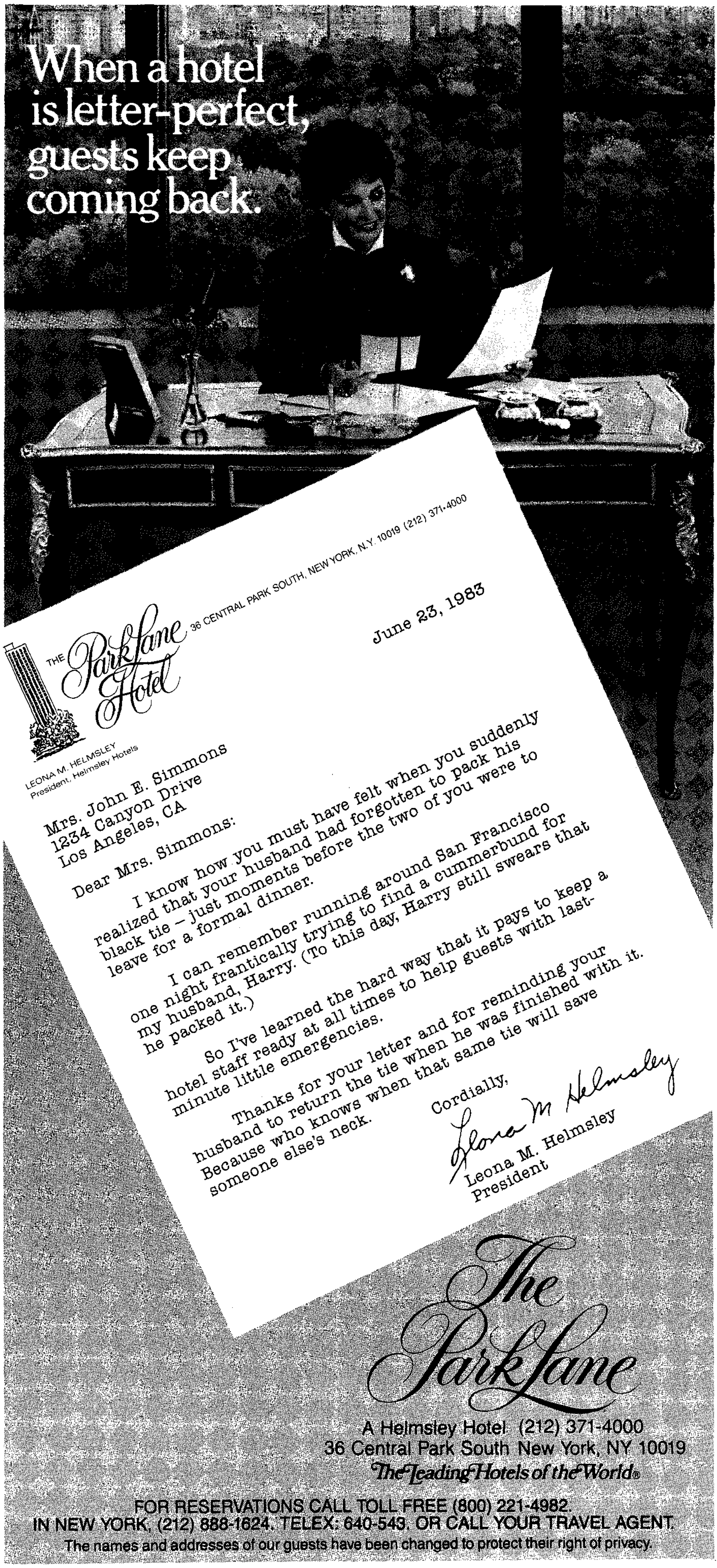

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LEONA M. HELMSLEY
President, Helmsley Hotels

June 23, 1983

Mrs. John E. Simmons
1234 Canyon Drive
Los Angeles, CA

Dear Mrs. Simmons:

I know how you must have felt when you suddenly realized that your husband had forgotten to pack his black tie – just moments before the two of you were to leave for a formal dinner.

I can remember running around San Francisco one night frantically trying to find a cummerbund for my husband, Harry. (To this day, Harry still swears that he packed it.)

So I've learned the hard way that it pays to keep a hotel staff ready at all times to help guests with last-minute little emergencies.

Thanks for your letter and for reminding your husband to return the tie when he was finished with it. Because who knows when that same tie will save someone else's neck.

Cordially,

Leona M Helmsley

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to time rivalled those of the conference. (John R. Stevenson, a former Legal Adviser of the State Department, who had been the first head of the United States delegation, often said that the complexities of the U.N. negotiations were like a vacation after negotiations in Washington.) United States policies and positions were agreed on before sessions of the conference, and reviewed after them, at meetings of the Interagency Group (or IG), which was composed of representatives of the departments, and, if need be, complemented by an Interagency Working Group (or WIG), but the few most important decisions were referred to a Senior Interagency Group (or SIG), which was composed of assistant secretaries and officers of equal or higher rank and chaired by a representative of the State Department.

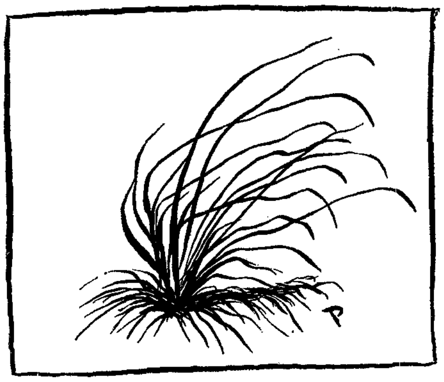
The Reagan transition team did not give the Law of the Sea office in the State Department any guidance on the policies it favored, so in January, 1981, Ambassador Aldrich began to prepare an options paper developing what he considered prudent policy, and this was presented to the IG late in the month. Only a few people in the new Administration were at all familiar with the conference or with the text it was drafting, and most of the IG representatives had no instructions. Aldrich proposed that the Administration should seek to extend negotiations while it conducted a policy review—as previous Administrations had done on taking office—and then adopt its own policy, since there was not time to learn the issues before the session began. In several years at the conference, Aldrich, as Richardson's second-in-command, had quietly negotiated a number of practical agreements—in some cases, after highly convoluted negotiations—to which previous IGs had given their blessing. The members of the new IG, however, decided to make an exhaustive review of the issues before the conference and to oppose formalization of the conference's draft treaty at the spring session—that is, at the scheduled end of negotiations. Ambassador Aldrich told a few delegates that the United States wished to postpone formalization until the Administration could familiarize itself with the issues, and began enlisting, with a minimum of commotion, their support for the postponement. "Some of us had realized as the session approached that the conference was not going to finish its work in this session by any stretch of the imagination," one State Department official said later, "and even if it came close the chairman of one of the committees could hold things back so there would have to be another session. Not only would it have been easy for us to prevent formalization without walking out of the conference, it would have happened as a matter of course." After the meeting of the IG, a meeting of the SIG could not be convened until Monday, March 2nd. On that date, the SIG met and endorsed the decisions of the IG to begin a review and to prevent formalization, but the chairman of the SIG, William P. Clark, then Deputy Secretary of State, was determined that a press release announcing these decisions should be issued as well, and the meeting was devoted chiefly to agreeing on a text for the release. (Clark, who is now the national-security adviser, had been a justice of the Supreme Court of California and was an old colleague of the President's; during his confirmation hearings before the Senate, several weeks earlier, he had said that he didn't know very much about foreign policy.) Judge Clark—as he was called—was adamant that the only way to proceed was by an official release. A lawyer in the State Department said later, "In effect, what we were saying was 'We're going to go ahead and make agreements with you guys and we'll expect you to honor your side, but we won't make up our minds about whether we'll honor our side until sometime later on.' "

During the rest of the week, criticism of that decision came both from the conference, where it was portrayed as an attempt to dictate to other countries, and, it was said, from the White House. During that week, too, James Malone renewed efforts he had been making since his appointment as Assistant Secretary of State for Oceans and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs to bring the Law of the Sea office, which had been under the authority of a more senior official, into his bailiwick—a move that, opponents argued, would politicize Law of the Sea decisions. On Thursday, March 5th, a Washington lawyer named Leigh S. Ratiner, who was an adviser to Malone, went to New York and asked Aldrich to put him on the United States delegation. (During the previous few years, Ratiner, as a lobbyist for a mining company, had been called the single most effective influence in arousing congressional hostility to the Law of the Sea treaty. Before that, however, in 1970, he had helped to write a United States draft treaty, and had served as chief negotiator on seabeds from 1972 to 1976.) Aldrich refused. On Friday, Clark made the decision to dismiss Aldrich and place the Law of the Sea office under Malone. On Saturday, he told Aldrich this, saying that the Administration wanted "a clean break with the past."

DELEGATES from some friendly or allied countries asked privately for assurances for their governments. The ambassador of one Western nation told me, "We were informed that the United States would not negotiate during the session, that the United States would not negotiate at another session, later in the year, were one to be held, and that the delegation could not say that the United States would support any of the agreements made, or the conference itself." Those who had sided with the United States in dozens of debates during the conference found themselves, as far as they could tell, abandoned.

Foremost in many delegates' minds were various actions in the seven weeks since the Reagan Administration had taken office. During that time, the SALT II agreements had been shelved; the Senate, scarcely a week earlier, had expressed opposition to a fisheries treaty with Canada that had taken some years to negotiate; and several other pending bilateral agreements, including one with Cuba concerning the Straits of Florida, had been set aside. The United States, delegates recalled, was among the nations that had initiated the Law of the Sea conference. It had supplied many of the ideas embodied in the draft treaty, and some of the provisions that were now being criticized had been accepted by the Nixon and Ford Administrations. No country had got everything it wanted at the conference; every country would have preferred to get more and give up less. The United States had achieved most of its objectives, and was one of the countries that had gained the most. (According to studies by the Office of the Geographer of the United States and by others, the United States was the largest single beneficiary, in terms of territory and resources, under the provisions so far negotiated.) The ambassador of a prosperous European country asked me, "How can other countries continue to negotiate with the United States if you go back on agreements that were made in good faith? How can the rest of the world still trust the United States? It now takes years to resolve important problems. How can we even begin, and why should we make compromises, if the United States changes its mind at the end?"

Various settlements reached at the conference have been bitterly criticized at one time or another by virtually every country involved. Many delegates expressed fear that the withdrawal of the Reagan Administration would prompt other countries to reassess their support and renew old grievances. In the succeeding years, however, the Administration's opposition has not been matched by that of any country. Nearly all the countries have expressed readiness to endorse the treaty in its present form, but a few have played a waiting game. Several European countries were not averse to some of the Administration's ideas but remained wary of the United States because of its way of doing business. On the whole, leaving the negotiations was less effective than threatening to leave would have been. The Administration taught the conference that it could go on without the United States. A quieter approach might have encouraged some countries to agree with our viewpoint, whereas, faced with the departure of the United States, governments that had been critical of the treaty now supported it. The Administration was left isolated while other countries evolved a plan to complete the treaty without the United States.

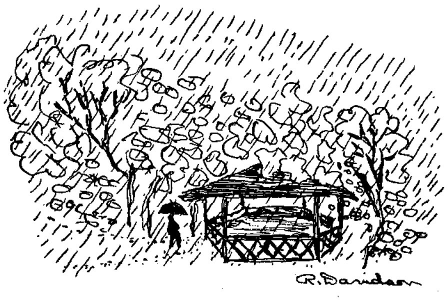


AMONG the pressing reasons for completing action on the treaty was to finally settle the matter of each country's sovereignty over its adjacent waters. Since the Second World War, almost every coastal nation in the world has claimed some degree of ownership or control of adjacent waters, once classified simply as part of "the high seas." Some countries have seized or fired on ships that have continued to use those waters and planes that flew over them. In several cases, warships have been sent out. In 1980, Cuban planes strafed a Bahamian fishing vessel. A few years earlier, Argentina fired upon a Russian vessel. British and Icelandic warships harassed one another during the nineteen-sixties and seventies, and French and Brazilian Navy ships clashed in the "lobster war" of 1963. American tuna boats have been seized by Ecuador during the past thirty years; French shrimp boats have been seized by Brazil; and a few years ago two American tuna boats were seized by Costa Rica, though they were not actually fishing. The United States has seized Soviet and East European fishing ships off New England and Japanese ships off Alaska. In 1967, two United States Coast Guard icebreakers in the Arctic were forced to turn back by Soviet authorities. In 1968 and 1975, the American ships Pueblo and Mayaguez were seized by North Korea and Cambodia, respectively, after entering waters claimed by those countries. In August of 1981, American fighter planes shot down two Libyan planes that had fired on them because they were in airspace over waters claimed by Libya.

Prior to the signing of the treaty, more than ninety countries, including the United States, claimed control over fishing as far as two hundred nautical miles from their shores. Canada and the Soviet Union have regarded much of the Arctic as special areas subject to their jurisdiction. Canada, citing the risk of pollution, which has been seen as a growing threat by most countries, enacted a law that could, for instance, deny oil tankers the right of innocent passage. ("Innocent passage" is the right of foreign ships to cross a country's territorial sea. To be "innocent," passage must be made expeditiously, without stopping, without the launching of aircraft or any other military device, and without leaving or boarding cargo or people contrary to the security of the coastal state.) While some countries came to the conference claiming rights only to fish or other resources, a number claimed total sovereignty over waters out to twelve, fifty, a hundred, or even two hundred miles offshore. Indonesia, the Philippines, Fiji, and other island nations claimed their interisland waters as their archipelagic waters. Three-mile sovereignty, traditional in European maritime law, is now claimed by less than half the number of countries that claimed it thirty years ago—twenty-one as opposed to forty-five; and while the number of countries in the world has more than doubled, those claiming twelve miles or more has risen from three to a hundred and seven. Fourteen countries assert that their borders and territorial waters extend two hundred miles out to sea. By 1978, only three countries made no territorial or economic claim whatever beyond three miles: Bahrain, Jordan, and Singapore.

Countries have generally claimed some part of the seas beyond their shores as part of their territory, for fishing and as a zone of protection to be patrolled against smugglers, warships, and other intruders. Countries with interests abroad have tended, with a few conspicuous exceptions, to see unrestricted oceans as a matter of higher morality. The Romans believed that the seas were for all. (The Emperor Antoninus said grandly, "I am the master of the land, but the law is the master of the sea.") Venice, however, claimed sway over the entire Adriatic, and England—before it became a worldwide sea power—claimed dominion over the North Sea. In the fifteenth century, Spain and Portugal divided the oceans of the world—which they had pioneered in exploring—between them, the Spanish taking the western Atlantic and the Pacific, the Portuguese the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

While these two nations were not able to maintain their grand scheme, the Dutch East India Company, which would have been cut off from the East Indies if the Portuguese had made good their claim there, was goaded into commissioning what is still the classic argument for an unrestricted ocean. A Dutch legal scholar named Hugo de Groot—or Grotius, as he signed himself—pragmatically argued as a basic principle, in "Mare Liberum," that a country could claim ownership only of what it could readily defend and control. Beyond that, he wrote, the ocean—the high seas—was "*res communis*," the common property of all. "Is it not vastly more just," he wrote, "that the benefits . . . from the enjoyment of common things should be given to the entire human race rather than to one nation alone?"



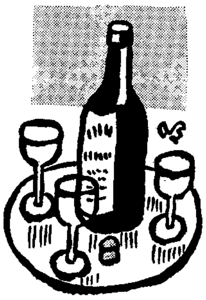
As long as there was nothing in the ocean to take except fish, and as long as the supply of fish seemed inexhaustible, this doctrine appealed to a growing number of countries. They did not always see eye to eye, though, on how much they could defend and control. In the seventeenth century, some countries agreed on a territorial sea whose width, sensibly, was the range of a cannon shot; others held out for a wider zone. A compromise of one marine league—about three nautical miles—became common in the eighteenth century. In the nineteenth century, freedom of the seas became an article of belief, with the help of British philosophers who argued that it was a natural principle allied to laissez-faire. A three-mile limit was generally adhered to until 1911, when Russia claimed six miles, with a six-mile fishing zone beyond. After the Russian Revolution, the distinction was eliminated, along with others, and since then the Soviet territorial sea has been twelve miles.

Fishing rights were a major source of conflict among countries, including the United States, during recent decades. Through the fifties, sixties, and seventies, large foreign fleets hovered almost continuously off various coasts throughout the world, including those of New England and Alaska; local fishermen complained vigorously that the foreign ships took more fish than they themselves could, and deprived them of catches. Overfishing depleted fish stocks, and some species disappeared from certain areas, while others, like haddock, were reported to be all but extinct. The fleets were East German, Japanese, South Korean, French, Polish, American, and—numerically the largest—Russian. One knowledgeable conference delegate observed that a chief cause of the Law of the Sea conference was the persistent failure of the Russian wheat crop. A 1965 study quoted research done in Russia in the early nineteen-fifties that showed that fishing could produce a given amount of calories in a third of the man-hours it took to produce the equivalent amount of calories in beef. Russian fleets of factory ships (for processing fish) and catching ships showed up first off Canada, in 1956, then off New England, West Africa, and Argentina, and in the Pacific edged down from the waters off Alaska to the waters off the Pacific Northwest and California. In the early seventies, the Russians caught an estimated eleven per cent of all the fish taken in the open ocean, and Russian ships had more than half the total tonnage of all the fishing fleets in the world. (Japan was second in tonnage, with ten per cent.) The quantity of fish being caught around the world had increased more than fourfold in twenty-five years—from sixteen million tons a year to sixty-nine million. "Fishing and pollution are all that our politicians want to talk about," a French delegate lamented during the conference. "For us, the ocean has become a curse."

Between 1947 and 1952, Peru, Chile, and Ecuador claimed fishing rights extending as far as two hundred miles off their coasts, and began to seize American tuna boats that continued to fish in their waters. The seizures aroused high indignation in American ports; some fishermen, and some congressmen, demanded that destroyers be sent to South America with the tuna boats. The United States protested to the three governments over the seizures, but Peru and Ecuador only stepped up their claims to total sovereignty. An attempt to bring the Peruvians into line by stopping foreign aid was abandoned after United States military attachés were expelled from Peru. The best that could be done to protect American fishermen was to set up a federal fund for ransoming tuna boats.

In the early seventies, the so-called Cod Wars, between Britain and Iceland, showed what international relations at sea could come to, even between friendly, allied nations. When British fishermen demanded that gunboats accompany them to the waters off Iceland—where they had fished for eight hundred years—because Icelandic patrol boats were now seizing their fishing trawlers, the gunboats were sent. British and Icelandic vessels rammed each other more than a dozen times during a few weeks early in 1973. After the Cod Wars, there was little doubt that a determined small country could maintain almost any claim off its own shores; and there wasn't much future left for fishing in distant waters. Britain later agreed to limit both the number of boats sent to fish off Iceland and the size of their catch. In 1974, the International Court of Justice decided that an agreement the two countries had made earlier legally prevented Iceland from enforcing its claim against Britain. But by implication Iceland was entirely within its rights in enforcing its fishing limits against other countries. There was no general legal barrier to countries' setting fishing boundaries as far out in the ocean as they pleased.

The United States, which has been bedevilled by foreign claims to offshore resources, was the first to make such claims in recent years. In September, 1945, President Harry S. Truman signed two proclamations announcing that the United States considered itself the proprietor of the resources of the continental shelf out to a depth of one hundred fathoms, or six hundred feet, and calling for coöperation in the conservation of fish. President Franklin D. Roosevelt had been concerned as early as 1938 about overfishing of salmon off Alaska by Japanese ships. Roosevelt's instinct was to preserve resources for the benefit of Americans, and during the war, when offshore oil was added to his concerns, he warned in a memo that as things then stood the Gulf of Mexico could be drilled by European countries.



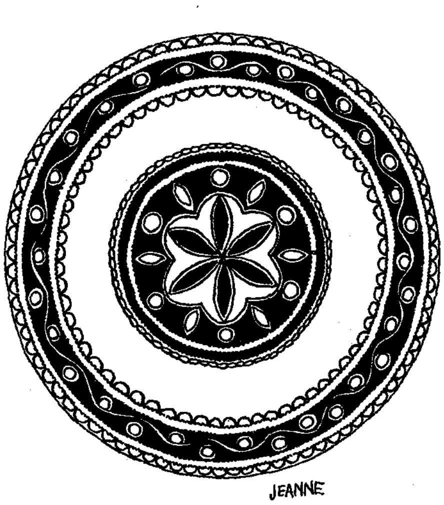
What have come to be known as the Truman Proclamations were major precedents for other countries' claims. New nations created from colonial territories followed the example of Peru and Ecuador, and rejected the traditional three-mile-limit laws. ("The South Americans do feel they invented the new Law of the Sea," one delegate told me.) Once this practice began, the claims grew steadily larger and more numerous. Countries claimed rights over research and pollution control, along with those over fishing. During the six years from 1967 to 1973, eighty-one countries made a total of two hundred and thirty claims extending their boundaries farther into the ocean. The foreign offices of maritime nations feared that there might be almost unlimited claims on the oceans, resulting in the seizure of ships and the restriction of other activities in waters once classified as international. For Washington, whose strategic defense plans depended on continuing unhindered movement of submarines, the prospect was of so much concern that in the spring of 1979 Navy ships were ordered to sail in such newly claimed waters whenever possible, on the principle that a right of way could be maintained by being used. All attempts to stop what had become known in Washington as "creeping jurisdiction" failed until the present conference undertook to deal with the matter.

In addition, some countries began to claim proprietorship over straits bordering their shores. The Straits of Gibraltar, Malacca, Singapore, Hormuz, Tiran, and more than a hundred others were broad enough so that there could be a strip of international water down the middle as long as the adjacent countries claimed only the three-mile offshore limit, but they were too narrow to leave uninterrupted international waters when those powers each claimed twelve miles. In 1973, in a striking proof of the seriousness of such claims, Egypt declared the Strait of Tiran—the opening of the Gulf of Aqaba into the Red Sea, on which the Israeli port of Elath is situated—closed to Israeli ships and to ships of any country which were bound for Israel. The war that followed was ultimately settled by a treaty guaranteeing passage through the Strait.

While the United States has ports on two oceans, many other countries are less fortunate, among them the Soviet Union, most of whose major ports are on seas—the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Sea of Japan—from which ships must pass through straits to reach the ocean. (Some strategists have suggested that it would be a good thing if the Soviet Union were bottled up by the territorial waters of other countries, but the Soviet Union could scarcely be expected to accept the situation forever, and, accordingly, would try to bring the countries controlling these straits under its dominion.) Many smaller countries, too, both developed and developing, could be blockaded: all the countries with a single Mediterranean coast, and those depending on passage through the Baltic, the North Sea, or the Caribbean. The prospect of more and worse Cod Wars appalled many of the diplomats at the conference. "If you resort to force, you have to be willing to follow it to its logical end," one said. "The large countries are all at a moral disadvantage in confrontations with the little ones, and they're just as eager for a settlement." In early 1967, the United States and the Soviet Union proposed to other member countries of the United Nations that another international conference be held, this one to deal specifically with the entangled issues of straits, overflight, the width of territorial waters, and fisheries. "The Soviets had suggested that the right moment might have come to settle the limits of the territorial sea at twelve miles," a State Department official who was involved in the talks recalls. "Later, they sent a group over for talks. It was on quite a high level. We pointed out that if you reached such a settlement there were a hundred and sixteen straits less than twenty-four miles wide which would cease to be international waters, and we suggested that you really couldn't expect a solution without some resolution on fisheries—which were the cause of all the trouble in the first place—to sweeten the pill. We had a few more meetings, and then agreed to send people to talk to the other governments to see what their reactions would be."

THE most complex single issue ultimately taken up by the Third Conference—though of less importance to most countries than the issue of straits; the issue of the Exclusive Economic Zones (E.E.Z.); and the issue of the exact definition of the continental shelf—was the question of mining (or dredging) the deep ocean floor for various minerals that in recent years have been discovered there in enormous quantities. These exist most abundantly in the form of nodules—roundish lumps several inches in diameter—that contain mixtures, in varying proportions, of over two dozen minerals, of which manganese, nickel, copper, and cobalt are of primary commercial interest. Both developed and developing countries at the conference were still at odds over these minerals years after the issues of straits, the E.E.Z., and the continental shelf had been agreed on. In 1967, the Ambassador from Malta, Dr. Arvid Pardo, made a historic speech in the Political Committee of the General Assembly of the United Nations. He said that there was vast wealth in the seabed. He mentioned gold- and silver-rich muds and brines that had recently been found on the floor of the Red Sea. He said that on the Pacific Ocean floor alone there was enough copper to last the world for six thousand years at current rates of consumption, compared with forty years' supply on land; enough nickel for a hundred and fifty thousand years; and aluminum for twenty thousand years, compared with a century's worth on land. (Pardo's figures came from John Mero, a visionary California engineer, whose articles and lectures had caused a stir in oceanographic and mining circles.) Pardo told his fellow-delegates that these nodules were no longer just "a curiosity," as they had been, because of the depth where they occurred (an average of fifteen thousand feet), but could be mined with existing technology. He added that the technology also existed for putting military equipment on the seafloor and submarine depots on the peaks of seamounts. Pardo reminded the delegates that jurisdiction over the seafloor was ambiguously covered by the Geneva Convention on the Continental Shelf. The treaty conference had been unable to reach agreement on how far off their shores countries should be able to claim or annex the resources, and had fallen back on an expedient compromise based on technology. Article One of the Geneva Convention says that countries may own the resources of the continental shelf off their shores out to a depth of two hundred metres (six hundred and fifty feet) "or, beyond that limit, to where the depth of the . . . waters admits of the exploitation of the natural resources of the said areas."

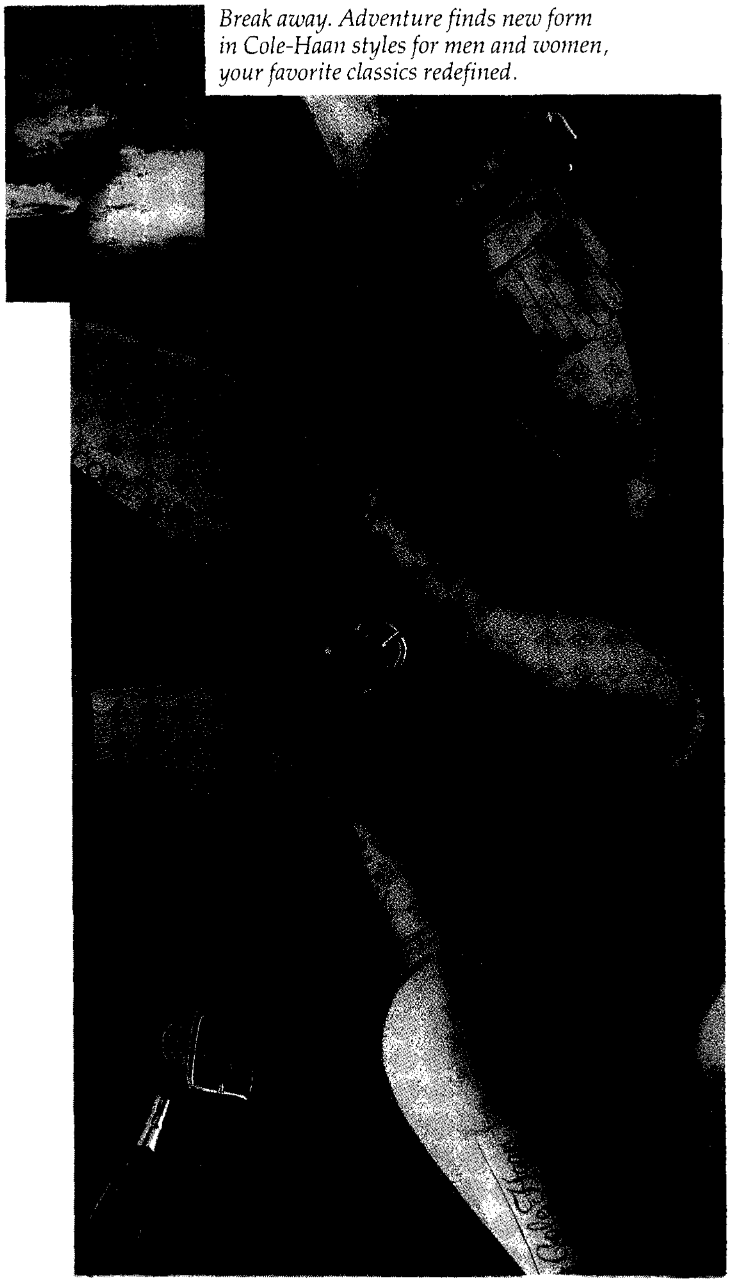
By the time Pardo spoke, scientists had drilled the seafloor at depths of fifteen to twenty thousand feet, and mining companies were confident of their ability to recover nodules from those depths—enough, under the 1958 Geneva Convention, to sustain a country's claim all the way across an ocean. "That's almost free license," Pardo told me some time after he had made this speech. "We could see a scramble like the one for land in Africa in the last century." In the speech, he had called on the United Nations to make the ocean floor "the common heritage of mankind." The General Assembly created, first, an ad-hoc and, after a year, a permanent Seabed Committee to study the matter, and in a few years this group grew from thirty-five members to ninety-one. "The common heritage of mankind" became a rallying cry for the Third World countries, for they saw the mining of the seafloor as a path toward economic progress for them which would not take anything from anyone else. The expectations of at least some of the developing countries were extremely high. Several years ago, one of India's delegates proposed a standard fee of sixty million dollars for each mining project. Western, and especially American, mining companies, on the other hand, attacked the concept of "the common heritage" on the ground that it smacked of socialism, welfare, and free lunch, and threatened to make risky projects impossible. The concept of the common development of seabed wealth had been extolled a year before Pardo's speech, and in similar words, by as ardent a socialist as President Lyndon Johnson. In a speech on July 13, 1966, Johnson had said, "Under no circumstances, we believe, must we ever allow the prospects of rich harvest and mineral wealth to create a new form of colonial competition among the maritime nations. We must be careful to avoid a race to grab and to hold the lands under the high seas. We must insure that the deep seas and the ocean bottoms are, and remain, the legacy of all human beings."



In the spring of 1970, the United States presented a draft treaty on the seabed at the United Nations. President Nixon said, in an accompanying statement, "The International Seabed Area would be the common heritage of mankind, and no state could exercise sovereignty or sovereign rights over this area or its resources." The United States draft treaty, or Nixon proposal, as it is also called, resembled the present Law of the Sea treaty in several fundamental ways. It proposed to place the seabed in the hands of an International Seabed Authority, with members from every country, which would oversee operations and collect royalties for distribution to developing countries. The draft treaty also made the continental margin between the seabed area and a depth of six hundred metres a "trusteeship zone," where coastal states would manage oil and gas operations on behalf of the international community. For the developing countries, this would have been a far more generous portion of the seabed than all but one or two of them get under the present treaty. The developing countries themselves rejected the United States draft treaty, partly because its use of the term "trusteeship" evoked the wounds of the colonial period, and partly out of general distrust.

On December 17, 1970, the nations of the General Assembly, including the United States, in a vote of a hundred and eight to zero, with fourteen Eastern-bloc countries abstaining, proclaimed the seafloor "the common heritage of mankind." (The Eastern-bloc countries subsequently changed their votes to support the motion.) In an earlier vote, over the opposition of the United States and other industrial countries the General Assembly had declared the seabed off limits to economic exploitation until the adoption of a treaty. At the same session, the General Assembly made the decision to convene a conference on the governing of the seabed, and the accompanying decision to treat both the seabed and traditional Law of the Sea problems in a single conference—a decision that most developing countries and smaller Western ones strongly supported—was concurred in by the major maritime countries (which had previously favored an approach they called "manageable packages"). The Seabed Committee was made a preparatory group for the treaty conference.

ONE of the reassuring, and even pleasurable, aspects of the Third Conference, after it got under way, was the regularity with which ideological postures and alliances foundered on geographic realities. In the first weeks of the opening negotiating session, at Caracas, in June, 1974, the delegate from Algeria said, in an emotional speech, that although Algeria believed that it had nothing to gain or lose itself from an agreement on navigation and fisheries, it would nonetheless lend all its efforts to benefit its brother developing nations. Within a year, Algeria was embroiled in a bitter dispute with Morocco, which threatened to cut off access to the Strait of Gibraltar, and Algeria was suddenly very much concerned that the conference insure that straits not fall wholly under the control of the countries bordering them. In another speech at Caracas, Patrick Robinson, a delegate from Jamaica, made an eloquent plea for realism among the delegations, and observed wryly, "It is this, as it were, defiance of a country's ideological views by nature which makes the problem of the Law of the Sea so intracta-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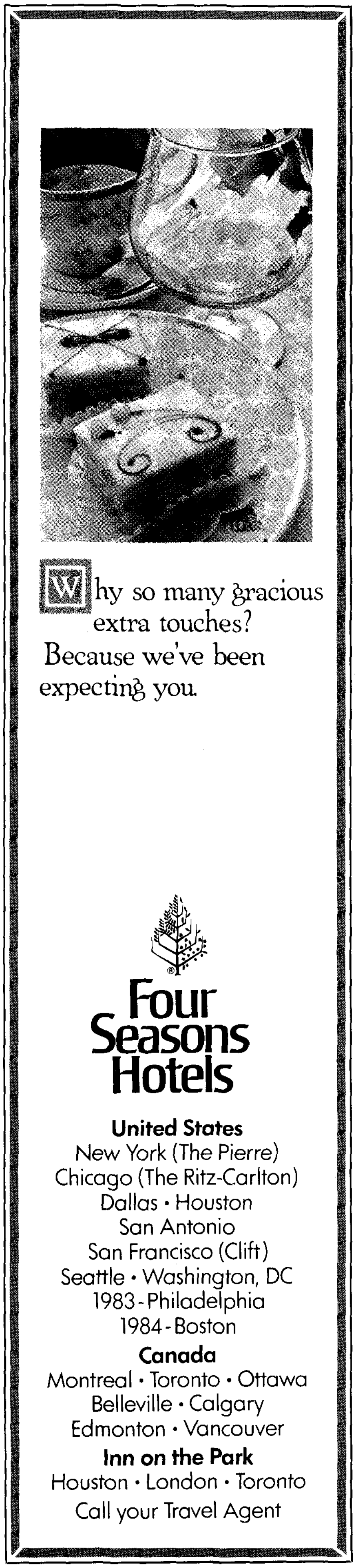
ble." Political and ideological alliances proved unable to hold together through the conference: hostile countries were forced into alliances by common interests, and traditional allies found themselves opposed on many issues. Attempts to use the conference to settle old scores failed. In the matter of fishing off foreign coasts, the Soviet Union and South Korea generally saw eye to eye. The interests of Israel, Iraq, and Algeria on the question of passage through straits were so similar that every Arab attempt at a formula that would exclude Israel from the Strait of Tiran also could be applied to Iraq and the Persian Gulf, and was thus opposed by Iraq. Castro's Cuba, which exports nickel ore, and Chile, a right-wing dictatorship that exports copper, took similar positions on production limits on seafloor mining. The United States and the Soviet Union were in agreement on freedom of navigation—passage through straits and other issues. Although the two delegations tried not to show it, this community of interest was unmistakable. "The U.S. and the Soviets are in cahoots!" a scholar exclaimed during one session. (Until the start of the Reagan Administration, the United States and Soviet delegations met before each session to discuss any differences they might have; later, they stopped doing this because the Russians strongly disapproved of the Reagan Administration's negative views on the conference.) Some countries, on the other hand, have long had conflicting interests within themselves. The United States as a maritime power has supported freedom of navigation, while as a coastal state it has tried to protect its own great, undeveloped fishing resources. (A thoughtful delegate remarked at one session that the United States was really the largest underdeveloped country in the world.) The Soviet Union showed signs during the conference of a comparable quandary over protecting its own coast and freely navigating the coasts of others. Canada is the largest producer of nickel in the world, but Canadian corporations belong to seabed-mining consortia, one of whose chief products would be nickel. India, one of the most radical, and demanding, of the developing countries, was allied with Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Norway, Ireland, Great Britain, and the United States in the so-called Wide-Margin-States Group, or the Margineers, all of which lay claim to very broad continental margins—extending, in some cases, six hundred miles off their coasts—because the continental margins might contain oil and gas.

The conference was full of groups drawn together by a single issue; most of them began to coalesce after the conference began. Many of them were identified only by the number of members they had—the Group of Five, the Group of Twenty-two, the Group of Twenty-nine, the Group of Thirty-eight, the Group of Fifty-eight, the Group of Seventy-seven—but they also included the Margineers, the Like-Minded Group, the Territorialists, the Coastal States, the Distant-Water-Fishing States, the Straits States, the Land-Based Producers, the Archipelagic States, and the Land-Locked and Geographically Disadvantaged States (or, in conference shorthand, the LL/GDS). These groups served a vital purpose in keeping the conference away from ideological confrontation.

The Group of Five was made up of Great Britain, France, Japan, the United States, and the Soviet Union. It affected a certain secrecy about itself, which was designed to save the Communist delegates the embarrassment of public association with the capitalists, and also to allow for the remaining major industrial country to be excluded, because the Soviet Union would not accept one Germany without the other. (There was some irritation when the chief Canadian delegate, Ambassador J. Alan Beesley, called it "the Gang of Five," and identified the membership at a press conference.) The activities of the Group of Five were never formally announced, but their common interests were navigation, commerce, freedom to attack one another and defend themselves against such attacks, and the arrangements for seafloor mining and for marketing the metals so produced. Often opposing the Group of Five on seabed matters was the Group of Seventy-seven—in many ways the most interesting and influential group in the conference. The Seventy-seven, which was composed of the Third World countries of Asia, Africa, and the Americas, ultimately actually had a hundred and nineteen members, representing a large majority of those at the conference. The group was held together mainly by its concern with economic



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matters, most notably the elaborate arrangements for the disposition of "the common heritage." Like the Group of Five, the Group of Seventy-seven functioned outside as well as within the conference. It began in the mid-sixties, came to flower during meetings of UNCTAD—the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development—and emerged as a factor in the Law of the Sea conference in 1974. In matters involving the seafloor, the members of the Group of Seventy-seven were far from homogeneous, and on non-seabed issues the Seventy-seven had no unity at all. The dozen poorer countries in which conventional mining was an important industry—and in particular those, like Zaire and Zambia, which stood to lose their main source of income if seafloor mining was successful—scarcely shared other undeveloped nations' enthusiasm for it. The Seventy-seven's leaders often had to use great skill to keep the members in line. The group was sometimes accused of being extremely radical, but from the start its chairman, who was elected annually, came from a country whose outlook was regarded as basically moderate—Honduras, Uganda, Fiji, Colombia—and not from one of the countries considered both more radical and more influential, such as Algeria, India, Sri Lanka, Libya, Madagascar.

The successful claims of the Coastal States group created a new category of country in the world—the Geographically Disadvantaged. Over ninety per cent of the world's good fishing grounds are within two hundred miles of shore, in the Exclusive Economic Zones that the treaty defines for the coastal nations. Countries that have short or crooked coastlines, or face on narrow seas, have, under the treaty, only a meagre share of the ocean and its resources. Singapore, Rumania, Poland, and others thus reckon themselves in one degree or another euchred out of their fair portions. Fishermen from Trinidad and Jamaica, for example, fished for years in waters that are now in the economic zone of another country. Together, the Land-Locked and the Geographically Disadvantaged States—there were fifty-three of them—were nearly a third of the conference: enough to command respect and to stop any vote, though most realized that without a treaty they would get even less than they would with one. Two very bitter negotiations dealt with the special woes of the Land-Locked and Geographically Disadvantaged States; in

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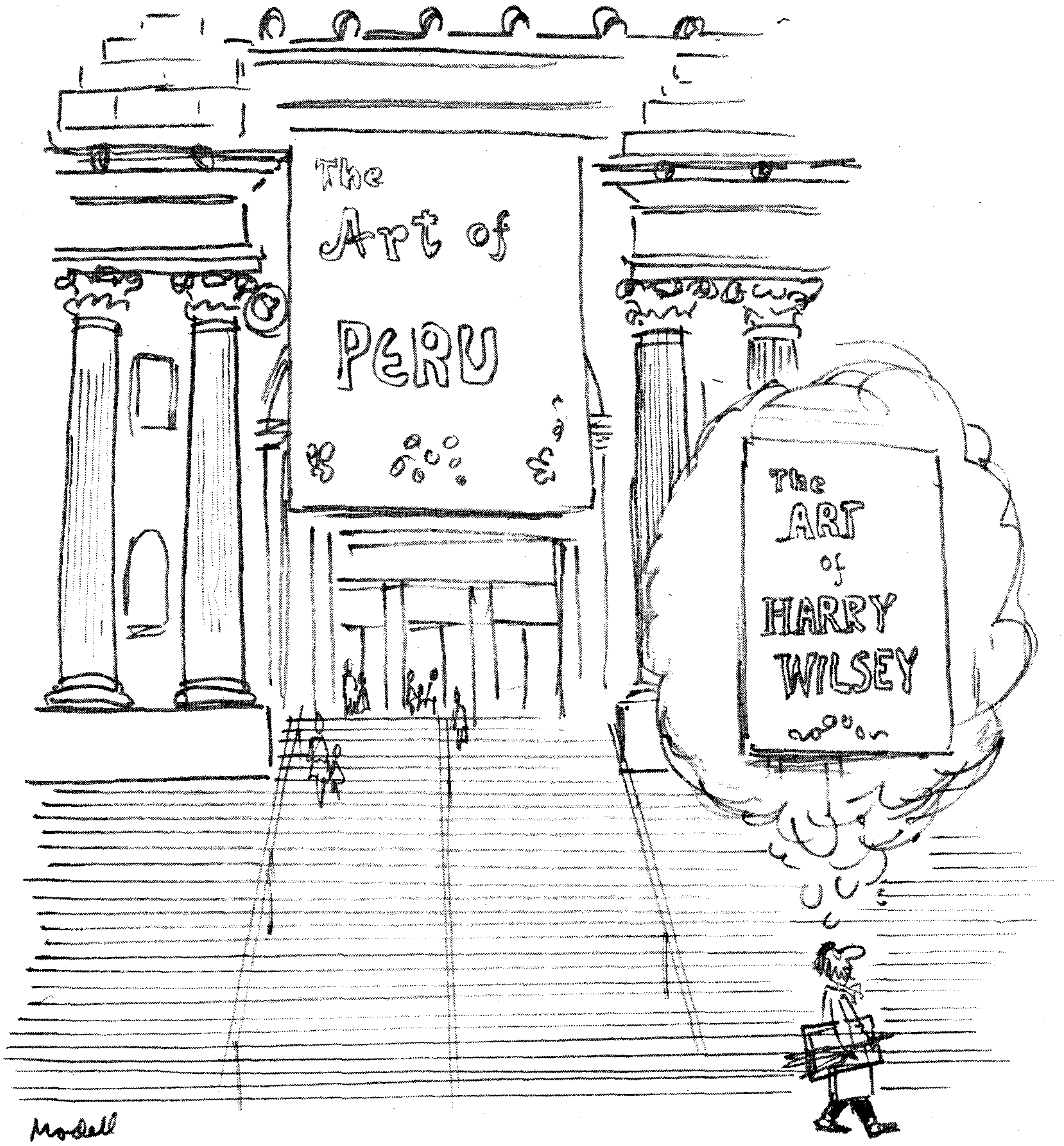
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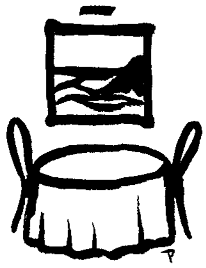
the end they received supplementary rights to fish when a coastal country took a smaller catch than it might, and in addition it was agreed that fishery disputes would be subject to conciliation by a special panel.

The Group of Twenty-two and the Group of Twenty-nine were supporters, respectively, of criteria of "equidistance" and of "equitable principles" in the drawing of boundaries between the oceanic zones adjoining individual countries. Since the countries of the world—including the United States under the Reagan Administration—have agreed to the two-hundred-mile economic zone backed by the Coastal States, a difference of less than a degree in the orientation of a boundary between any of them drawn from the shore to a point two hundred miles or more out could cause a considerable amount of fish-rich water or oil-rich ocean bottom to change hands. The United States, though it was not a member of either group, supported "equitable principles" (among which can be counted natural features of topography and historic use), while Canada preferred the rule of equidistance, which would give it a large share of the Georges Bank fishing grounds and potential oil leases there. Ultimately, the problem was resolved in one of the three committees in which the conference's main questions were considered.

THE conference was in many ways highly unconventional. "This is the worst treaty conference there ever was in the whole world!" a distinguished old-school diplomat exclaimed during one of the final sessions. It is customary for treaty conferences to begin with a draft text of the treaty to be signed, prepared by a team of lawyers. (The U.N.'s International Law Commission worked for seven years on the draft for the First Law of the Sea Conference.) The conference haggles over the text for a period of weeks and then, if all goes well, signs it. The Third Conference began with no draft text. After two rounds of negotiations in 1975, it adopted a provisional negotiating text, which it expanded and revised throughout its life. When it completed the Law of the Sea treaty early last year, it had reached the point at which most treaty conferences begin. Though it was nine years approaching that point and was the longest-sitting international conference on record, still, some delegates observe, its progress, from the first, tentative sittings of the ad-hoc Committee on the Peaceful Uses of the Seabed, in 1968, to the signing of the finished treaty, in 1982, does not compare badly with, for example, that of the United Nations Treaty on Human Rights, for which preparation began in 1948 and which was concluded in 1966. The nature of the conference was determined by a critical vote in the General Assembly in 1967, which referred the preparation for the conference to the Assembly's Political Committee instead of, as was usual, to the International Law Commission. It seems unlikely to many delegates that the conference could have succeeded any other way. Later, having decided to include all issues of the sea, the conference evolved what the negotiators referred to constantly as "a package deal." The result was an intricately interlocking web of compromises, in which every country or group of countries gained something and lost nothing intolerable (or not as much as it would lose with no treaty), and which, taken all together, no country could afford to reject. Delegates sometimes joked depreciatingly about their "house of cards." A different analogy, offered by one of the older delegates, was that of a stone arch laid without mortar, whose parts must be supported until the last stone is in.

Sometimes it seemed that the "package deal" was being made by burying delegates' objections in mountains of paper. Every proposal of every country in every committee at every session of the conference (there were more than a thousand proposals made at Caracas in one committee alone) was printed in every official conference language and distributed. In 1975, the chairman of each of the three committees dealing with the three major substantive issues on the conference's agenda—the Seabed, Traditional Maritime Law, and Pollution and Scientific Research—with the aid of an informal plenary committee on dispute-settlement procedures, was authorized to produce a Single Negotiating Text, or S.N.T. The S.N.T.s were a turning point in the conference, because in order to change them governments had to come up with an alternative more acceptable to the conference. The S.N.T.s were revised the next year and became R.S.N.T.s, or Revised Single Negotiating Texts. In July, 1977, they were revised further and combined into an I.C.N.T., or Informal Composite Negotiating Text, which looked more like a treaty. The I.C.N.T. Revision 1 appeared in 1979, Revision 2 in 1980. The conference decided to make the informal text formal in the summer of 1981, and in 1982, after a hundred and nineteen delegates had signed it, they took it home for ratification.

The negotiations and revisions of the text evolved by consensus, without direct votes. In eight years, the conference did not vote, whether by roll call or ballot, secret or otherwise, on a single one of the issues it was convened to resolve. Some delegates think that every agreement that was reached, if put separately to such a vote, would have been defeated. Only last year, when the conference adopted its text, was there a demand for a vote on the whole text, made by the United States. The count was a hundred and thirty in favor, four against, and seventeen abstentions. As the conference used it, consensus was a way of making moderately unpalatable arrangements easier to swallow. It was a sort of tacit approval granted by waiving disagreement. At an embassy reception about halfway through the session, a delegate described with admiration a colleague's performance as chairman in a meeting that afternoon: "At the end of the afternoon, in which not one good word had been said about the matter we were discussing, he said, 'If there are no objections, the proposed text is adopted.' Suddenly everyone fell silent, and it was adopted. I would not have had the courage."



The system of consensus put great strains on the chairmen of the different committees and working groups, but it also gave great latitude for improving agreements to those negotiators who were sufficiently able and sufficiently trusted. "The people who count most in the conference are the brightest and the straightest," Ambassador Richardson once told me. Delegates considered fairness and honesty the most important qualities in their colleagues, and those who possessed them were in the best positions to influence the conference. The closely balanced agreements that the delegates accepted could not have been made without trust. "You want to know exactly—and a chairman, especially, must know—what most worries people and try to solve it," a delegate said during the conference. Through the years of annual or semiannual meetings, many delegates came to know and trust each other not only personally but in negotiation. Moreover, because of the number of issues and the vagaries of geography, delegates who were bitter opponents in one negotiation found themselves loyal allies in another. "It has reduced the usual East-West, North-South confrontations," another delegate remarked. In this respect, the influence of the conference has spread to other international meetings; delegates to those report that there is less confrontation and better progress toward agreement when other Law of the Sea people are present.

The negotiations proceeded informally, often in private. Only after an agreement was reached at least in principle was there open discussion of it, in which the delegates usually voiced at most a limited approval, reserving their best oratory for their misgivings and reservations. Not only were the delegates looking for the best "package deal" for their countries but they were under instructions from their governments, and so could concede nothing without making some show of a struggle. Some delegates worked under more severe restraints than others—nor were all the restraints equally wise. The Soviet delegates sometimes appeared obtuse—though they were known to be anything but that—when

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they were probably only unable to deviate from home-office instructions. One Third World delegate would argue passionately against an agreement and then leave the room before it was brought to consensus. The private negotiations were unrecorded, and the public meetings often sounded divisive and confrontational. Thus, the differences between agreement and hostility were not always self-evident.

On the morning of March 3, 1980, President Amerasinghe called to order the first plenary meeting of that year's session in New York. An impressive, white-haired figure, with an aquiline nose and hooded eyes, Amerasinghe always wore a well-cut suit and usually had a fresh rosebud in his buttonhole. That morning in March, he was seated in the middle of a wide, low stage in one of the U.N.'s largest conference rooms, with Bernardo Zuleta, the Under Secretary-General for the Law of the Sea conference; David Hall, its executive secretary; and a half-dozen staff members on either side. Amerasinghe and the others faced the several hundred assembled delegates, who were seated behind desks in wide semicircular rows, one delegate from each nation at the desk and one behind him. The gallery on the right side of the hall was packed with observers, and more members of delegations filled the aisles behind the principal delegates. Amerasinghe had led the ad-hoc preliminary committee on the seabed since 1968. He had led the conference through its first organizational meeting, in 1973; through the first negotiations in Caracas; and through a number of subsequent crisis points that many observers had thought it could not survive. While some delegates criticized his understanding of negotiating details, he had proved himself a master of the architecture of negotiation and, as a chairman, had shown the ability to formulate ideas in ways that did not offend any side and were usually accepted. During the ninth session, he wrote a preamble for the treaty which drew universal admiration for treading a fine line between too broad a statement of principle and one that was too narrow. Delegates have pointed out that he could state a very shaky position so authoritatively that there was no dissent, and that while it was not always clear what he had said, he was sufficiently trusted that it did not matter. He was also known for an acid tongue and a fast gavel; few delegates liked to cross him. Once, when Amerasinghe rejected a Soviet proposal, the Soviet ambassador threatened to lobby against the decision; Amerasinghe quickly replied that in that case he would break up the conference and insure that the Russians were blamed. The subject was not raised again. A wily parliamentarian, at the end of a session he sometimes incorporated into the conference texts compromises that all sides denounced. Because they were disliked by all, he said blandly, these provided an improved basis for negotiation. Amerasinghe's death, at the end of 1980, was regarded as a severe loss to the conference.

Now, in his opening remarks, Amerasinghe exhorted the delegates to bend their sincerest and best efforts to the difficult negotiations ahead, and reminded them of the strict schedule they had set themselves at the end of the previous session. He also noted the absence of the chairman of Committee Two (the committee dealing with traditional maritime law), Ambassador Andrés Aguilar, of Venezuela, who was one of a group of distinguished diplomats accompanying Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim to Teheran to try to negotiate the release of the United States hostages there. In fact, the work of Aguilar's committee was nearly over, and on his return it took only a few meetings to finish it. President Amerasinghe also acerbically noted the absence, for unexplained reasons, of Ambassador Paul Bamela Engo, of Cameroon, the chairman of Committee One (which dealt with the seabed). This absence was keenly felt, because most of the conference's remaining unresolved issues were in that committee. Only Ambassador Alexander Yankov, then the permanent representative of Bulgaria to the United Nations, who was the chairman of Committee Three (pollution and scientific research) was present and, like President Amerasinghe, ready to begin work.

The conference was shaped by personalities, and the three committee chairmen, in particular, had great power to mold negotiations. Among the brilliant and able Latin-American diplomats, the suave, reserved Aguilar was considered one of the best. He was chairman of the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights of the Organization of American States, and during the dictatorship of Perez Jiménez in Venezuela he had signed a human-rights petition and spent two weeks in jail. Aguilar was precise, authoritative, and usually immovable. Perhaps more than anyone else at the conference, he was regarded as having the ability to hear innumerable conflicting claims and emerge with a position that everyone could accept. Some delegates thought of him as the ideal chairman of such an important committee, but he was thoroughly resented by many of the delegates from the Land-Locked and Geographically Disadvantaged States, who suggested that if he had not been from a coastal nation the coastal nations would have made fewer gains at the expense of the LL/GDS. (As chairman, however, Aguilar accepted a text that his own government rejected, and as a result Venezuela has thus far declined to sign the treaty.)

Paul Bamela Engo, the chairman of the committee covering seabed matters, was one of the most powerful men at the conference, and its most colorful figure, whether occupying the chair or sweeping along the corridors wearing native robes—a huge man with a deep, rumbling voice that could command even the largest U.N. conference hall. He affected to be unconcerned about the anger he occasionally aroused as chairman or the enemies he made. The seabed issues made the slowest progress of any in the conference, partly because they were the newest ones, and so there was little relevant experience and few strong national interests to guide the negotiators. Engo, though he himself was from one of the developing countries that had set their hopes on the concept of the wealth of the seabed as "the common heritage," had to preside over compromises of those hopes; and, not being in control of the Group of Seventy-seven, he was unable to differ with it, another official of the conference has said. Yet the power that the committee chairmen had was demonstrated in the summer of 1977, near the end of the sixth session, in New York, when Engo worked the entire conference into a froth. After disappearing for six days, Engo introduced, entirely on his own authority, a number of critical changes into the negotiated text produced by his committee—without consulting either Jens Evensen, of Norway, who was the chairman of the subcommittee in which the text was written, or more than a few friends among the delegates. Incensed delegates from industrial countries—Ambassador Richardson publicly denounced Engo's behavior—claimed that the tables had been turned on them, so that they were in a weaker negotiating position than the Seventy-seven. Engo now concedes, mildly, that this is just what he meant to do. A few delegates subsequently recognized that Engo had seen some implications that others had not, and that his instinct that the text, however it was negotiated, would not have been ratified by the developing countries in its existing form may have been right; but still the delegates resented his methods. Engo's changes affected the conference thenceforward and were generally agreed to have delayed it by about two years. Following this incident, the conference changed its procedures, to prevent such a thing from happening again. The standards for an acceptable agreement were written in a document that the delegates often referred to as "sixty-two stroke sixty-two"—officially, the conference's Document A Conf 62/62. According to 62/62, a committee chairman could put new words in the working text only if they were produced by consensus, or—in the event that they were his own words—were approved by consensus. The document also identified seven of the conference's most intractable problems and established new negotiating groups, or subcommittees, to deal with them—four groups from Committee Two (traditional maritime law) and three from Committee One (the seabed); two more groups were later added, along with a supervisory subcommittee on all seabed issues.

Despite the absence of two of their chairmen at the 1980 session, the delegates did their best to follow President Amerasinghe's exhortations, and the first week had its interesting moments, with the United States walking out of one negotiation, and a full-fledged confrontation between the Margineers

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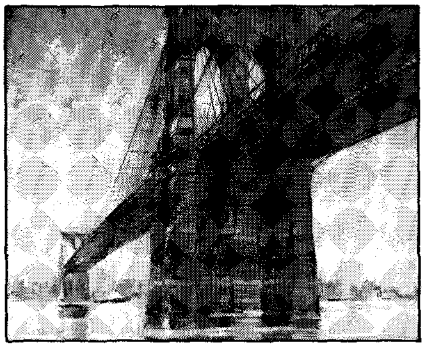

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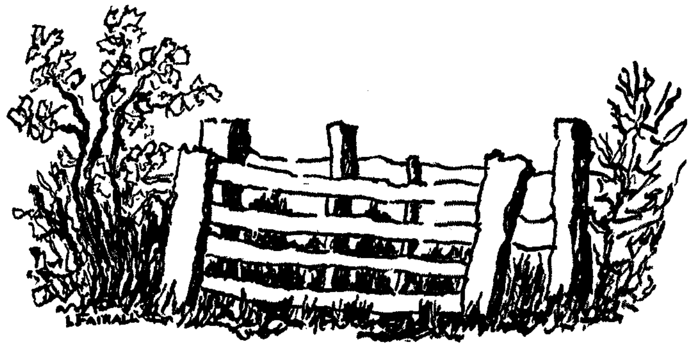
and the Soviet Union in another. There was steady progress in several areas. For example, Amerasinghe led discussions on the nature of a preparatory commission for the International Seabed Authority, revealing a basic division between the industrial countries and the developing countries, the latter feeling that such a commission would detract from the power of the Authority itself. A group of legal experts, with Evensen as its chairman, discussed "final clauses"—that is, the provisions for bringing the treaty into force (such as how many states should be needed for ratification), and, in particular, the desirability and effect of later amending the treaty. Ambassador J. E. Powell-Jones, of Britain, pointed out that since certain amendments could make the treaty intolerable for certain countries, amendments should not be easy to add. It was agreed that amendments would require consensus at a special meeting.

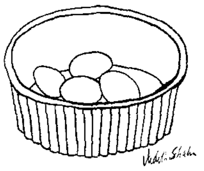
IN Committee Three, which dealt with pollution control and scientific research, the pace was brisk. Chairman Yankov, an experienced diplomat, urged the delegates on, repeatedly chiding them not to look for perfection in their drafting and parsing of texts. A year earlier, the committee had reached an agreement on pollution that satisfied environmentally conscious countries, for some of which pollution control was one of the main purposes of the treaty. The treaty's provisions on conservation and on control of pollution from ships actually became stronger in the course of the negotiations. One of the conference's greatest services was to get countries to accept international standards on pollution by ships (and also standards for shipbuilding and operation), which can be extended in the future. There were in existence several treaties setting high standards, but only a few countries had ratified them —not including, of course, those that were the worst offenders—and there had been little to induce others to do so. Other international agreements on single issues had also been ignored or violated by the countries that contributed most to the problem. No country is expected to reject the Law of the Sea treaty to avoid its conservation or pollution provisions. The treaty gives countries the right to set standards for foreign ships passing through their waters or entering their ports, and even the right to detain those that violate their standards.

The committee on pollution and scientific research was now left to deal with scientific research—which proved to be a major source of contention. With some help from a few other countries, the United States fought for more latitude for research than most countries were willing to accept. During the negotiations, this position was opposed, sometimes vociferously, by developing countries, especially Peru and Brazil, backed by Canada and Norway. Some countries—like Britain, whose scientists had been leaders in oceanography—were now concerned about their own offshore resources and were conspicuously silent. While freedom of research on the high seas was not disputed, many countries, developed and developing alike, were wary of economic, and perhaps political, espionage in the guise of scientific research (although the revelation, in 1975, that Howard Hughes's seabed research ship Glomar Explorer was in the service of the C.I.A. provoked only mild criticism). The treaty gave countries rights over economic resources in waters out to two hundred miles and on the continental shelf out to around three hundred and fifty miles—areas where oceanographers wanted to continue some of their most fruitful investigations. The United States lost heavily in Committee Three in 1977, after the Soviet Union, which had been in agreement with us, changed its position to support the developing countries. The Soviet Union did not officially explain its change of heart, but delegates noted that, between this session and the previous one, President Ford had signed a bill claiming United States ownership of fish in waters out to two hundred miles offshore. He did so against the advice of the State Department, the Defense Department, and the Law of the Sea delegation, which had argued that the United States would lose bargaining power in the conference, where, together with the Soviet Union, it had refused to agree to the two-hundred-mile economic zone until rights of navigation were firmly protected in the treaty. The large Russian fleets that had fished off the East Coast for a quarter of a century were warned to leave, and a few ships were seized. Since then, scientific research had fared poorly in the committee, but in the 1979 session, following meetings between Ambassador Richardson and the chief Soviet delegate, Deputy Foreign Minister Semyon Kozyrev, there were a few improvements. During the first week of the 1980 session, some developing countries reopened several issues with the aim of making the text more restrictive. Chairman Yankov suggested minor revisions in three articles, and Brazil objected to all of them. When the chairman rejected a request by the United States that research provisions be negotiated as a package deal, instead of one by one, the United States representative on the committee, Norman Wulf, walked out of the full committee meeting, leaving only a note-taker in his chair; he continued to negotiate in an informal subcommittee, though.

While coastal countries had already been granted the right to ban research by outsiders in areas of the outer continental margin that were of particular interest to themselves, the United States urged that such bans at least be specific and defined. Following objections by Canada, Norway, and Ireland (all countries with known or potential offshore oil reserves), the term "specific projects" was amended to read "detailed projects." But Canada continued to object, saying that the word "detailed" had such a special meaning for those concerned with oil exploration that merely to use it would be to give away information. In discussions that followed, a suggestion was made with which Canada's chief delegate, Ambassador J. Alan Beesley, declared himself satisfied; later that day, however, he returned and said that he was not satisfied with the new proviso—a position that met with little sympathy. With most countries satisfied, and only Canada and Norway voicing objections, a consensus was declared. Later, the delegates agreed



that while a country had the right to prohibit research in a given area that was part of its jurisdiction, and could not be challenged, another country could question its judgment in particular sections, and such disputes could be subject to impartial review. Chairman Yankov then declared the work of Committee Three complete. It gave American scientists less than they wanted but much more than they would have had without a treaty.



DURING the first week of Andrés Aguilar's absence, the Margineers met privately with the Soviet Union to discuss ownership of the resources of the continental shelf. As the discussions progressed, however, each side became more unyielding—a state of affairs that continued through the third week of the session, when the Margineers withdrew to find delegates who might arrange a new approach. During the conference, a succession of compromises had been accepted in attempts to solve the problem, each one having been added to cope with newfound deficiencies in its predecessor. At the end of the previous session of the conference—the eighth—Chairman Aguilar had presented a compromise that seemed to settle the question finally. But the problem simply sprang up in a new guise. The issue of the continental shelf not only had resisted agreement since the conference began but had stymied nations—and two earlier conferences—for over a quarter of a century. Since the Truman Proclamations of 1945, which declared jurisdiction over the resources of the continental shelf beyond three miles to a depth of two hundred metres (something no country had ever done), there had been no accepted international law limiting the extent of continental shelf a country might claim. The First Law of the Sea Conference, in 1958, had been unable to agree unequivocally on a depth or a distance that might be called a boundary, and had settled for the expedient of giving countries rights as far out and in water as deep as they had the technology to operate in. Although at the beginning of the latest conference, Third World countries had generally agreed on a two-hundred-mile cutoff on economic claims, oil shortages and high oil prices caused many of those with broad, sedimentary continental margins, of the sort that might contain oil, to reëxamine both the margins' geological potential and their own political positions. India, for example, had once suggested that anything beyond two hundred miles was "the common heritage," and that even within two hundred miles there had to be a system of revenue sharing between the well-to-do and the poor, the coastal and the landlocked. (An even more generous system had been included in the 1970 Nixon proposal.)

In 1974, however, after the oil crisis, India announced during a meeting of the Group of Seventy-seven in Nairobi that it had had to reëxamine its position on the continental margin and "the common heritage." With its great population, it desperately needed oil and could not afford to renounce any resources essential for its survival. India stated that it believed that a coastal nation owned territory even beyond the foot of the continental slope—territory extending as far as the sediments of the continent extend onto the abyssal plain of the sea. It was the boldest claim made thus far. (Revenue sharing with other countries remained a part of the package, as a quid pro quo from the Margineers for the right to exploit mineral resources beyond two hundred miles. Countries are to make payments to the Seabed Authority, beginning after the fifth year at one per cent of the value of the recovered oil and gas, and rising in the twelfth to seven per cent.) The relation between the small group of Margineers and the rest of the conference was complicated by the 1958 Geneva Convention on the Continental Shelf: the Margineers claimed that this already gave them rights to what they wanted, and that they were losing rather than gaining as a result of the negotiations at the conference. As things stood at the opening of the 1980 session, the compromise on margins had six separate criteria, contained in two "packages." These were known in conference argot as "the Irish Formula" and "the Biscuits Formula." The first had been proposed by Ireland in 1976. The second had been arrived at during a luncheon meeting in Moscow between a British delegate, Ronald Arculus, and a Soviet delegate, Igor Kolosovsky; neither party would admit to the actual authorship, and so the agreement was reported to have emerged from a basket of biscuits that had been on the table during the luncheon. The Biscuits Formula was in-

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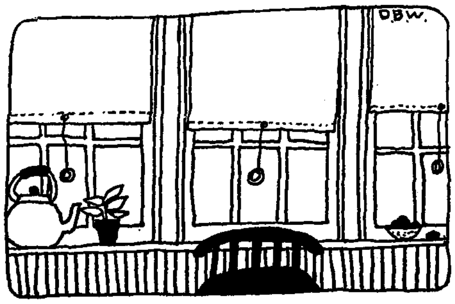
troduced by Chairman Aguilar into Committee Two in the summer of 1980, at the end of the eighth session. Together, the two formulas provided that coastal countries could claim the shelf out to two hundred miles—or to sixty miles beyond the foot of the slope, or to a point where the depth of sediments was one per cent of the distance from the foot of the slope, as long as these measurements did not extend more than three hundred and fifty miles from the coast, or were not more than a hundred miles beyond the twenty-five-hundred-metre isobath. Hardly had the Biscuits Formula been inserted into the conference's revised text when a loophole was discovered—turning the biscuits, one observer noted, into doughnuts. It was feared that certain countries, including Iceland and Portugal, that abut on the huge submerged mountain chain called the Mid-Atlantic Ridge could not be prevented from claiming the ridge itself, and so adding many extra hundreds—perhaps thousands—of miles to their continental margins.

In December, 1979, between the eighth and ninth sessions, there had been a proposal that set an absolute cutoff on margins of three hundred and fifty miles, and provided an explicit ban on claims to oceanic ridges, though claims for "spurs, caps, plateaux, banks, and rises" that were natural extensions of a continent would be allowed. The Soviet Union was reported to be satisfied by this compromise, but some of the Margineers, including the United States, were not, because in their margins were natural extensions that the nautical charts *called* ridges. At a meeting with the Margineers on March 5, 1980, at the opening of the ninth session, Ambassador Kolosovsky therefore said that the Soviet Union would not accept this compromise if the ban on ridges was deleted. He would not move from this position, nor would the Margineers move from theirs, and through that week, and the two following, neither side would modify its stand. Puzzled by Kolosovsky's intransigence, the Margineers attempted, through intermediaries, to ask the Russians why they would go along with "spurs, caps, plateaux, banks, and rises," and not "ridges." Several meetings were held, but the two sides remained unyielding into the fourth week of the conference, by which time some delegation assistants were speaking, with mordant humor, of having to have all government charts reissued with the term "ridge" changed to "rise." One Margineer delegate said, "We believed that we were on good ground standing pat as long as the Russians didn't explain why, but they never did make it clear, except that there are some very long ridges."

With the return of Andrés Aguilar to the conference from Teheran, the logjam on margins and ridges was quickly broken. After an initial meeting of the negotiating group, at which Ambassador Brennan, of Australia, earnestly defended the Margineers' position, and the existing text, as a generous concession, Aguilar discussed the issue privately with some delegates. If the Margineers had expected any sympathy, they were disappointed. At the end of the week, Aguilar suggested to a group of the Margineers—including F. Mahon Hayes, of Ireland (the Margineers' chairman); Brennan; S. P. Jagota, of India; Ambassador Beesley, of Canada; and Thomas Clingan, of the United States—that they find a way to compromise with the Soviet Union along the lines of the rejected December proposal. He said, in effect, that they were a small group that stood to profit greatly from the Biscuits Formula, despite protests from the African and Arab groups and the LL/GDS, and that the Soviet Union might well, in an open meeting, stir up enough trouble to undo the Biscuits agreement, leaving them with less than they had. During the fourth week, the Margineers tinkered with the earlier proposal, and some changes were presented to the Russians. On Thursday of that week, Hayes and Kolosovsky met with Aguilar and agreed on a deal. On Friday, Committee Two met, and Chairman Aguilar announced a compromise on the limits of the continental margin with respect to oceanic ridges and other elevations. Hayes and Kolosovsky expressed cautious approval, and other countries spoke in support. In expressing the approval of the United States, Ambassador Richardson gracefully conceded that the Chuchki Rise, between Alaska and Siberia, was not a ridge. The Soviet Union did not dispute him. Algeria, speaking for the Arab countries, called the new agreement a rejection of consensus and a breach of faith, granting more to the Margineers than the Biscuits Formula had.



THE seabed offered the most persistently troublesome set of problems in working out the treaty, and repeatedly brought the conference to the edge of self-destruction. Some of the ablest people at the conference struggled over these problems, and a few rising reputations were stopped dead before them. From the beginning, the seabed was more than just an issue. It was a vision—"the common heritage of mankind." A leader in the conference spoke of the seabed as affording a chance for small countries to participate in the mainstream of the twentieth century. And it afforded a chance to create a coöperative world project. For industrial countries, the seabed was a new source of useful metals, which they might no longer have to import on so large a scale. Only the industrial countries (and, more recently, India) have had the technology for seabed mining—a fact that has sometimes been equated with an exclusive right to mine. What the industrial—or any other—countries do not have is a clear legal right to reserve claims in the deep sea from use by others. In customary international law—at least since the time of Grotius—the fisherman owns the fish he catches; similarly, the deep-sea mining company would own the nodules it recovered. Mining companies on land, however, ordinarily expect to get exclusive mineral rights to the area they are going to mine for at least several decades, while fishermen have never been able to set aside an area of the fishing grounds for their own exclusive use. It is widely held that there is no legal basis for claims in the sea, nor is there any authority to grant them—except, if it is ratified and comes into force, the Law of the Sea treaty, which would create, for that purpose, an International Seabed Authority, which could grant leases to private industry or could mine through its own subsidiary, called the Enterprise. The Declaration of Principles of 1970, which for most countries is an article of belief, declared that the seabed and its resources were "the common heritage of mankind"—and not the property of any country or corporation. To the rest of the world, it seemed hypocritical for the industrial countries to monopolize the fish of the oceans under the cover of freedom of the seas, and approaching seabed mining on the same basis was apt to be met with little more tolerance.

Though the seabed was the issue that engendered, at different times, the most rancor and the most idealism, it was of secondary importance to almost all delegations—the first priority being the issues of coastal resources and navigation in Committee Two. Heads of delegations were rarely, if ever, seen in seabed meetings during the first years of the conference—or not until after those other issues were generally agreed upon, in 1977. (Amerasinghe found it necessary, in 1976, to write to all heads of delegations asking them to give more attention to the seabed.) Yet the seabed negotiations were a proving ground for the most competent and most ambitious junior members of delegations.

Deep-sea mining, the only seabed activity now being considered, was still a hypothetical activity during the Third Conference, and no one has yet done any—at least, not on the scale on which the mining companies propose to do it. Mining will take place at a depth of more than fifteen thousand feet of open ocean, a thousand miles from land. Mining ships are expected to remain on station five years at a time, working without a stop, and to transfer the seabed minerals they bring up to auxiliary vessels. (They will, of course, require brief periods in port for maintenance.) The most positive endorsement of such an operation is probably the continued interest of companies that in the past two decades have been organized into mining consortia. If all goes well, the income from mining may be substantial, though it will not come close to that from offshore oil, whose disposition the conference agreed upon without the ill-feeling and passion that mining aroused. As for the strategic value of the metals, which has been estimated beyond strict truth, it does not compare to the strategic value of straits, the rules for which—troublesome as they threatened to be before the conference opened—were settled with relative ease.

There are at present four consortia, composed of some forty companies from eight countries, and four national corporations that have developed seabed-mining techniques and prospected for sites. Among the better known firms involved are Kennecott, Lockheed, U.S. Steel, International Nickel, Royal Dutch Shell, and Union Minière, of Belgium. Some consortia will operate independently, but others, according to their countries' delegates, may prefer entering into joint ventures with the Enterprise, hoping to reap some benefits from being sponsored by the Authority and flying its blue U.N. flag. To observers of the conference and its participants, it seems possible that the treaty could be ratified within five or six years, or by 1988 or 1989; the Authority could then open for business by 1990, and the first ship or two might set out within the next year to start mining the seabed. But it is more likely to be several decades before metals markets, which are now so glutted that mines have closed or reduced production all over the world, supply the incentive for full-scale production.

Manganese and iron are the most common elements in the nodules. If manganese is produced, a single mining project reportedly would satisfy most of the manganese needed by this country for steelmaking, and so only a few of the companies involved in seabed mining plan to recover it. All the companies, however, would refine nickel, copper, cobalt, and perhaps, eventually, molybdenum and vanadium. The area most abundant in nodules is in the Pacific, between two deep-sea fracture zones called Clarion and Clipperton. Nodules there have the highest known concentrations of nickel, copper, and cobalt—a total of two to three per cent. The nodule area stretches almost the distance from Baja California to Hawaii, and several hundred miles to the south. It is estimated that there are enough nodules there for anywhere from half a dozen to thirty full-scale mining projects, each lasting twenty years. (The estimates depend in part on the effectiveness of the equipment; better equipment would allow more profits.) Thereafter, mining companies would have to content themselves with more scattered nodules, in other parts of the Pacific or in the Indian Ocean. India already has its eye on an area where the nodules have a lower metal content; this would become economical to mine when the better-grade reserves were used up or techniques improved.

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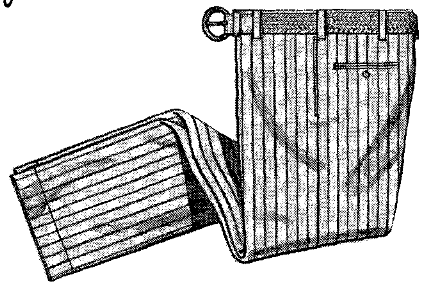

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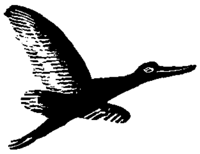
themselves substantial, that the mining companies have already tried out at sea. (Lockheed, for example, used the six-hundred-foot Glomar Explorer for tests.) A mining ship has a tall derrick amidships, like an oil-well-drilling ship, and, beneath the derrick, a large rectangular well, with doors opening at the bottom, which oilmen call a "moon pool." In some ways, mining the seafloor will resemble sending a probe to another planet. It will take upward of five days for an unmanned mining vehicle lowered from the moon pool to settle among the low, rolling hills of the Clarion-Clipperton zone, from twelve to fifteen thousand feet below the surface of the Pacific. One by one, sections of pipe will be screwed together and onto the vehicle, and divers will attach electric and hydraulic cables to the growing pipeline, until, seen from below, the mining ship will resemble a huge water insect, its long proboscis sucking up the nodules. The people in the control room will rely on television cameras mounted on the mining vehicle for guidance in scanning the horizons of the seabed (where the only light will be the vehicle's own floodlamps and, perhaps, the dim glow of an occasional passing fish). Lockheed says that its vehicle will be more than a hundred feet wide. In 1980, mining consortia conducted sea trials of their equipment on a reduced scale. Tests by Sedco, a partner in a consortium with International Nickel, discovered that the pipes connecting the ship and the mining vehicle were more easily fractured than had been expected. Ships therefore will not be able to tow mining rigs as large as expected or tow them as fast as expected. The consortia now plan to have two ships to mine each site, instead of one, each ship with its own seabed-mining vehicle. With such equipment, and with other modifications discovered to be necessary during the prototype testing, the rate of financial return, based on estimates in a study by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will be nine and a half per cent, compared with a previously anticipated eighteen per cent.



Some mining companies dispute both the need to do seabed mining and the possibility of doing it profitably. The world shortage of minerals, they say, has been exaggerated and misrepresented. A 1976 study of seabed minerals by the Interior Department concluded that land-based sources of manganese were few and were in politically unstable areas; the study failed to mention that Australia was a source of United States imports, although twenty per cent of the imports came from Australia that year. Canadian nickel reserves have been cited as only a twenty years' supply. In mining-industry parlance, however, "reserves" is a measure not of total supply but of what a company has most fully proved and surveyed.

While most of the income from seabed mining will come from nickel, the profitability of seabed mining, according to executives of one metals company that has declined to invest in it, could be overdependent on cobalt. Cobalt is used in heat-resistant alloys and is the most expensive metal on the seafloor. (Cobalt—used in, for instance, jet engines—fetches on the order of eight to fifteen dollars a pound, depending on the state of the market, and has been as high as forty.) According to a 1979 Commerce Department study, nine seabed-mining projects could fill the entire world demand for cobalt. And even if Zaire and other land-based producers of cobalt were to stop mining it to avoid a glut, seabed-mining processes could not help producing it, sending the price lower and lower. Also, people who have run mining companies say that, great as the technical difficulties of seabed mining would be, the operational problems involving the precise scheduling and positioning of ships to haul away the minerals would be even greater.

WHEN the delegates arrived in Caracas in 1974 for the first negotiations of the conference, the developing and the industrial countries had plans for the seabed that were mutually exclusive. The United States now proposed an international agency with very limited powers: it would license corporations or governments to mine the seabed, monitor and control pollution, and distribute mining profits to needy countries. United States delegates called this a "driver's license" approach. The developing countries, for their part, wanted an International Seabed Authority that would control all activities involving the seabed, including marketing the metals, and influencing the prices set for them, with mining to be done entirely under the auspices of its subsidiary, through service contracts with private companies. The Soviet Union proposed that the seabed be divided among the major nations—an idea that did not produce much response. Compromises between two principal conflicting positions were suggested, the most acceptable one being what came to be called the parallel system. This is the system that has, in fact, been negotiated in the conference during the last several years, and it proposes that the international Enterprise and private enterprise work fifty-fifty on the seabed. Originally proposed by Canada and Australia, this scheme was not accepted by the conference until 1977, after Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had offered a number of compromises in an effort to make a parallel system work. The Caracas session ended after nine weeks, with no agreements. The feelings of the developing countries about the seabed were becoming more radical. Some governments were reported to believe that the Authority's own bureaucracy would absorb any profits. At Caracas, the first discussions were held on the economic effects of seabed mining. The industrial countries argued that all countries would be served by lower prices for seabed metals, but studies by the Secretary-General's office and by UNCTAD suggested that the seabed mining and manufacturing countries would benefit most. Developing countries that produced the metals in question would have competition from seabed supplies, and the effect on their economies might be anything from mildly depressing to catastrophic.

Toward the end of the 1974 session and early in the following one, in Geneva in 1975, various ideologues among the developing-nation delegates made brilliant oratorical expositions of the economic oppression of the small and poor countries of the world by the rich countries and the multinational corporations. Ostensibly, these orations were provoked by several equally ideological lectures, lasting one or two hours each, by Leigh Ratiner—who was then a United States delegate—in which he vigorously defended United States proposals and urged upon his listeners the virtues of free enterprise. Ratiner was working under rigid instructions, so that he could not make any accommodation with the developing countries. It has been suggested that he intended to stir up those countries, and thus alarm his own delegation into trying to get a less rigid set of instructions. In any event, the United States was more flexible at Geneva that year. In the meantime, there were reactions from several directions. Jens Evensen, who was himself conducting negotiations on one of the most fundamental issues of the conference—navigation—suddenly appeared at the seabed negotiations and denounced the United States delegate and the United States proposals (and a set of almost identical proposals that had been made by Common Market countries) for being "nineteenth-century" in their outlook. What the American delegate demanded was contrary to modern practice in oil and mining concessions, Evensen said. He endorsed the position of the Group of Seventy-seven, which characterized the seabed as an issue dividing rich and poor, and warned that the industrial countries planned to take the lion's share and leave the developing countries a pittance.

The alliance of developing countries on seabed issues had grown steadily stronger in Caracas, and, later, in Geneva—despite internal negotiations that were just as difficult as negotiations with the developed countries—and it continued to hold up against geographical and other differences; it was the only issue at the conference that did. Before the conference, several fundamental changes in international relations had occurred. As has been noted, the so-called East-West rivalry of the United States and the Soviet Union gave way in some areas (such as freedom of navigation) to outright coöperation, and conflicts—economic rather than military—between affluent and poor countries became more insistent. "The North-South confrontation," as these matters were then called collectively (in the course of the conference, the term was modified to "the North-South dialogue"), accompanied the emergence of the developing countries as an independent force. A central factor in the North-South confrontation was known as the New International Economic Order—a theoretical program that would enable the developing countries to get a larger, and presumably fairer, share in economic affairs, in respect to both decisions and profits. Representatives from many countries whose chief exports were raw materials claimed that they were poorly paid for them. For developed countries, the North-South confrontation and an effective coalition of developing countries presented obvious threats and risks, but there were opportunities as well. With the seabed issues firmly part of the North-South confrontation, negotiations became increasingly doctrinaire and polemical. Each side sought to get its way by influencing Paul Engo, the chairman of the committee on the seabed, while continuing to denounce the other, and the chairman seemed to regard neutrality as being receptive to everyone's arguments. The conference's draft articles on the seabed therefore veered wildly in their bias between the Third World and the United States. In 1975, a small group that included Ambassador Christopher Pinto, from Sri Lanka, who was universally admired for his evenhandedness, and Leigh Ratiner wrote a draft seabed treaty providing for joint ventures between private industry and the Enterprise. Chairman Engo, however, declined to accept it, and produced another draft, essentially setting forth the original position of the developing countries; this draft was included in the committee's Single Negotiating Text but was rejected by the industrial countries. In 1976, Engo created a new, thirteen-member subcommittee to negotiate agreements and pass them on to the full committee for debate and, with luck, approval. The Brazil group—so called because it met in the Brazilian Mission to the U.N.—produced a text on the seabed that was incorporated into the committee's Revised Single Negotiating Text, and was acceptable to the industrial countries. But at the last minute the Brazil group's text was denounced by one of the group's own members—González de León, of Mexico—as merely rubber-stamping material from another source (alleged to be Ratiner), and the R.S.N.T. was fatally tainted. The following 1976 session was so charged with suspicion and mistrust, both of Engo and of the industrial countries, that although Secretary of State Kissinger, like a deus ex machina, appeared in person to suggest compromises, no effective negotiation was accomplished. Instead, rhetoric rose to such a pitch that the United States delegates agreed that the conference could not survive another such session. Some of the worst problems concerned the Enterprise. Since the industrial countries insisted that their corporations be allowed to work independently, and not under the prospective Enterprise, the Enterprise was left without capital, know-how, or man-

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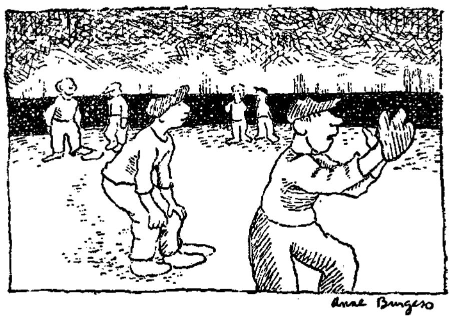
power, and the developing countries were left without the means of participating actively in seabed operations. The assurances of some industrial nations that the technology would be readily available on the open market were received by the Seventy-seven with deep suspicion. Toward the end of the session, the delegate from Tanzania compared the parallel system of independent enterprise and international authority to apartheid. According to delegates from several industrial countries, some companies might, in fact, prefer to work in partnership with the Enterprise when the time came, but they were afraid they would not be able to negotiate a fair contract if they could not invoke the alternative of working independently. The main compromise presented by Kissinger was intended to make the parallel system work by offering support for the Enterprise in return for guaranteed access to the seabed for private consortia from the United States, Britain, Germany, and Japan, and for government mining ventures from France and the Soviet Union.

In 1977, Chairman Engo was persuaded to set up yet another negotiating group, this time under the chairmanship of Jens Evensen. A new text was negotiated in the new group, and it was in this text that Chairman Engo made his own personal changes at the last minute. In 1979, the committee agreed on a basis for a new set of compromises on a workable parallel system, which would give the industrial countries access to seabed minerals and the developing countries a fair share; and in 1980 the package was all but settled upon.

BY the second week of the 1980 session, work had begun to pick up speed in the negotiating groups on the seabed. Francis X. Njenga, the chairman of the first negotiating group, on the regime for seabed mining, coaxed both sides along toward an acceptable middle path. Njenga, who was one of the smartest and one of the youngest men in the conference, kept productive negotiations in progress on the parallel system. Representing the Group of Seventy-seven in this and other seabed negotiations were Alvaro de Soto, of Peru, the coördinator of the Seventy-seven's all-important contact group on seabed matters, and Sergio Martins Thompson-Flores, of Brazil, also a key member of the contact group. As coördinator, de Soto, an elegant figure who hobbled about with a cane through the whole session, because, he would explain, he had sprained an ankle roller-skating, would bring the Seventy-seven onto common ground on a given issue, negotiate this position with the industrial and other countries, and then return with the results and bring the Seventy-seven to agreement again—sometimes exacting work that he carried lightly. Thompson-Flores, dark-haired, brooding, sometimes explosive, worked (often with de Soto) to splendid effect, and was regarded with caution and respect in negotiations, not only by other delegates but by chairmen as well. (One diplomat ruefully recalled leaving a meeting in company with Thompson-Flores and saying with some satisfaction of a troublesome but important clause that he thought had been spared from deletion, "You won't get that out of the text again," only to receive the quiet reply "I already have.") Representing the United States on seabed matters was Ambassador Aldrich, a professional diplomat, who, in 1972-73, had helped negotiate the Paris peace treaty with Vietnam at the side of Secretary Kissinger. Perennially unruffled and interested, Aldrich, along with Ambassador Richardson and Bernard Oxman, a vice-chairman of the delegation, had given the United States the reputation at the conference of being the least intransigent of the industrial countries and the most ready to explore new ideas.

In the first week, de Soto, speaking for the Seventy-seven, had made several proposals based on the continuing concern of the group, and especially its African members, that when the seabed was opened for operations private companies would have a flying start and leave the Enterprise in the lurch. It had been agreed earlier that the Enterprise should be able to buy the necessary mining technology at fair prices from the companies that controlled the technology; but there was still apprehension among the Seventy-seven that matters would not actually work out that way. The new proposals were not acceptable to the industrial countries, and Chairman Njenga, issuing a new text of his own, drew the Seventy-seven and some of the more unyielding industrial nations toward less extreme positions.



In the negotiating group on the financial arrangements for seabed mining, the chairman, Ambassador Tommy T. B. Koh, of Singapore, made a few adjustments to a basically completed package. The youthful-looking Koh was one of the most often consulted and most hardworking men at the conference; some delegates considered him its most brilliant member and a future Secretary-General of the United Nations. The major issue in these negotiations, which had once inflamed the Seventy-seven and the mining corporations equally, had simmered down since Koh took over. Previously, India had proposed payments of sixty million dollars apiece to the Authority from each mining project, while the large corporations claimed that the projects would be so marginal that any large payment would push them into insolvency. Koh's negotiations tended to be scholarly. (He had been a law professor, and, at thirty-three, was dean of Singapore University's law school.) Several years earlier, Koh and his staff had found an elaborate computer model of the economics of a seabed-mining project, done at M.I.T., and had begun introducing specific figures and complex economic models into the negotiations. The M.I.T. study showed that it would cost more than three-quarters of a billion dollars to get a seafloor-mining project started and around two hundred and twenty million dollars a year to operate it afterward, under a variety of conditions; the study estimated that a project would pay back its investment in a little over ten years, with profits thereafter ranging from fifteen to twenty-two per cent. During the negotiations, Koh used the computer model to develop a sliding three-level royalty system, which, with a two-per-cent royalty in lean years and a four-per-cent royalty in good years, would produce payments to the Seabed Authority, over the twenty-year lifetime of a mining project, of between two hundred million dollars, for a marginal project, and two billion dollars, for a successful one. The royalties would still be slightly below those in many recent international contracts for the development of various resources.

A third group was chaired by Ambassador Satya Nandan, of Fiji, a rising young diplomat, of whom it was sometimes said that he carried more weight in the conference than delegates from the countries of the European Economic Community, to which he was then Fiji's Ambassador, just as Koh had more influence than the representatives of some nine hundred million Chinese. (He subsequently was appointed Foreign Secretary of Fiji, and now is Deputy Special Representative of the Secretary-General for the Law of the Sea.) Nandan had written the first texts on the Law of the Sea in Committee Two, with Galindo Pohl, a delegate from El Salvador, in the early days of the conference, and he had brought a special conclave of coastal and LL/GDS countries on the bitter issue of fishing rights to an early conclusion in 1979. He was currently trying to bring about an accommodation among similarly touchy countries interested in deep-sea mining—would-be miners, metals importers, current producers of metals, and the Seventy-seven—on how much of the world metals markets seafloor mining should have the option to take over.

While the issue was being dissected in Nandan's group, some participants concluded that much of the resistance to agreements on seafloor mining, often attributed to small, Third World metals-producing countries, originated with Canada. As Nandan's negotiation proceeded, Canada appeared the least willing to compromise. The position of Canada in the conference was unusual. Throughout the negotiations, Canada started many of the initiatives that kept the conference moving. Canada also had a wider range of interests than most of the other countries, and delegates felt that Canada had gained more—as the nation with the longest coastline in the world, as a Margineer, and as a beneficiary of special provisions for ice-covered regions. Now, as the session progressed, and adjustments and compromises increased, Canada was being called on to compromise on several fronts. When Ambassador Beesley, apparently under strict orders, resisted the settlements being offered, other delegates became resentful, feeling that no country gained more or complained more than Canada. Ambassador Beesley, for his part, said during the session, "Canada has never tried to persuade Third World countries that its positions were theirs, as it's been accused of doing. For one thing, they're very suspicious of people who try to do that, and rightly. What Canada has done is present its ideas to delegates who might be sympathetic—this is what every delegate does—and hope they eventually respond."

In a group of legal experts which dealt with the settlement of future seabed disputes, Dr. Harry Wuensche, of East Germany, was guiding delegates toward a delicately balanced compromise that would give mining companies the right to take the Seabed Authority to commercial arbitration over contract disputes. (Disputes involving interpretation of the treaty itself were to be referred to a Seabed Disputes Chamber, which is part of the International Tribunal for the Law of the Sea, established by the treaty.) Wuensche, a professor of international law from the Academy for Political Science and Jurisprudence in East Germany, has rubbery features and a wide smile, and his integrity was relied on by every delegate involved. Describing the negotiations later, he said, "We had members from many differing legal systems. Sometimes we were a seminar in systems of international law. I—we—learned a lot about other systems. First, I had to hear all points of view and learn the hard points of every delegation. After I heard all points of view, I produced a 'non-paper,' to have something in writing, to make it clearer what were the common points and what were the issues. In the first three weeks, I produced fifteen or sixteen drafts. We agreed, first of all, on principles. On the twenty-first of March, I put to my group only one question: 'Can you live with this draft, or not? We now know all points of view; we have no need to repeat any. Now only those who cannot live with this have the floor—that means a government cannot ratify the convention if this provision is in it. But if you change one comma, it is killed.' Under these circumstances, no one spoke, and I took the gavel. There is only one precondition for a successful negotiation: all sides must feel you are completely fair. They knew that I was not defending national interests."

SHORTLY before the conference's 1980 session opened, a group of the more influential delegates met at the Brussels Restaurant, in New York, at a dinner given by Jorge Castañeda, Mexico's Foreign Secretary and for-

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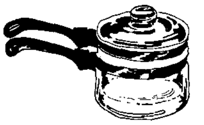
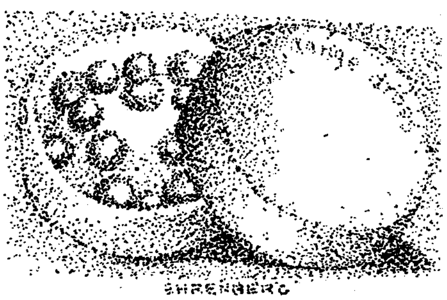


merly its chief delegate. In view of the great number of important issues to be resolved, and the short time allotted to discussing them, this group decided to meet regularly as an informal steering committee and to attempt to deal quickly with any difficulties that might arise. (The conference had a formal steering committee, called the General Committee, but it was an unwieldy body of forty-eight countries, and did not reflect the sources of power and influence in the conference.) Later known as either "the steering committee" or "the Castañeda group," these delegates and some others, who joined them later, met every Monday and Wednesday evening at six at the Australian Mission. The chairman was Ambassador Brennan, of Australia, a short, cheerful man who, though he was not in charge of any formal negotiations, was trusted by everyone and had worked informally and without credit on solutions to some of the most intractable of the seabed problems. The negotiating chairmen were Koh, Nandan, Wuensche, and Ambassador Constantine Stavropoulos, of Greece, whose committee on fishery-dispute settlements had concluded its work a year before. A distinguished diplomat, and former general counsel of the General Assembly, Stavropoulos had given the conference its definition of consensus and had persuaded countries to submit to the compulsory use of conciliation in disputes involving their resources. Other members of the group were Joseph Y. Warioba, the Attorney General of Tanzania, who was a tall, gentle, soft-spoken man, an idealist and one of the fiercest opponents of the industrial countries; Jens Evensen; Edward Kanyanya Wapenyi, the ambassador from Uganda; Deputy Foreign Minister Kozyrev and Ambassador Kolosovsky, from the Soviet Union, who were involved in virtually every negotiation of the conference, and were considered by both allies and opponents straightforward and reliable, if occasionally somewhat heavy-handed; Elliot Richardson, George Aldrich, and Bernard Oxman. Kozyrev, solid and heavyset, with a mane of white hair (his special purview was the British Commonwealth and the Middle East), very senior, very experienced, disciplined, thorough, had a quick sense of humor but was very tough. Kolosovsky, tall, thin, urbane, articulate, quick, often forceful, and sometimes apparently anxious, was a full-time delegate to the conference. Richardson, since his appointment, in 1977, had devoted his formidable energies to bringing the conference to a successful conclusion, and had quickly become part of what some delegates called the Club of the Conference. As the representative of a major power, he operated most often behind the scenes, and frequently made proposals through other delegates. Richardson, who has the chiselled good looks of Dick Tracy, is a creator of ornately Byzantine doodles, and occasionally in negotiations, when the United States was stating its position, there was heard in the background, over the delegates' earphones, an unearthly wailing sound, like the song of the humpback whale—the sound of Richardson's felt-tipped pen, doodling. He had the ability to enter any negotiation on the spur of the moment. This conference, he said, was the hardest thing he had ever done. He has compared it to a combination of no-limit poker and three-dimensional chess.

Though all but a few of the negotiations were making steady progress, they were not proceeding fast enough to meet the deadline that the conference had set itself, of ceasing negotiations at the end of the third week in March, 1980, and moving on to debate and formalization of a draft treaty. Some countries had already achieved all that was of importance to them, or, like the Soviet Union, were close to having done so, and were eager to bring negotiations to a close and end the risk that the agreements already reached would start to unravel. Others, including the United States, said they could consider all the agreements that were important to them only if they were given more time. At the meetings of the Castañeda group during the third week, some delegates expressed fears that the conference leadership did not sufficiently appreciate some matters still under discussion, and might try to close off the negotiations if only an agreement was reached on the crucial issue of voting powers in the proposed governing council of the Seabed Authority. Many countries would then be caught short. "If we don't keep things open," one chief delegate observed, "we'll find we've been rolled." Following the meetings of the Castañeda group, Brennan met with President Amerasinghe, who agreed that the conference had to be extended. When, on Thursday, March 20th, with only one day left in the period originally allotted to negotiation, the conference's General Committee met to formally consider the problem, the hall was packed, and the air of expectancy increased as the meeting failed to begin until a full hour after the scheduled time. President Amerasinghe finally convened the gathering, announcing that, in the truncated debate that would follow, he would limit countries to ten minutes apiece to say everything they had to say about the treaty as it then stood—and he did, repeatedly reminding delegates of the time, both real and elapsed, during the three days of sessions, morning, afternoon, and night, it took for all those who wished to speak for ten minutes to do so. After Amerasinghe's proposal, only a few countries made formal statements. Ambassador Richardson said that, important as the conference's self-imposed deadline was, the negotiations were its first duty and should not be curtailed. Ambassador Kozyrev agreed to postponement of the negotiating deadline, but said that postponements should not become a habit. Ambassador Wapenyi, of Uganda, speaking for the Seventy-seven, agreed that postponements should not be ad libitum, and rejected the idea of continuing negotiations while debating the draft treaty, because that would undermine consideration of a package deal. Then, there being no objections to the president's proposal, it was adopted by the conference's system of consensus. The postponement and the extension into the next week were accomplished with great cheerfulness, except for a sharp exchange between Amerasinghe and Engo over whether Engo had said he would deliver the report of his committee on Friday or Monday.



MANY dire consequences were predicted, and threatened, at various times should the treaty not be fully ratified, or should one or a few countries reject it: Countries could extend their claims of ownership even farther out to sea than they had already done, and many, perhaps all, could increase their claims to total sovereignty over adjacent waters. Permission could be required for ships of distant countries to pass through territorial waters on their way to other countries. Tolls could be demanded, especially at straits, and passage could simply be refused (most countries today are well supplied with discouraging short-range missiles); and some countries might take forceful measures to spare themselves such threats. A company that started mining the seafloor in defiance of the treaty or of the conference might find itself or its subsidiaries threatened with an international boycott or seizure of its assets in foreign countries, or, far more likely, it might simply lose bids for contracts for aircraft, oil rigs, and the like to Japanese or European competitors whose governments had accepted the treaty.

By the beginning of the third week, the temperature of the negotiations had risen considerably. Many faces were tense. "It's like a spring that is all wound up," one delegate said. Another described the atmosphere as urgency approaching desperation. Delegates huddled in tight circles in the halls outside the negotiating rooms. By the middle of the fourth week, there was for much of the time an uneasy silence. Negotiation-group chairmen had closeted themselves to write their conclusions, and could not be found; other delegates, too, could not be found. Few people knew what was going on or how much of their positions the chairmen would accept.

Seated behind a negotiating table late in the fourth week of the session, the massive Paul Engo, arms outthrust on either side and hands gripping the table, seemed a magnate of great puissance. His group was negotiating the voting powers for the council of the Seabed Authority. For all the countries, this was the most critical of the seabed issues. By the end of the fourth week, all other negotiations on basic issues had been settled, leaving only this one unresolved. The seabed was to remain the outstanding problem.

—WILLIAM WERTENBAKER

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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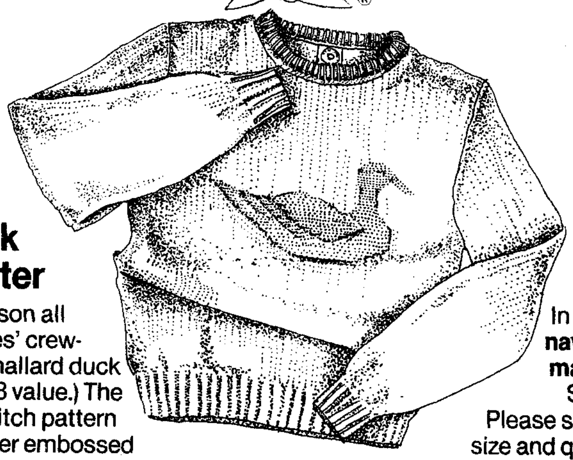

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AS the men around President Reagan tell it, things were coming along nicely until, out of the blue, the matter of "filched," or "pilfered," or whatever, briefing papers from the Carter White House during the 1980 campaign whanged into their well-laid plans. The economy was recovering, and this, they say, was resulting in a sharp and dramatic improvement in the way people viewed the President—especially compared to last January, when, according to one of the President's advisers, the polls were "fairly dismal." The unexpected almost always does occur in the course of a political campaign (whether or not the President is on one, his aides are). But no one was prepared for this particular oddity. Even how it arose was strange. The first reaction of the President's people, and of Reagan himself, was to assume that the whole thing would blow over quickly, and thus the President made what his advisers now recognize as a big mistake: he did not appear to take it seriously, and even uttered a phrase—"much ado about nothing"—that could be, and was, turned back on him. Several of his advisers realized that his June 28th press conference, which was largely taken up by questions on the briefing papers, was a disaster; once again, the President failed to convey an impression that he took the subject seriously, or that he was on top of it—thus emphasizing one of Reagan's greatest vulnerabilities. Within a relatively short time, the advisers began to realize that the issue would not go away soon and to sense that, no matter how it turned out, the President would be damaged.

Washington, as well, reacted to the story minimally at first, but then pounced on it as not only a potentially big one but also a welcome diversion. The story had its comic along with its serious, even potentially sinister, aspects, and it made for better rumor swapping and reading than, say, Central America or the budget. Washington shortly became overwhelmed with rumors, and it was hard to get down the street without hearing at least a few. People admitted that they reached for the morning papers with a new interest. Once the story got going in the press, competitive instincts were kindled. The bureau chief of one important paper cut short his vacation to return to Washington, and some reporters' vacations were cancelled.

But despite all the hubbub, and the fact that the story seemed to fly off on a number of tangents, some of them seemingly inconsequential, it was clear from an early stage that the questions at the heart of the matter were far from trivial. If in fact the Reagan people, in preparing Reagan for the 1980 debate with Carter, used papers that had been prepared for Carter, then the debate, a major event in the election, was a fraud. If in fact the Reagan people did not hesitate to use papers obtained from the Carter White House, this was at the least a serious ethical breach. Campaigns do try to learn of each other's plans, their poll data, their purchases of time for television advertising, and the like, of course, but there does not seem to be any precedent for the use of a large number of documents obtained, by whatever means, from the other camp—not to mention from the White House. Moreover, a debate is a thing unto itself: it is a sporting event, in which each candidate is expected to come armed with his own material and try to trip up the other one. (It is this sporting aspect, intensified by the press, that turns the debates into something they oughtn't to be, but that is another subject.) If one side knows what the other is going to do, it is not a fair fight. Few people here suggest that Carter would have defeated Reagan in the debate if Reagan had not had surreptitious aid: Reagan is a skilled debater, and Carter would have looked like the tense, bleached rabbit that he did that night anyway (though it can never be known whether Reagan would have made some major mistake, or appeared more ill at ease). But it is true that the stakes were very high and that the debate was a key event—if not the key event—of the election. That there was only one debate (another problem, and also another subject) heightened its importance. At the time, Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, told me, "Given the political environment, the election is going to hang or fall on that debate." Another question was whether there was a systematic attempt to obtain information from within the Carter White House, some of it highly sensitive and perhaps classified. Was there, in fact, a literal intelligence operation mounted against the Carter White House? There was also the question, of course, of whether any crimes were committed, but in a way this seemed of lesser rank than the questions about whether there had been yet another perversion of the political process. It was these questions that kept the story going, loopy as it sometimes seemed to be. A side drama, but a drama that had both human interest and large implications in terms of the shape and nature of the Reagan Administration, was the impact of the controversy on some of the most important figures in that Administration.

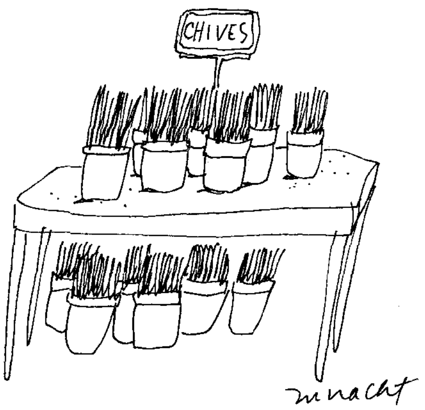
The briefing-papers story, in retrospect, ballooned rather quickly—in less than a month it grew from a minor item in the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post* into a major item on the television networks. The first newspaper mention of it, in the *Times* and the *Post*, occurred on June 9th: both papers referred to a passage in "Gambling with History," a new book by Laurence Barrett, of *Time*, which said that before the debate a member of the Reagan campaign staff had "an unusual prize: briefing material that the other side was using." Barrett had written: "Apparently a Reagan mole in the Carter camp had filched papers containing the main points the President planned to make when he met Reagan for the debate." (Barrett also wrote that the Reagan people were pleased that the papers "had included every important item Carter used on the air except one: his reference to his daughter, Amy, in connection with nuclear arms control.") Jody Powell, Carter's former press secretary, had begun to receive calls about the item in the Barrett book, but no major story had appeared. So Powell, now a columnist, wrote a column about it, which appeared, among other places, in the following Sunday's *Post*. Three days later, Patrick Caddell, Carter's former pollster, went on the "Today" program to talk

about the debate issue. Then, for a while, the story was out there, hanging in suspension, with former Carter aides anxiously trying to keep it alive, encouraging some interested reporters to work on it and seeking to interest congressional Democrats in it. (Peter Rodino, Democrat of New Jersey and chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, who presided over the impeachment proceedings against Richard Nixon, was not interested.) Then the *Post* reported that Reagan campaign aides did recall receiving "several hundred pages of anticipated questions and answers from a Carter briefing book before the debate." James Baker, the White House chief of staff, who had handled the arrangements for the debate for the Reagan campaign, remembered what was described in the *Post* as "a black notebook about three inches thick, with about three hundred pages in it," and another former Reagan campaign aide remembered an unbound "wad of double-spaced question and answer pages." To this moment, it remains unclear whether the Reagan people received the final briefing book prepared for Carter, which contained points about strategy as well as substance—and which fit Baker's description—or earlier versions of it, without the strategy, as the Reagan people maintain. Nor is it clear what moral difference it makes. (Actually, David Rubenstein, the Carter White House aide who was in charge of preparing the briefing book, says that even his preliminary drafts of questions and answers had strategy points in them.) Meanwhile, the staff of a hitherto obscure subcommittee—the Human Resources Subcommittee of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee—which is headed by a hitherto unknown congressman, Donald Albosta, a Democrat from the central part of southern Michigan, had taken an interest. The subcommittee has jurisdiction over the Ethics in Government Act.

And, as occasionally happens, one small move set in motion big events. Albosta in mid-June sent off letters to Baker; to David Gergen, now the communications director of the White House, who had worked with Baker on the debate arrangements; to David Stockman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, who had impersonated Carter during Reagan's rehearsals for the debate; and to William Casey, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, who had been the director of the Reagan 1980 campaign. Their apparently contradictory replies—Baker wrote that he remembered that he had been given "a large looseleaf bound book (I believe in a black binder) that was thought to have been given to the Reagan camp by someone with the Carter campaign," and that it was his "best recollection" that Casey had given it to him "with the suggestion that it might be of use to the Debate Briefing Team;" Casey wrote that he had "no recollection" of any papers "as described in Mr. Barrett's account"—set off an explosion. Stockman, in his letter to the subcommittee, recalled "a thick, unbound set of pages" dealing with policy issues which, he explained, he had previously called "useful" because it had helped him prepare to play Carter in the debate rehearsals. Actually, Baker, though he talked about a "black binder," did say that he had "no recollection" of seeing or receiving "any debate strategy or sensitive debating points" prepared for Carter. Thus it is entirely possible that Casey, without giving the matter much thought, passed along to Baker some material that was not the final debate book prepared for Carter and recently released by Caddell but an earlier version of the final debate book. (Casey, in his denial, said, "I can assure you that the campaign management never contemplated, directed or authorized any effort to obtain information of this kind nor, to my knowledge, did the campaign ever use or have the kind of information described in Mr. Barrett's book.") According to some people at the White House, Casey and Baker discussed the letters they would be sending to the subcommittee, and it was clear that the disparity between their replies would cause a big problem. But neither man was willing to budge. Then, on July 6th, the *Times* published a story based on an interview with Casey, who had dropped around to the *Times* Washington bureau to give his side of the story, apparently out of concern that his failure of recollection wasn't going over well, and that he might be on the way to becoming a fall guy. And another explosion hit Washington. Casey's denial had a certain porousness ("It would be totally uncharacteristic and quite incredible that I would hand anybody a book I knew to be from the Carter campaign and say this might be helpful to the debate"), and his defenders later said the question was whether he "*knowingly*" passed along the papers, but what mesmerized Washington about the interview was that it appeared to be a declaration of war on Baker. "I wouldn't tolerate it," Casey said of receiving any such papers. "I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole." Moreover, he said, the debate team was "remiss" in not telling the campaign hierarchy about the papers. Baker, aware that he was in a big fight, made no further comment, but columnists known to be friendly to the respective parties carried on the feud on their behalf, and Washington solemnly weighed the statements the two men had made, and, like spectators at a coliseum, looked forward to what they assumed would be a fight to the finish. (Along the way, the controversy acquired the name "Debategate," which was unfortunate and inaccurate. The term began early as a nervous joke among some Carter people, at a time they themselves wondered whether the story would go anywhere. The suffix "gate" has been indiscriminately applied to all manner of scandals and scandalettes since the great one of 1973-74, whereas each is a thing unto itself, and of its own degree of importance.)

Meanwhile, Stockman allowed that he had been the source of Barrett's anecdote about the "filched" papers, and it was reported that Stockman had bragged to a luncheon of the Optimist Club, in Cassopolis, Michigan, on the day of the debate that he had been helped in preparing Reagan for the debate by using a "pilfered copy of the briefing book he [Carter] was going to use," and predicted what both candidates would say. The original story about what Stockman told the Optimist Club appeared on the day after the debate in a paper called the Elkhart *Truth*—and was ignored until recently. When these new stories broke, Stockman was thereupon believed to be in deep trouble, his primary sin apparently being that he talks too much. He had survived in his job after his confessions of private doubts about the Reagan economic program had been published in *The Atlantic* in December, 1981—and after what was described at the time as a trip to the President's "woodshed"—but he was as if on probation. Stockman does in fact have a little-boy quality to him, the infectious charm of the enthusiastic wunderkind who never quite grew up. His has been a life of brilliance, and unsteadiness: the brightest boy wherever he went, who gained important sponsors along the way, but never seemed rooted. He enthusiastically embraced one totality after another. His course has taken him from a farm in St. Joseph, Michigan, to Michigan State, where he was involved in radical student politics during the Vietnam War; to Harvard Divinity School, where he drifted toward "neo-conservative" politics and the social sciences; to the staff of a liberal-to-moderate Republican congressman (John Anderson); to being elected, at twenty-nine, a Republican congressman from Michigan, who attracted attention almost at once; to becoming, at thirty-four, Reagan's budget director and one of the most powerful people in the country. It is utterly in character that Stockman now says that he told the local leaders of Cassopolis (pop. 2,000)—the hardware-store dealer, the town banker, and others—about the debate because he wanted to titillate them and also wanted them to think that he was in the big time. Stockman tells people that he does not remember the episode but that if it was in the paper that he said these things he must have said them. And he tells people that it is regrettable that he used the word "pilfered," because in fact he assumed that the material had been leaked by someone in the Carter White House. While Stockman has recently told people that "filched" was Barrett's word, his own spokesman had confirmed earlier that Stockman used the word in talking to Barrett. Stockman also says that the reason he had called the material "useful" was that it was useful in the sense that he had interrupted his own campaigning for his House seat and had one day to prepare for the Reagan rehearsals, and that he didn't want to make a fool of himself before the Reagan high command. But, he says, the documents were not sufficiently significant to give him moral qualms.

There have been a number of contradictions by Reagan people about the nature of the domestic material they had. Whatever such material they did have has not been released. They are saying that they did not have—or do not recollect having—the final briefing book prepared for Carter, and Stockman sometimes refers to having a collection of papers, but the Elkhart *Truth* quotes him as saying that he had used a "pilfered copy of the briefing book he [Carter] was going to use." And Baker did refer to a "black binder." Maybe what Baker received in the "black binder" was then removed from it. Maybe what all this amounts to is a loose use of language; maybe not. Sometimes Stockman says that what he had was Carter issue boilerplate, but he has also said that he saw "Carter questions and answers" having to do with certain subjects—the economy, energy, the environment, and others. The Carter people maintain that this constituted material that contained strategy. Early in the controversy, Reagan told reporters, "I don't think there ever was a briefing book as such." Frank Hodsoll, who also helped prepare Reagan for the debate, has said that he remembers seeing questions and answers. (Hodsoll is now chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts.) Stockman says that the papers he used were probably tossed out by his congressional office.



THE dispute over the briefing papers deepened the schisms in an already divided Administration—more divided than any in memory, which is saying quite a bit—and outsiders who had already chosen up sides jumped on this new opportunity to rid the Administration of members of the unwanted faction. The schisms within the Reagan White House were peculiarly deep because they were caused by factors that went well beyond the usual jockeying for position. In the case of the Reagan Administration, the jockeying for position is overlaid with ideological, political, and even cultural and social factors—all making for a mixture that turns ordinary power plays into tong wars. The alignment within the Reagan White House is usually described as "pragmatists" versus either "ideologues" or, depending on who is assigning the labels, "true Reaganites." But the categorizations blur things somewhat. Counted among the pragmatists are Baker; Stockman; Gergen; Richard Darman, assistant to the President; and Michael Deaver, dep-

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uty chief of staff. Counted among the ideologues are William Clark, the President's national-security adviser; Edwin Meese, counsellor to the President; and Casey. The categories aren't quite that neat, because Deaver has worked for Reagan in some capacity since 1966, when he was brought into the Governor's office in California by Clark. And Casey was a Nixon–Wall Street Republican. The pragmatists (except for Deaver) are seen by Reagan's right-wing supporters as parvenus who won't "let Reagan be Reagan": who not only seek tax increases but talk about it in the press; who do not share Reagan's (and Clark's) hard-line-foreign-policy emphasis or his enthusiasm for the size of the military buildup that is under way. Speaking of Baker, one longtime Reagan man said to me recently, "Some of us feel that Jim's too outspoken in talking to the press, that he pushes his own views, not the President's view. And there was a feeling that sometimes Jim was up on the Hill making deals that were not the deals the President sent him up there to make. The old Reaganites who never played it that way feel this way." Baker and Gergen had worked for the Presidential nomination of George Bush (Baker was Bush's campaign manager, and before that had worked for Ford's campaign), and, Bush's faithfulness to Reagan notwithstanding, anyone connected with him is suspect in the eyes of the longtime Reaganites. This has to do with not just the present but the future: moves to moderate Reagan policies are suspected of being taken not simply to help Reagan but with a view to helping Bush's political future when the opportunity arises for him to make his own run for the Presidency again, against some candidate the far right would prefer. This is a very suspicious bunch. Baker is cut out for attracting resentments: though new to the Reagan group, he maneuvered himself into the prime position in the White House staff (at least until Clark came along); he is a handsome, wealthy man, at home with the higher social circles of both his native Houston and Washington. (None of the other top Reagan aides has such a background.) Baker is seen by the old Reaganites as using his savvy and his entrée to further himself and his own views, and to obtain the protection that such entrée brings from criticism of the Reagan Administration. This path is one that some members of every Administration try to take, and, while it has its perils, Baker has so far been particularly successful at it. Deaver is resented by at least some old Reaganites as a man who, as they see it, owes everything to his association with Reagan but fell under the spell of Baker, and was a bit too taken with Washington's social glamour. Gergen had worked for Nixon and Ford, which makes anybody suspect to the old Reaganites and right-wingers; and Darman, whom Baker brought into the White House, had, of all things, worked for Elliot Richardson.

The true Reaganites had not spent all those years struggling to take over the Republican Party, and ultimately the Presidency, in order to have their Administration taken over by "pragmatists." Thus, as the battle heated over the papers issue, Richard Viguerie, the New Right leader, who had often complained about the takeover of the Reagan Administration by "Wall Street and the Fortune 500," appeared on television to deplore the behavior of the group (headed by Baker) that had prepared Reagan for the debate. Others also took swipes at the "newcomers" who had so misserved Reagan.

Casey is perhaps the most interesting character in this whole brew. Because he mumbles (to the point where he is sometimes difficult to understand) and has a shambling style, he is often underestimated. He is a very tough man and—as recent events prove—a formidable infighter. He has had an unusual career. He was a disciple of William (Wild Bill) Donovan, the head of the Office of Strategic Services (the forerunner of the C.I.A.) during the Second World War, and came away with the respect of his O.S.S. colleagues. He made a fortune as a lawyer and investor. When questions arose about possible connections between the settlement by the Nixon Justice Department of an anti-trust case against I.T.T. and a commitment by I.T.T. to contribute four hundred thousand dollars to the 1972 Republican Convention, Casey, who was chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, was alleged to have sent pertinent documents out of his office and over to John Mitchell's Justice Department, where they would be protected from interested congressional committees. After Reagan named him director of the C.I.A., Casey engendered some controversy for his failure to list many of his law clients and assets and liabilities on his disclosure form during Senate proceedings on his confirmation. And he stirred up more dust by naming as the head of covert operations Max Hugel, a Runyonesque businessman who had worked in the 1980 Reagan campaign. Hugel, whose appointment shocked the old-line C.I.A. professionals, as well as outsiders who had nothing to do with the agency, eventually had to resign, over allegations of improper stock-trading practices. In the summer of 1981, there was a brief furor over Casey, involving allegations of earlier financial misconduct and lingering irritation over his appointment of Hugel, with the whole thing having the aura of a multilayered affair which events surrounding the C.I.A. usually do. Senators resentful of Casey's bluff style, ex-C.I.A. (and perhaps current C.I.A.) operatives resentful of management of their agency by "amateurs," and various people disturbed by Casey's role all got in on the act. Casey partisans came to his defense. After an investigation, the Senate Intelligence Committee in December reported that it had no basis for concluding that Casey was "unfit to serve." But he continued to make people uneasy. Recently, there was a smaller to-do over the fact that Casey continued to manage his multimillion-dollar portfolio while sitting in a position that made him privy to highly sensitive, and perhaps financially useful, information. Other top government officials had voluntarily placed their holdings in blind trusts, and some Reagan officials were embarrassed by Casey's refusal to do so. But Casey's position on this matter was consistent with his "the hell with 'em" attitude:

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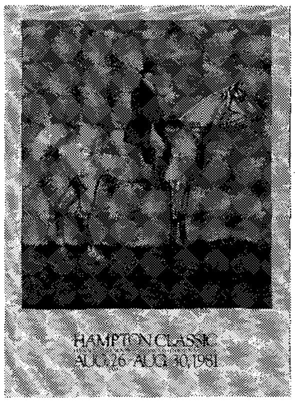

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he is a man who has done well in the world and does not choose to live by other men's rules. (A few days ago, under congressional pressure, Casey agreed to put his holdings in a blind trust; he said there was nothing wrong with the way he had handled his finances, but that he was "tired of being hassled about it.") His management of the C.I.A. has been controversial in itself. According to a number of people, he has retained the swashbuckling style of the Wild Bill Donovan do-something days, and is more inclined than several of his predecessors to use the instruments of the agency for covert purposes. Nor does he shrink from offering his policy views as well as his intelligence assessments—"He is very outspoken," says one Reagan adviser—and his policy views tend to place him with the very-hard-liners within the Reagan entourage. Many of the agency's professionals, and its alumni, find Casey's policymaking activity disturbing, because of the clouds it places on the intelligence information he offers.

That Casey ended up within the circle of the conservative Californians around Reagan was not necessarily predictable. He comes from a different world, and has little in common with them. But it was Casey who was brought in to rescue the Reagan 1980 campaign for the nomination, on the day of the New Hampshire primary, in February, when Reagan dismissed John Sears as campaign manager because of internal feuds and because campaign funds had been overspent. "Casey came in and became part of the old team," says Lyn Nofziger, who was White House director of political affairs in 1981 and then became a political consultant. "Those were the old Reaganites in the primary days." Casey's relationship with Baker has been a rocky one. According to people who know both men, Casey began as a strong backer of Baker, and ended up as his strong antagonist. Their relationship is a study of a collision between two tough, strong-willed men. People who have observed both men closely say that Casey is the tougher of the two. It was Casey who recruited Baker for the Reagan campaign—Baker had previously not been offered what he considered an important enough post, and had returned to Houston. Casey put Baker in charge of arrangements for whatever debates might occur, and, according to someone who knows them both, was a strong backer of his in the campaign and during the first year of the Administration. But then Casey grew suspicious of Baker, feeling that a number of actions Baker took were in the interest of his own political future, and that of George Bush. Matters weren't helped when rumors emanated from the White House from time to time that Baker might be named head of the C.I.A.; the rumors were presumed to come from Baker and his allies. (The C.I.A. post was one of several positions "mentioned" for Baker, as a way of both advancing his career and removing him from the right wing's line of fire.) Gradually, Casey grew increasingly outspoken in his criticism of Baker within the Reagan circle. Richard Allen, whom Baker helped maneuver out of his job as Reagan's national-security adviser—it was discovered that Allen had accepted watches, and an envelope containing a thousand dollars in cash from a Japanese magazine was found in his office safe—and who harbors deep resentments, is, according to mutual friends, very close to Casey. Then Baker insisted on telling the House subcommittee that he recalled receiving the briefing papers from Casey. And after that there appeared in the *Post* a leak from the White House making fun of Casey's mumble, his management of his portfolio (one White House joke had it that C.I.A. really stood for "Casey Investing Again"), and his poor memory about the briefing book. By this time, it was all-out war, with several people caught uncomfortably in the middle.

The atmosphere at the White House has been tense throughout these events. One White House aide, in a conversation we had as the story was beginning to unfold, went on at some length, and with some vehemence, about what he assumed to be ethical lapses in the personal lives of the press. Another began a half-hour conversation with the statement that he did not want to talk about the briefing-papers controversy, and his next sentence was, "How long do you think this thing will go on?" And most of that conversation was taken up with the subject. The matter has been a major source of distraction at the White House; it is the sort of thing that is clearly on the minds of the principal figures even when they are talking about something else. It is the sort of thing that makes it hard to govern. The President's aides worried about his image, and about their heads. Early in the controversy, Reagan had said that the Justice Department would "monitor" the case, and shortly after that the Justice Department inquiry became a criminal investigation. Then, just after the President seemed to disappear from sight—a development that worried his image-makers—he theatrically strode into an early-morning staff meeting and ordered his aides to coöperate with the F.B.I. Some people who belong to neither camp believe that, whatever Reagan does about it—whether or not anyone is forced to resign—the breach that the controversy has caused cannot be healed. Some officials were at pains to indicate that their own skirts were clean, and indicated that if some of their brethren had to go— well, that's too bad, but that's the way things are.

THE possibility that there might have been an organized intelligence-gathering operation on the part of the Reagan campaign has not been dismissed by even some of the less melodramatic people here, because of a number of known factors and some facts that have come to light. At the least, various members of the Reagan campaign busied themselves trying to obtain information of a nature that does not normally pass from camp to camp. To some extent, these people may have been, as Reagan people now say, the flotsam and jetsam that are drawn to many campaigns and try to win points by playing up their discoveries—but the Reagan campaign does seem to have attracted quite a lot of this. It is possible that those who sought information did it of their own volition, and that a lot of information came in over the transom. But something unusual was going on.

The first sign of this was when, on June 28th, the White House released a number of documents that it said had come into the possession of the Reagan campaign. The Carter people were quick to point out that some of the documents were briefing material covering foreign policy—preliminary material prepared for Carter's debate with Reagan and also some for a possible Mondale debate with Bush—and they asserted that no single person could have had access to both this material and the domestic briefing book. They said that the foreign-policy material was held within the offices of the National Security Council staff. (Some of the released material was found in the files of Gergen—under "Afghanistan"—who had at first written to the Albosta subcommittee that, in helping prepare Reagan for the debate, he "never studied nor drew upon any sensitive materials from the Carter camp." He also said that he did not recall "seeing a 'Carter debate book' or any other notebook from the Carter campaign.") Then it was reported in the *Post* that Richard Allen, Reagan's principal foreign-policy adviser in the campaign, had received some of the daily memorandums that the Carter National Security Council staff members wrote to their boss, Zbigniew Brzezinski—documents that Allen described as "innocuous" and unclassified, pertaining to such matters as staff morale. Allen also said that he had received only three of them. He said that they had come in over the transom. Why anyone would bother to send Allen three innocuous documents about N.S.C. staff morale is only one of the puzzles in this whole thing. (Brzezinski and his deputy, David Aaron, have said that the daily memorandums contained sensitive, substantive material.) Allen's behavior was of some interest, and people tried to decide whether what he was doing was simply settling scores. He went on ABC's "Nightline" on the night of July 4th to confirm that he had received some excerpts from N.S.C. staff memorandums ("I think it was probably the most innocuous material that I had ever seen") and, while he was at it, to take some swipes at Baker. Allen said that he was aware of the existence of the briefing book but added, "I thought it would be, in the first instance, highly unethical to use it." He said that "perhaps some of the people who had only recently come on board" the campaign—that is, Baker and Gergen—"may have had some fear that they were working for someone who wasn't competent on the issues." Four nights later, Carl Bernstein reported on "Nightline" that William Van Cleave, Reagan's defense-policy adviser during the campaign, said that Allen had given him Carter briefing documents to use in preparing Reagan for the debate. Allen denied this. Few were surprised when it was reported during that same week that Allen had named as the source of his documents Jerry Jennings, a former N.S.C. staff

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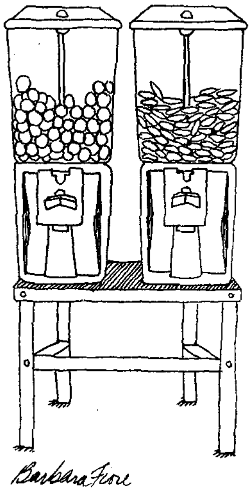
member in charge of security in the N.S.C. offices, who was, as it happens, the man who reported the discovery in Allen's safe of the envelope containing cash. Jennings, who had worked for the C.I.A. and the F.B.I., was on the National Security Council staff during the Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Reagan Presidencies and is currently executive director of the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy. Jennings' job as N.S.C. security officer entailed, among other things, seeing to it that sensitive documents were safely locked away, and he would have had access to the staff members' offices—and their safes. Jennings said that any suggestion that he was Allen's source "is untrue and absolutely ludicrous." Then, on July 9th, it was reported in the *Post* that Allen had said that he had merely been told by someone that Jennings was the source of the material, but he couldn't recall whom. (Some journalists later wondered whether they had underplayed the Jennings story, because they had assumed Allen was simply getting even.) By then, the *Times* had reported that Allen had received classified information. Someone who was in the Reagan campaign—and is presumably allied with Allen—said to me, "Dick had good contacts in the N.S.C." The *Times* also reported that an intelligence-gathering operation had been conducted by Stefan Halper, a researcher who had served on the Bush campaign and then worked in the Reagan campaign. Some former aides suggested that he was receiving information from the C.I.A. Halper later said that this was "preposterous." Halper's father-in-law, Ray Cline, who had been a deputy director of the C.I.A. and was an adviser to the Reagan campaign, responding to the *Times* on Halper's behalf, said that the idea that Halper had conducted such an exercise was a "romantic fallacy."



By this time, all manner of heretofore unknown names were popping up, and we had to come to grips with a whole new cast of characters. In this respect, it did seem for a moment like the early Watergate days. On the day that the *Times* published its story about the supposed intelligence operation, the *Post* published material from the Carter White House found after the campaign, by a collector of memorabilia, in a dumpster outside the Reagan headquarters. The material was of no great consequence, but what attracted attention was that this showed that still more material had somehow changed hands, and that a campaign volunteer, in a covering note to Meese, Robert Gray (a public-relations man who was deputy campaign manager for communications), and Casey, said the material had come from a "White House mole." Perhaps some of the people in the Reagan campaign had read too much John le Carré or were, as some Reagan people suggest, simply seeking the attention of the big shots.

But there was another possibility. It was known that the Reagan campaign was obsessed with the possibility that Carter might, shortly before the election, obtain the release of the hostages held in Iran. When Casey told a breakfast meeting of reporters at the Republican Convention, in Detroit, that the Reagan people thought there might be "an October surprise," his suggestion just seemed like good politics: any successful move by Carter would be seen as having been manipulated for the election. At the time, Casey used the term "intelligence operation" to describe the monitoring activity the campaign would conduct in order to anticipate the "surprise." One Reagan person told me recently that some of the campaign leaders saw the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962, just before that year's congressional elections, as a parallel for what Carter might do in October, 1980. "They knew what happened on what day in October, 1962," this man said, "and how the congressional elections were affected." It had already been reported that one Reagan campaign aide, Admiral Robert Garrick (Ret.), had organized a network of retired military officers to watch military bases for the movement of troops or transport planes. Garrick confirmed this. The disclosure was at once ludicrous and worrisome. When Carter attempted the rescue mission that failed, in April of 1980, the ships and helicopters were already in the area. A former Carter foreign-policy official says that a vital requirement of that or any other rescue mission was that it be carried out without any noticeable movement of troops or ships from the United States. He and others say that there were some contingency plans for another hostage-rescue attempt but that it was never seriously considered, because, among other things, the hostages had been dispersed from the American Embassy, where they had been held. Several people here think that the Garrick operation as described was so silly—a bunch of retired military officers standing watch with their binoculars—that it might have been a cover for something else. And it was never clear what these people would do if they did spot some military movement—pick up an unsecured telephone and report it to the Reagan campaign? Or what the Reagan campaign would do with such information. When I suggested to one Reagan official that even if Carter had mounted some new effort to rescue the hostages the Reagan campaign people could not have said anything until they saw how it turned out, and that there would have been plenty of time to prepare contingency statements, he replied, "But you're being logical." When Casey went to the *Times* Washington bureau, he said, "The campaign had no intelligence organization as such." He added, "Except the whole organization had their antennae out." Allen said on "Nightline," "I would say that even though we set up an operation designed to try to anticipate what might happen, particularly with regard to the so-called October surprise, it was based entirely on open sources." Allen also said that the story about retired military officers watching military bases—which Garrick had confirmed—was "preposterous." Allen said, "I never heard anything of that sort."

A number of factors led sensible people here—people without conspiratorial minds—to consider the possibility that something more serious than a loose collection of information gatherers, some of them self-starting, was involved in the Reagan 1980 campaign. It was known during the primaries that several former C.I.A. employees had joined the campaign of Bush, who had served as C.I.A. director for a year, from January, 1976, to January, 1977. (Other Bush campaign aides used to joke about the ex-C.I.A. people's penchant for secrecy, and their concern about the fact that the campaign didn't use burn bags.) Bush, who had served in the House and had been chairman of the Republican Na-

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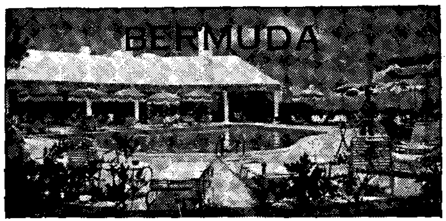

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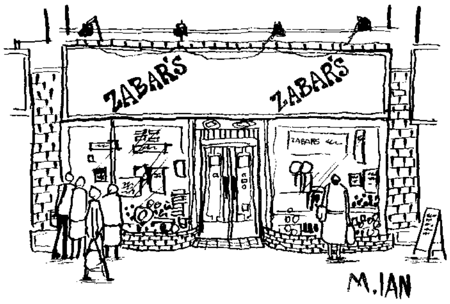
tional Committee during Watergate, was the first such political figure to be named head of the C.I.A. The appointment made some people nervous, but he got good marks for the job he did there, and he was, according to one former C.I.A. official, one of the most popular directors. This official says, "When George was running for President, there wasn't a person in the building who didn't support him." The C.I.A. professionals had ample reason for being unhappy with Carter. The man he named as C.I.A. director, Stansfield Turner, an admiral whom Carter had admired when both men were at Annapolis, was, like Bush, one of the few C.I.A. directors who didn't come from the ranks; but, unlike Bush, he was unpopular with them. Turner removed about six hundred people from their jobs in the area of covert operations: many of these people were placed in other positions, about two hundred of them retired, and a few were fired outright. This makes for a very unhappy network. Some of these people were what one former Carter official calls "the cowboys—the ones who run around and do things." Moreover, Carter, in 1978, issued a charter designed to put reins on the activities of the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. Many of the former C.I.A. people who helped out in the Bush campaign joined the Reagan-Bush campaign after the nomination. Among the people working with Halper was Robert Gambino, who had been the C.I.A. director of security, a position that gave him access to the files of people who had received high-level security clearances. (Such files usually contain rumors as well as facts about people's personal lives.) When Gambino left the C.I.A. and immediately joined the Bush campaign, some Carter White House people were concerned, but they concluded that there was nothing they could do about it. Halper has described what Gambino was doing for him as "grunt work," such as monitoring the news media. It struck a number of people here as odd that such a formerly high-level person would be doing such routine work. It is part of the subculture of Washington, and of politics, for networks of like-minded people in and out of the bureaucracy—people involved in the fields of poverty, education, agriculture, the military, or what have you—to share information and make common cause. When this sort of thing involves the C.I.A., however, it takes on a different aspect. And it is to be remembered that Casey had old C.I.A. contacts. (Ray Cline, Halper's father-in-law, is active in the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, a group of retired C.I.A. officials which holds meetings to express its concerns about the C.I.A.) Added to all that, according to some people here, was the anger on the part of several retired military officers and other strong supporters of the military at what they considered Carter's "weakening" of America's defenses. Therefore, these groups would have taken a great interest in seeing Carter defeated. What methods they might have used, or whether they used any more than is already known, is still open to speculation. But the atmosphere in Washington was such that, at Fourth of July parties, people actually engaged in serious debate over the question of whether, if it developed that there had been an effort by the intelligence community and perhaps old military hands, using clandestine methods, to bring down Carter, the country would care.

THERE were still other indications that, one way or another, sensitive information was flowing into the Reagan campaign, and that several Reagan campaign officials knew about it. Among the material released by the White House was a memorandum from Wayne Valis, a campaign volunteer who is now a public-relations man, to David Gergen, which Valis described as notes "based on a Carter debate staff brainstorming session—middle level types—nothing spectacular, but interesting—from a source intimately connected to a Carter debate staff member. Reliable." He added, "I gave a copy to Jim Baker." The material is indeed not spectacular, but it is the sort of thing that is helpful. The apparent innuendo ("intimately") in the Valis memorandum was only one of several things that set off waves of rumors and allegations about the sex lives of people who worked in the Carter White House and in the Reagan campaign. Many people are part of the permanent White House apparat—they stay when an Administration packs its bags. These people were natural suspects for the Carter people when this whole episode began, but then the Reagan people as well spread rumors about who had what sorts of personal relationships with whom—in part, it seems, to buttress their argument that all that happened was that a few documents, none of them important, were slipped to Reagan people by unhappy employees of the Carter White House. (Valis told a reporter, "I have no knowledge of any Reagan aides sleeping with Carter women to get information. If anyone says I do, it's preposterous.") There was also the story in the press that Carol Darr, the deputy counsel to the Carter campaign, had been told by a friend in the Reagan campaign, Charles Crawford, that the Reagan people had access to the debate briefing material and that therefore Reagan would win the debate. Miss Darr is reported to have told her boss, Tim Smith, who has said that he did nothing about the report because he found it "preposterous." Crawford worked under Robert Gray in the campaign.

The Reagan people have been suggesting that whatever material they received came from "disgruntled" employees of the Carter White House, and perhaps this is at least to some extent the case. About twelve hundred people work in what is loosely referred to as "the White House"—in the offices in the West Wing itself and in the Executive Office Building, next door. Most of these are the people who remain from Administration to Administration, and their loyalties are more to the institution of the Presidency than to the person who happens to be President. If the President is not a particularly considerate man, as Jimmy Carter wasn't, they can become disgruntled. Some Democrats who went to work for the Carter White House also undoubtedly became disgruntled over policy; some of them may well have favored the candidacy of Edward M. Kennedy. Moreover, during the Carter Administration there was a relatively easy flow of traffic between the Executive Office Building and the West Wing (though not to the most sensitive offices of the National Security Council staff). The Reagan Administration has shut off access of E.O.B. employees to the White House. But whether whatever disgruntled people there might have been would have of their own volition spirited all these documents out and sent them over the transom to the Reagan campaign is in question.



The fact is that it would not be very difficult to penetrate a White House if one put one's mind to it. The ingredients are in place. A certain number of White House employees will be holdovers from previous Administrations, and some will be former C.I.A. employees. A certain number of sexual relationships—heterosexual and homosexual—may exist between people who want information and people who are in a position to obtain it. C.I.A. agents are known to penetrate governments all over the world: getting information out of a White House would be no great trick for them. So there are three possibilities: that whatever material from the Carter White House landed in the Reagan campaign's hands was voluntarily sent over the transom; that various people in and around the Reagan campaign made it their business, on their own, to obtain such material; that there was an organized effort to obtain the material.

When the *Times* printed a suggestion, which was presumed to have come from Casey, that a longtime Kennedy retainer named Paul Corbin might have had something to do with the transfer of the briefing papers, a number of people assumed that this was an attempt on Casey's part to at once throw people off the trail and suggest a Kennedy tie-in to the whole episode. Corbin is a diminutive man with a wizened face and a gravel voice and a fanatic loyalty to the Kennedy family: he helped John Kennedy win the Wisconsin primary in 1960, and worked in the Justice Department for Robert Kennedy and on the Robert Kennedy campaign of 1968. (Corbin is known among the Kennedy followers as a trickster: an associate of the Kennedy family once told an interviewer, with reference to the Wisconsin primary, "If you have a job and you want to get it done, and you don't care *how* it's done, send Paul Corbin out to do it—but just understand you can never send him back to the same district.") Corbin hung around the Kennedy entourage, but few people seemed to have much idea of what he really did. (Edward Kennedy appeared to be uneasy about him, and Corbin seemed to play almost no role in Edward Kennedy's 1980 campaign.) Corbin is a man, to put it delicately, of strong feelings, and anyone who did not share his fanaticism toward Robert Kennedy was suspect (even those loyal

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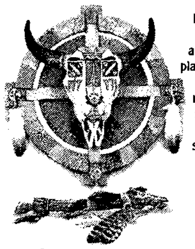

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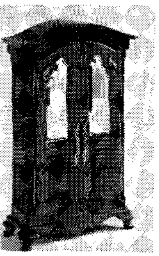

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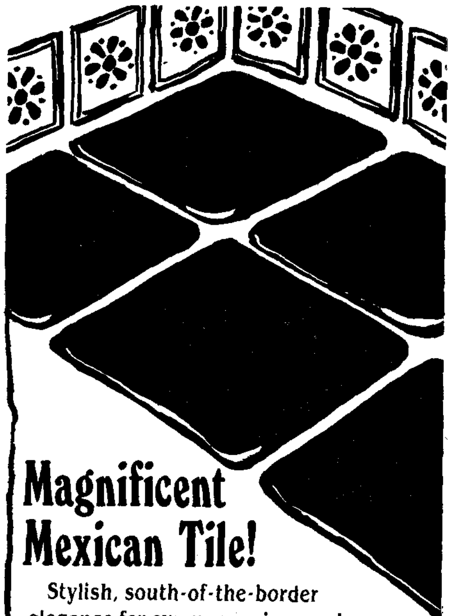

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to Robert Kennedy were often targets of Corbin's wrath). Somewhere along the way, Corbin decided to help Reagan get elected, and at this point Corbin says that all he did was provide Casey with some speech material on crime written by Adam Walinsky, a former aide to Robert Kennedy who was then chairman of the New York State Commission of Investigation and supported Lewis Lehrman in his New York gubernatorial race. But Corbin's role remains a matter of interest.

Another line of argument by the White House was that journalists, who print leaks, and even stolen documents, including the Pentagon Papers, were hypocritical to make a fuss over the briefing papers and other documents that made their way from the Carter White House to the Reagan camp. But there were differences: Daniel Ellsberg was tried for his theft of the Pentagon Papers, and the case was dismissed after it came to light that operatives retained by the Nixon White House had raided his psychiatrist's office; and the right of the *Post* and the *Times* to publish the Pentagon Papers was upheld by the Supreme Court. There was another difference (which White House officials did concede when it was suggested to them): When a journalist publishes a leak, or information from a leaked document (never mind that many of these leaks are provided by government, even White House, officials), the reader knows that he is reading a leak. (The story says something like "Documents obtained from government officials say . . .") But the public had no way of knowing that potentially sensitive information had been obtained by the Reagan camp, and that potentially helpful information had been used in preparation for the debate.

THE inescapable conclusion as of now is that something out of the ordinary occurred in the 1980 campaign. And too much appears to have happened to lay it all at the feet of disgruntled Carter workers. There were too many people in the Reagan campaign too eager to obtain information for whatever reason—and prepared to use it. All of the Reagan people insist that Reagan knew nothing about the obtaining of material from the Carter White House. They also insist that the material that came in was of no great value—but not, it seems, for want of trying. At this point, we don't really know what was obtained. Perhaps a lot of people were simply playing soldier. It is apparent that several high-level people knew that material was coming in. One puzzle is why they didn't act on what Casey said to the *Times* he would have acted on: a suspicion that they were being set up—that the material was inaccurate, or that someone would expose them as having it. "It could have destroyed the campaign," Casey said, in explaining why he wouldn't "touch it with a ten-foot pole." It is known that the Reagan campaign was extremely worried that Carter might do something about the hostages. It is clear that there was within the Reagan campaign a pattern and practice of obtaining sensitive information from within the White House. Perhaps all this activity amounts to separate pebbles; perhaps it forms a mosaic. In any event, as far as is known, this sort of activity does not represent, as some suggest, "politics as usual." Of course there have been "dirty tricks" before, and, especially in the pre-Watergate days, some high-handed activities on the part of Administrations—but that was then. As of now, there is no sign that anything quite like this has occurred before. (And if it has, should that make any difference?) There are in fact a large number of unwritten rules governing political campaigns—lines that, it is understood, should not be crossed; anything *doesn't* go. Moreover, differences in degree at some point become differences in kind. The only real question is whether these activities were encouraged or merely condoned.

By mid-July, the frenzy surrounding the story had subsided, and Washington calmed down. Journalistic fashion turned away from the story—but not completely. Now that the F.B.I. investigation was under way, it was assumed that it might be some time before there would be any big breaks, if, indeed, there were any more breaks. Some people assumed that more documents would come to light. There were various theories about why House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill was negative about Albosta's proceeding with the issue: some thought O'Neill had doubts about Albosta's ability to handle the case (Albosta had spoken out of turn on occasion), others took O'Neill at his word that he didn't consider it good politics (the Democrats should continue to harp on the economy and "fairness;" the issue might fizzle, leaving the Democrats empty-handed, or Reagan might fire someone and be considered a hero); some had other theories. O'Neill did say that if the subject was serious enough for a congressional investigation it should be conducted by the Judiciary Committee, and Rodino's staff was in fact now monitoring events. The Carter people fretted that unless people were put under oath the truth might not come out, and they argued that a special prosecutor should be appointed. More dispassionate observers suggested that only by having a special prosecutor appointed could the Reagan Administration make a convincing case that it had indeed got to the bottom of it. A number of people were aware that the story still had a lot of loose threads, some of which might unravel quite a lot. A few people were following those threads. Others went off on their vacations.

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

POLLEN

As when a breeze
slips off the water
and crosses a headland,
and even those limp zeros
wavelets make, fragile as
smoke rings, erase themselves
from the viscid surface,
and sails slacken,
so the air
this afternoon slackens,
and the page blurs
under your eyes
as the massive invisible
orgy of flower
quickening flower
sifts through the atmosphere,
drifts at its peak,
rose to rose,
and from roadside locust trees
birds stagger, drunk,
daring tires,
kneeling in the grass,

Insistent as midges, grains
tease at your nostrils,
and you cry onto the page
for no human reason.
And if somewhere
a boy's arm breaks the chains
of this lassitude
long enough
to toss a stone at a squirrel,
that pine exploding into gold
tilts you toward sleep
lightly. You whisper
how wings and the shadows of
wings circle you,
surrounding the years.

— BRENDAN GALVIN

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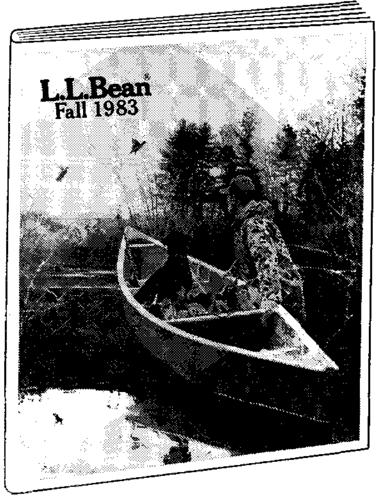

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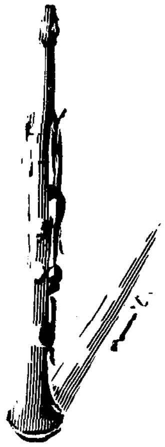
MUSICAL EVENTS

Pianists

THE most stirring concerts of the season were probably the seven of Alfred Brendel's Beethoven sonata cycle in Carnegie Hall, given in three weeks of May. They dominated New York's music, even though the city's busy, varied musical life makes hard a single-minded, Bayreuth-like attention to one composer. I missed two of them. The cycle is still being discussed and will be remembered.



Brendel, who is fifty-two, has been long associated with the sonatas. In the early nineteen-sixties, he recorded them for Vox, taking two years to do so. He played them in the Wigmore Hall, in London, in 1962. Between 1971 and 1978, he recorded them again, for Philips. (Both sets remain in print.) In the winter of 1976-1977, he played them in the Queen Elizabeth Hall, and in the spring he brought a three-concert sampler of that cycle to Carnegie—a program apiece of early, middle, and late sonatas. This season, Brendel played the cycle extensively—in ten European cities before New York. In Europe, he took out just one program at a time on the ten-city circuit and made the round seven times. Then in Carnegie he brought all the programs together. He began with Opus 2, No. 1, and ended with Opus 111, but otherwise disposed the sonatas, not chronologically, to form seven balanced programs. The fame of his latest cycle preceded him. The day after the London concerts (again given in the Elizabeth Hall) ended, the London *Times* had an editorial, entitled "A Whole World in His Hands," which told of "famous poets, writers, administrators, historians, as well as musicians, critics, and musical analysts at these concerts, in the midst of rapt capacity audiences," and of "hundreds of music lovers turned away." Hundreds of music lovers did not have to be turned away from Carnegie, but thousands came. The hall, which holds almost three thousand—the Elizabeth Hall holds a little over a thousand—was well filled for the first concert and was packed for the last.

Why an *intégrale*, as the French call it? On the simplest level, it's a feat and a challenge—to bring thirty-two intellectually and technically demanding works up to performance point. In his collection of essays "Musical Thoughts and Afterthoughts" (Princeton), Brendel tells us not to underestimate "the extent to which the circus is reflected in concert-giving," where "the interpreter puts himself on display: a juggler, tightrope-walker and trapeze-artist of piano-playing." This aspect, he suggests, "rather than the communication of musical essentials . . . even today draws many deeply serious listeners to the concert hall, unaware of their motivation." Saint-Saëns at his Paris début, in 1846, an eleven-year-old prodigy, offered as an encore to play any of the thirty-two sonatas from memory. Gary Goldschneider, I read, recently played all thirty-two in a single, twelve-hour recital. The first public *intégrale*, it seems, was Charles Hallé's, at eight London concerts in 1861. Carl Wolfsohn played all the sonatas in Philadelphia in 1863, and later in New York and Chicago. Artur Schnabel, the supreme Beethoven pianist of our century, played the first of his *intégrales* at seven Berlin concerts in 1927, the centenary of Beethoven's death, and he made his famous recordings of the sonatas across four years, 1932-35, in London. (On careful L.P. transfers, these are available now in four HMV albums, from International Book & Record Distributors, in Queens.) The last important cycle in New York before Brendel's was probably Claudio Arrau's, in Town Hall in 1953-54; Arrau's recorded *intégrale*, made from 1962 to 1966, is also on Philips.

There is, of course, a nobler reason than the circus one for attending a Beethoven sonata cycle. It can be stated briefly: the sonatas are the greatest music written for the piano. David Hamilton's program notes for the Brendel concerts carried as epigraph some sentences from "Musical Thoughts and Afterthoughts" defining the sonatas' uniqueness:

> First, they represent the whole development of a genius, from his beginnings to the threshold of the late quartets. . . . Secondly, there is not an inferior work among them. . . . Thirdly, Beethoven does not repeat himself in his sonatas; each work, each movement is a new creation.

Elsewhere, after citing Busoni's aphorism on Mozart "Along with the mystery he provides the solution," Brendel observes that Beethoven's sonatas, on the other hand, remain forever elusive. We go with confidence to hear his latest accounts of them because for twenty years he has been their committed and illuminating interpreter, making new discoveries and finding new insights he is eager to share—to put to the test, one might say, of public performance.

I chose the epithet "stirring" to characterize the concerts partly because of Beethoven, partly because of Brendel. In a 1920 essay, Busoni—about whose performances of the late sonatas Edward Dent wrote so eloquently—remarked:

> You might speak of "the divine Rossini." You can also speak of "the divine Mozart." But you cannot say "the divine Beethoven." That does not sound right. You must say "the human Beethoven." . . . Beethoven's heart was great and pure, and it felt for humanity. . . . His proverbial struggles may be nothing else but the difficult endeavor to put human strivings . . . into musical forms.

To call Brendel stirring is more provocative. He has said, "Although I find it necessary and refreshing to *think* about music, I am always conscious of the fact that *feeling* must remain the Alpha and Omega of a musician," but many people find him unemotional. My colleague at *New York*, after paying tribute to his "keen musical intelligence as well as his physical stamina and mental concentration," called his playing "so correct, so immaculate, so dry-eyed, so infuriatingly objective" that he decided not to stay the course.

I never heard Schnabel play (he was born in 1882 and died in 1951) but was brought up on his records. In live performance, I learned Beethoven's piano music from Wilhelm Backhaus, who embodied an earlier, more romantic, less "intellectual" approach to Beethoven than Schnabel's; from Edwin Fischer (Brendel's teacher), who was poetic, unself-conscious, and entirely lovable; from Walter Gieseking, who realized everything in terms of beautiful tone, and Wilhelm Kempff, who magisterially blended charm, caprice, and profundity; from Arrau, Rudolf Serkin, Solomon, and, among my near-contemporaries, Julius Katchen. None of them sounded as Brendel sounds. I believe that musical sound-ideals in the nineteen-eighties are different from those of the nineteen-fifties, and very different from

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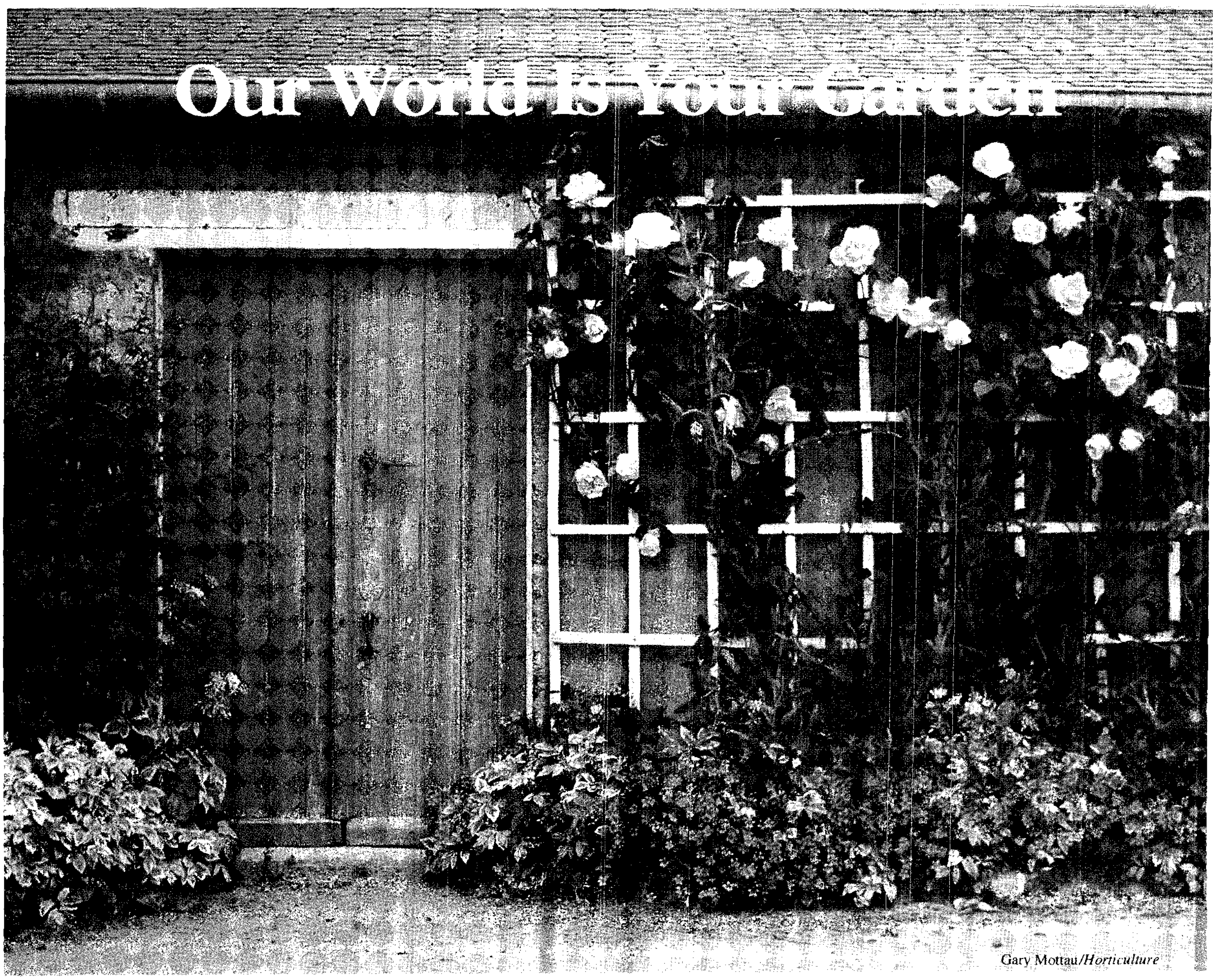

Gary Mottau/*Horticulture*

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those of the nineteen-thirties; that ears (corrupted, perhaps, by the prevalence of amplification, and slightly deafened by everyday din) are tuned to different expectations; and that conductors, players, and instrument-makers, perhaps unconsciously, strive for a clearer, harder, stronger, less warmly beautiful timbre than their fathers did. In another essay, Brendel says, "When listening to the records of Cortot, Fischer or Schnabel, I feel as if I were sitting in a good seat in a good hall; the timbre of the great pianist is there, the piano sounds homogeneous in all registers, dynamic climaxes and hushed tones come over with equal conviction." Whereas modern recording techniques, he implies, are less closely related to what one hears in the concert hall from modern pianists. I agree with the first part of his proposition. When listening to Cortot or to Fischer records, I do hear the pianist that I used to listen to so eagerly in concert halls. But if Brendel were able to sit in the body of a concert hall today and listen to himself play I think he might hear, perhaps to his consternation, the pianist that is heard in his recordings. Records reflect, capture, and then reinforce the sound-ideals of their day. Beecham on records and Furtwängler on records sound much as Beecham and Furtwängler did in concert. Solti and Muti on records sound much as Solti and Muti do now in concert. Many factors, not only instruments and the way they are played, are at work. Modern concert halls with hard, clinical acoustics are accused of aspiring to the sonic condition of modern high-fidelity recordings. This is all an impression, not something easily proved. Records are factual "documents" about such matters as tempo, phrasing in time, and the degree of portamento the strings employ; in matters of timbre and balance they can be misleading. But it is a fair presumption that engineers aim at producing the kind of sound most admired at the time, and so in this respect records can be evidence, too—evidence that needs careful interpretation and some knowledge of recording techniques.

Every musician, I imagine, carries "memory tapes" in his mind of particular performances. I can rerun mine for a Michelangeli "Gaspard" that provided the most bewitching piano sound I have ever heard, or my first hearing of Horowitz as he stroked the opening theme of Rachmaninoff's Third Concerto from the keyboard. They are "audio-visual" memories; I'm back in, respectively, the Florence Comunale and London's Festival Hall. How accurate they are from a sound point of view I can't tell. There are other unforgotten performances—among them a Fischer "Pathétique," a Kempff "Hammerklavier," a Gieseking "Waldstein," a Katchen "Diabelli," Brendel's playing of the last three sonatas at York University in 1969—the vivid memories of which seem to be confirmed, but have possibly now been colored, by the artists' recordings of those works.

I'm going a long way about to find reasons for things that puzzle me—the divergence of reactions to Brendel, the defensive note in even the most laudatory accounts of him, my own mixed feelings—while weighing the fact that recordings now play as large a part in musical life as live concerts do. Are Beethoven pianists always controversial? When Hans von Bülow played twenty-two of the sonatas in New York, in 1889, Henry Krehbiel wrote, "Those who wish to add intellectual enjoyment to the pleasures of the imagination derive a happiness from Bülow's playing which no other pianist can give to the same degree." But James Huneker was unimpressed: "All intellect . . . cerebral, not emotional . . . the temperament of a pedant." Schnabel, the great Schnabel, was and still is chided for rushing and for imperfect technical command. Memory can't be dismissed. Appraisal is made against knowledge of both the works and how others have played them. A young enthusiast tells me he was tempted to cry to two elderly members of Brendel's audience who went rambling on about the Cortot and the Schnabel recitals they had attended, "You can keep your memories. Enough for me that I have heard Brendel!" I envy him that freshness. Will he decades hence—how will Beethoven's sonatas be played then?—become in turn a *laudator temporis acti*? To my ears, Brendel's playing lacks charm of timbre—lacks warmth in cantabile melodies, lightness and ripple in quick figurations, and ethereal beauty of sound in the hushed trilling of the late sonatas. From where I sat in Carnegie (about midway back, on the left aisle), rapid notes often tended to become smudges or blurs—abrupt single gestures rather than detailed, delightful filigrees. (Examples: the sixteenth-note bubbles that burst into the scherzo theme of Opus 2, No. 2; the sixteenth-note arpeggio sweep into its rondo theme.) Charm of timbre, I'm told, is not Brendel's concern. But I miss it. The other Beethoven players I've mentioned had it. Brendel does have charm of thought. It would be oversimplifying to suggest that, where earlier pianists rendered Beethoven's sonatas in color, Brendel gives us renderings in black and white. Some such analogy is tempting: one perceives relations, proportions, and form more readily in a line drawing than when the eye is allured by richness and seductiveness of color. One perceives them in Brendel's playing. Should we call it "post-Schenkerian"? Although Heinrich Schenker's analytical editions of the late sonatas began to appear in 1913 and were known to earlier generations, it is in our day that people have begun to listen to Beethoven in a more formally analytical way.

There is another factor that affects contemporary Beethoven performance: the increased awareness on both pianists' and listeners' parts that the pianos Beethoven composed for were unlike the pianos of today. As Brendel has written, "we have to resign ourselves to the fact that whenever we hear Beethoven on a present-day instrument, we are listening to a sort of transcription." He goes on to argue in favor of using the modern grand all the same, as being a richer and more versatile instrument, even though some effects Beethoven requires can only be approximated on it. Charles Rosen has argued similarly. Both pianists, I think, now play Beethoven on modern grands with a keener knowledge of their specific limitations than earlier pianists possessed. Thoughts about sound and thoughts about structure are hardly separable. Rosen's observations on the "Waldstein" pedal indications, in a chapter of Dominic Gill's "The Book of the Piano" (Cornell), are lucidly and convincingly supported by Rosen's performance of the "Waldstein" in a Nonesuch album of middle-period sonatas. My ideal "Waldstein" finale now combines Gieseking's poetic, captivating tone quality with Rosen's firm structural definition.

Brendel, it is perhaps too seldom remarked, is an uneven pianist. By his second recital I was disappointed. The third, which closed with a thrilling, wayward "Appassionata," held me spellbound. He often starts a concert apparently tense, ill-at-ease; then after the intermission he settles, fingers and mind begin to flow together, and he seems to be in rapport with his listeners. (In a hall as big as Carnegie, the number of coughers, fidgeters, premature applauders, and wearers of beeping wristwatches is large.) Because of his unevenness, it is hard to generalize; from jottings and memories of what he did here, what there—and what now, what then—let me try. The early Vox recording shows Brendel at his most unaffectedly strong and poetic. This is a young man's Beethoven—buoyant, fiery, and generous. By contrast, the Philips cycle is thoughtful, point-making, and exploratory even to a fault. There are many rare insights, but it is Beethoven in tight closeup. The Carnegie cycle was freer, fresher, bolder. There were things I didn't like at all (a lack of impetus in the first and the last movements of the "Pastoral," for example, and a mannered delay accent on the third note of its theme) and others that were daring, even reckless. There was a welcome sense that Brendel, far from endeavoring to set out his current "definitive" interpretations, was venturing—was ready to take chances that might (as in the "Hammerklavier" finale) or might not (as in the first movement of Opus 109) come off. At times, he seemed almost to be improvising—on the secure basis of his ten recent performances of the same sonata. It wasn't divine Beethoven, and Opus 111 was not sublime. But it was human Beethoven. That London editorial put it well:

> It is not that his touch is finer, the sounds he produces more beautiful, or his pedaling more subtle than that of other pianists: indeed on all these counts he could be surpassed. But his grasp of the issues at stake in the music is incomparable.

IN May, Vladimir Horowitz played a recital in the Metropolitan Opera House that began with a grotesque Opus 101 (which Brendel had played the week before), distorted as if to validate the contentious conclusion of the New Grove entry on him: "Horowitz illustrates that an astounding instrumental gift carries no guarantee about musical understanding." Then came Schumann's "Carnaval"—clattery and pointlessly eccentric. A Chopin group after the intermission brought some traces of the old wizard. The thumbnail characterizations in "The Book of the Piano" say of Horowitz that "even at his most provocative and controversial, he compels his critics to suspend judgment, listen, and marvel." Not this time.

In April, Charles Rosen ended his Carnegie Hall recital with an inspired performance of "Carnaval"—one with a line that ran firmly from piece to piece, that made it a coherent, colorful progress. It's years since I've listened to "Carnaval" so avidly or followed it with such delight in Schumann's inventions. Before it, Rosen played Schumann's bold, beautiful, rarely heard Impromptus on a Theme of Clara Wieck, Opus 5. The recital began with Chopin—two nocturnes and the B-Minor Sonata—and continued with the most brilliantly shaped account we've had yet of Elliott Carter's "Night Fantasies." I don't *always* enjoy what Rosen has to say, but when he hits the mark he is dazzling.

Later that week, there was more rare Schumann in Carnegie, from Emil Gilels: the Piano Pieces, Opus 32. It was followed by the Symphonic Studies. The recital began with the first book of Brahms' Paganini Variations and his Opus 116 Fantasias. Ever since Gilels' London début, in the fifties, I've thought him a solid, strong, sure, totally reliable, but rather uninteresting pianist. This is not received opinion. Gill, in Grove, mentions him in a breath with Sviatoslav Richter. I still can't hear why, though I keep trying.

LET me, while writing about pianists, praise Joseph Horowitz' "Conversations with Arrau" (Knopf) as one of the best books about a performing artist ever written. Horowitz, a former *Times* critic, asks the right, intelligent questions. Arrau answers fluently and frankly. It's an enthralling, free-flowing, but shapely compound of reminiscences and of observations on music, on particular pieces (and particular measures in those pieces), on piano playing, and on individual pianists. And let me deplore Glenn Plaskin's "Horowitz" (Morrow) as a coarse, gossipy chronicle that makes no musicianly attempt to examine why Horowitz is the most famous pianist of our day.

—ANDREW PORTER

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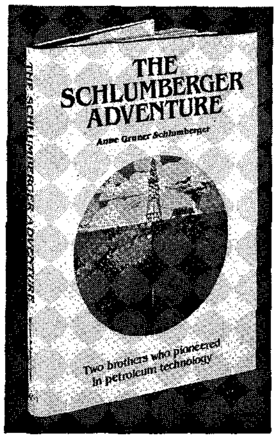
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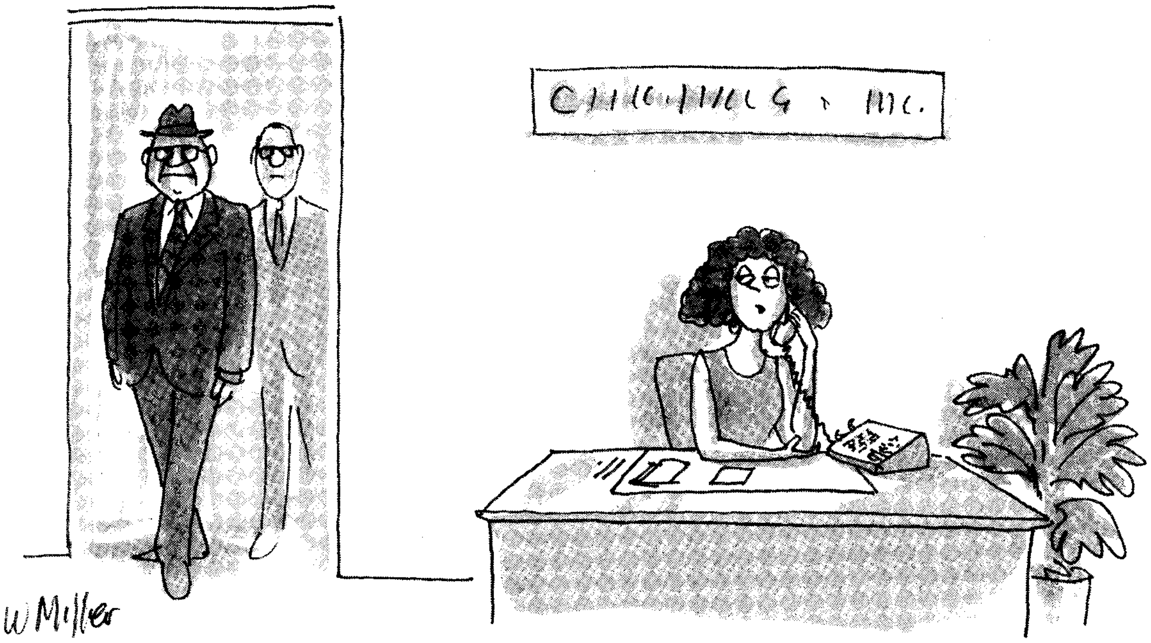
BOOKS

Louise in the New World, Alice on the Magic Molehill

THE title of Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's new novel, "In Search of Love and Beauty" (Morrow; $12.95), evokes that of Proust's great opus concerning the search for lost time, and much else about the novel is Proustian: its aristocratic milieu, where there is always enough money to finance romance; its multi-generational scope; its free movements back and forth in time; its frequent scenes of sexual spying; its interest in Jewishness and homosexuality as modes of estrangement; and its insistent moral that human love will always find an unworthy object. Louise Sonnenblick, the handsome, robust heroine, born a German (like all the first generation of these love-and-beauty-seeking characters) and a Protestant, is in love with Leo Kellermann, a pudgy blond pseudo-psychologist who manages in his fifty years of American residency to establish himself as a shady kind of guru. Bruno, Louise's dapper, dutiful, dainty German-Jewish husband, a wealthy thread manufacturer in the Old World, is in love with his brazenly faithless wife. Marietta, their daughter and only child, briefly loves and unfortunately marries Tim, the alcoholic scion of an old Hudson Valley family. Mark, their son, a homosexual, loves Kent, a pretty but sluggish American roughneck. Natasha, a homely and phenomenally passive "one-hundred-percent-guaranteed Jewish child" whom Marietta has adopted, loves Mark. Marietta also loves Mark and India—both of them hard to control. And Leo, charmer though he has been, as an old man loves the spacy Stephanie, with whom he is impotent. As if this roll of poorly requited passions were not extensive enough, Mrs. Jhabvala has adorned her elaborate monument to quixotic cathexis with accessory gargoyles like Janet, one of Leo's many unhappy and befuddled clients, who is so in love with "an Iranian—or was she an Iraqi?—girl who claimed to be a princess and certainly looked like one" that she slashes her wrists, and Anthony, a middle-aged homosexual who is so in love with Kent that he tries to stab Mark with a carving knife. It is Janet's story that yields the phrase of the title, "in search of love and beauty," and it is Anthony's face that epitomizes our lovelorn misery: "His eyes, when they met Mark's, were pale and drained of color as though washed by nights of tears." Later, Natasha sees "that his eyes were washed and dimmed not only by these recent tears but by days and nights and years of them." These last quotations indicate one respect wherein this novel does not resemble Proust—a certain hurried flatness of the prose; the authorial voice assumes a tone of gossip and summation before the characters have earned our interest and, briskly racing around the ambitious territory staked out, does not always provide the specificity of which this fine writer is capable. In Proust's interweave of romantic delusions, the glory of the descriptions, as the narrator strives to recapture the past, redeems everyone, even characters as tawdry as Jupien and Morel; in "In Search of Love and Beauty" no one is redeemed.

Yet the novel contains a world of knowing and many vivid scenes that in sum give a colorful picture of what America meant to the upper-class Germans who immigrated here during the thirties, and what they made of it. Like the Russians who came to Berlin a decade before, they retained as much of their social and actual furniture as possible. Bruno, who goes walking in Central Park in spats and a dove-gray homburg, feels most at home in his "large, lofty" West Side apartment; "not only was it filled with his family furniture but it also had the same high ceilings, vestibule and corridor, and sliding doors between the living and dining rooms as [his ancestral] house in the Kaiserallee." Louise's chic friend Regi, in contrast, has a Park Avenue apartment "done up in the Bauhaus style she had brought with her as absolutely the latest thing," with glass-and-chrome furniture and white wolf rugs. As Leo Kellermann charms both women into aiding his nebulous enterprises, both apartments are called into service: "Since Regi's apartment was starkly modernistic with a lot of empty space, it was more suitable for the physical expression classes; while the theoretical lectures remained at Louise's." To cater to the German refugee community, a posh restaurant called the Old Vienna opens—"the deep-blue buttoned banquettes, the velvet curtains with gold-fringed valances over panels of white lace, the chandeliers hanging down as thick and fast as paper lanterns"—and here at the center row of tables Louise and Regi, in girlhood called The In-



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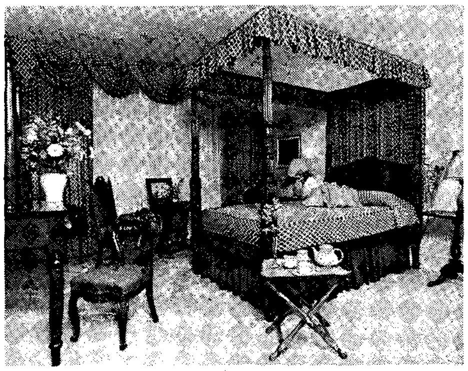

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separables and now, like the century, in their thirties, make a splendid impression: "Their legs were too long to fit under the table, so they kept them crossed outside, long and smooth in silk. Both were elegantly dressed—Louise in one of her sober, well-cut suits of very expensive material with a fox-fur piece around her neck; and Regi much more flamboyantly in a long-skirted, clinging crepe de Chine dress with masses of jewelry hung like booty all over her." With this vision indelibly in mind, the reader follows the two Teutonic beauties back and forth over the years, until the grisly last scenes of senility and death are attained.

Marietta, of the second generation, had no European girlhood to shape her, and in her American unease turns toward India, the site of most of Mrs. Jhabvala's previous fiction. A sure affection relaxes and lifts the prose when it describes Ahmed, the musician (he plays the sarod) whom Marietta takes as a lover, and Sujata, the huge female singer who, raised as a courtesan, supports a typically extensive Indian household where Marietta becomes a guest. Sujata, too, has had a career of painful loves—her son's father "had been a pimp and occasionally a pickpocket, an unworthy youth in every way"—and her son is a replica of his father and "now, what was worst of all, worse than anything, Sujata was in love again." But Indian philosophy, unlike that of German-Americans, can accommodate these ruinous lurches of the heart:

> Then she grew very serious and very seriously she asked Marietta, as though expecting her to have the answer, that if it was so wrong to have these feelings, then why were they sent? . . . If it was wrong, if it was shameful, then why was it there? And why was it so glorious?

The third generation, with its credit cards and drugs and religious sects overseen by charlatans, lacks the concept of glory. Mark, a conscientious child much leaned upon by his husbandless mother, becomes a successful realtor and a suave invert, but runs a constant low fever of depression: "He remembered Anthony's eyes and a sense of his own future passed through him in a shudder." Natasha, seeing that Leo, so shrewd a manipulator of others, is helplessly in love himself, is depressed by the thought, "for it seemed to her that there just wasn't enough love to go round and never would be—not here, not now—with everyone needing such an awful lot of it." And so dispirited a conclusion dulls the brilliance of this novel, wherein the characters possess intelligence and ardor but never a sense of choice or a motive for self-sacrifice, and are condemned, even the ebullient Louise, to figure in the universe as no more than witnesses of the inexorable dissolution that time achieves. The permutations and incidents of this chronicle are like Bruno's displaced and eventually lacklustre furniture: "The convoluted carvings of screens and furniture had an accumulation of dust that seemed to add to their ponderous weight."

THE title of "Alice in Bed," a sprightly first novel by Cathleen Schine (Knopf; $12.95), evokes another Alice, and in truth our nineteen-year-old heroine does seem to be frequently in Wonderland:

> At that moment, Alice lay on her stomach on a table. Her legs were trussed behind her and hung from the ceiling like a ham. "Get me outta here," she called occasionally.
>
> "Leave it to me," the staff nurse said, and Alice was pulled up in bed, her feet were put on footrests, and the rest of her was twirled until her shoulders pressed against the back of the chair. She seemed to be sitting, but was actually several inches above the seat.
>
> The nurse said, "There!"
>
> Alice, rigid, resembled the figure in the middle frame of a film strip depicting "The Ejector Seat in Action."
>
> A light glared from above. She could see her reflection in the aluminum shade: an expanse of crumpled blue sheets, at one end a little white face, at the other white legs. People in green bustled around her. They all had shower caps on their shoes.

The rabbit hole that this Alice, a Sarah Lawrence sophomore from Westport, Connecticut, has fallen down is the abyss of disease—her legs have suddenly ceased to function, her hips have agonizingly fused—and her adventures take place in the madcap underworld of a Manhattan hospital and then a rehabilitation center further downtown. The marvels of modern medical treatment are scarifyingly, if nonchalantly, portrayed as a farce of brutality and noncomprehension, a kind of "M*A*S*H" *de luxe*. Though Alice is given all the expert attention her very rich father can afford, no diagnosis, not even a name, is bestowed upon her affliction. "My doctors have finally come up with a possible diagnosis," she writes a friend. "I may have osteomyelitis, which means my hips are rotting from an infection. Or I may have aseptic necrosis, which

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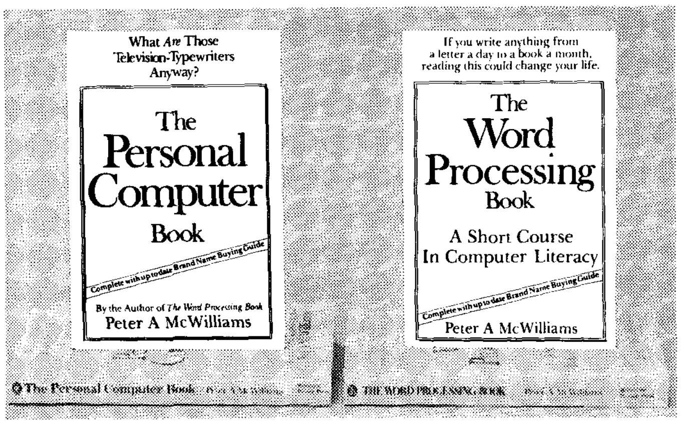
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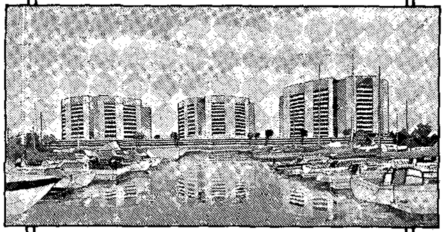

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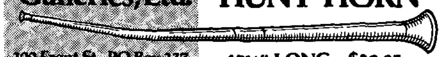

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means my hips are rotting, but *not* from an infection. Well! You can imagine how relieved I am to know what's wrong." The tall and handsome Dr. Witherspoons ("He took care of famous football teams and was famous himself") pays a daily visit in which he twists her feet so that she shrieks and sometimes passes out. "The hips never actually moved and neither foot could possibly turn out toward the edge of the bed or in toward the other foot—her joints were unyielding blocks of bone. Why did he insist on twisting this inflamed solid mass? . . . She thought about it and thought about it, and finally decided Dr. Witherspoons was determining the degree of inflammation from the decibel of her screams." An especially callous and incompetent nurse, Mrs. Trawling, lets Alice suffer an entire night with worsening phlebitis of the arm rather than pull the I.V. A broken machine would get more care and understanding than Alice, as she describes it. Later, at the rehab center, some of her physical therapists are at least seen as torturers with a purpose, and the nameless surgeon who finally operates on her hips is spared, by way of thanks, being characterized at all.

If the title also suggests one of those demure-appearing "adult" books toward the rear of the paperback rack, this isn't entirely wrong, either, for our heroine, at the height of her misery and incapacitation, rather surprisingly manages to perform what used to be called an unnatural act upon two men both old enough to be her father. When she becomes a bit more able-bodied, she seduces a boy with a broken spine and, to test her new prostheses, "a friendly aide, who brought along a bottle of Ripple." Not too much is made of any of this, and it is probably realistic. "In the mist of pain and drugs, her thoughts waxed pornographic. . . . These two men and their organs seemed to be the only things she had any control over, and she would wait in her bed like a despot to exercise her power." Beneath its gossamer-light prose and schoolgirl jokiness, "Alice in Bed" is a saga of the body; as a portrait of *une femme sensuelle moyenne*, a bright upper-class Jewish girl abruptly plunged into a physical nightmare, it is hard to fault. Alice is more than anything bewildered, and focusses on the immediate. She doesn't aspire to a saint's fortitude, but she is no Job, either, troubling the heavens with her complaint. Her suffering doesn't tie into anything bigger; it is big enough in itself. Miss Schine

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creditably solves the curiously technical literary problem of how to represent pain. Since pain, like music, is virtually indescribable, there is little to do but carve a kind of empty space on the page where the impalpable entity would fit:

> Her legs, which barely bent at all, were pushed until her knees were as close to her chest as possible. An aide held them there, straining against them, while strange geometric pieces of foam rubber were placed around her hips, knees, and legs. The aide let go, and Alice realized she was wedged into the horrible position by the innocent-looking triangles, circles, and squares. The pain was so intense that she felt nothing but a kind of huge, spilling heat.

"Alice in Bed" bears comparison with another tale of a cruelly hurt young person, Denton Welch's "A Voice Through a Cloud;" both works leave icy shards in the mind.

Miss Schine writes in short, cool takes that in their innocent juxtapositions are often funny. She has a real caricaturist's flair; of Alice's two middle-aged lovers, Simchas Fresser, a hypnotist from Israel, is sketched as having hair that "when he had taken off his sheepskin hat . . . rose off his head like a wedge of cake" and the diminutive, playful Dr. Davis as "sitting lightly on the chair, elegant as an egg in a nest." Alice's letters to her friend Katie, who is incarcerated in a mental institution, and to her father, who has left her mother and moved to Vancouver, are sassy and sad in exact late-adolescent proportions. Alice has a smidgin of literary ambition:

> Then Alice read an article announcing that everyone was writing screenplays, so she began her own. "I Was a Teenage Gimp," she wrote at the top of a sheet of paper. She crossed that out and wrote "The Magic Molehill."

But Miss Schine's glancing, skipping style, while it makes Alice's yearlong ordeal bearable to read about, does not do well at creating the weave, the thickening circumstance, of a novel. Alice's parents, though her mother is in constant attendance and her father's inopportune defection is a source of pain to rival osteomyelitis, remain minor characters, bundles of identifying tics more than felt presences in Alice's world. Their separation and divorce, though simultaneous with Alice's illness, never merges with it in a way that would indicate a novelist in charge. Things just happen in this book. Characters—visitors, nurses, fellow-invalids—come and go, appear and disappear. Dr. Davis, to whom much drolly honed description is devoted, vanishes from Alice's life with-

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out a farewell, and Simchas Fresser gets a one-line kiss-off: "Simchas Fresser went into a deep depression and they had to stop seeing each other." Alice's year of agony and rehabilitation is a kind of clothesline on which incidents and characters dangle and dry. Even the central questions that keep us reading—What is wrong with Alice? Will she be cured?—are answered in a manner somehow offhand and skimped; a wry, skittish, feminine lie-down comic vies for our attention with Alice the agonist.

BOTH this and Mrs. Jhabvala's novel show a world without guilt, one in which nobody makes a mistake. Whether your hips freeze or you fall in love with a rotter, it's beyond your control, it happens to you. Without the possibility of a mistake, there can be nothing to repent of, and no tragedy—just the flow of what Freud called common human unhappiness, bearing along with it moments of exceptional health. Louise Sonnenblick's happy moment occurs when she is about Alice's age, a young woman skating on the frozen pond of the Gruenewald; "she glided around on the ice with the same ease as she danced, not thinking of her feet at all. Her eyes were half shut so that the bright crystal sunlight came to her dimly, and so did the voices of the other skaters." She has not seen Bruno standing there admiring her. He treats her to a cup of hot chocolate; while her attention is intent upon keeping a chocolate-and-froth mustache from appearing on her lip, he begins to propose. Still very much a girl, "she wanted to get back to her drink—she loved it so—but desisted, for she realized this was a very solemn moment." And a moment handsomely realized in fiction, a moment worthy of Thomas Mann in its corporeal radiance and latent irony. Both these novels, so unlike in their textures—the one Germanic and musty, the other American and breezy—have their moments and epiphanies, but all somehow displayed behind glass, like beautiful objects that can no longer be handled. The reader never quite ceases to be an audience, of lives that offer those who live them no alternatives and therefore pass as sheer glossy spectacle, like the existences of animals.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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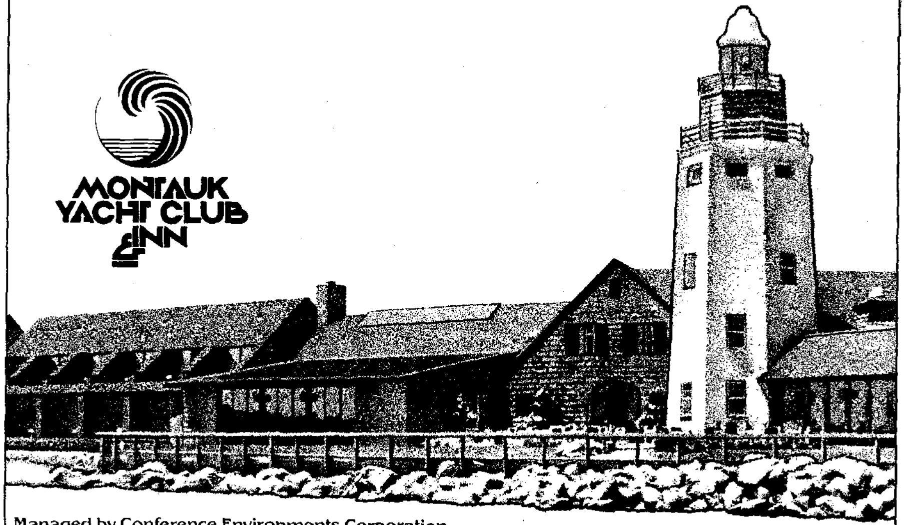

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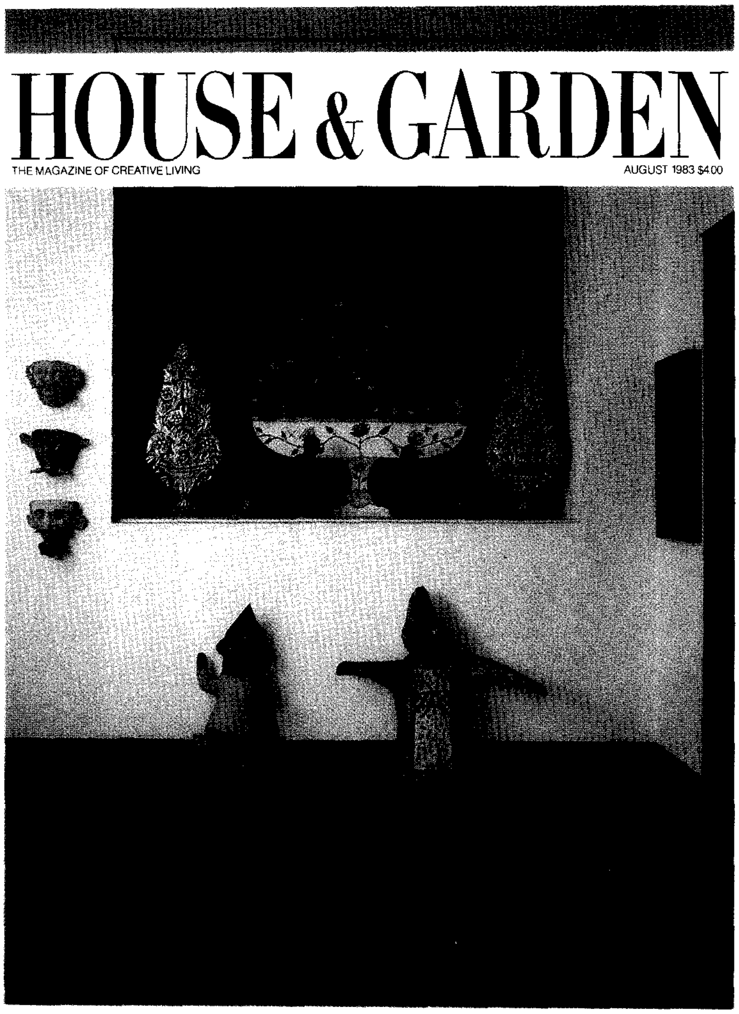
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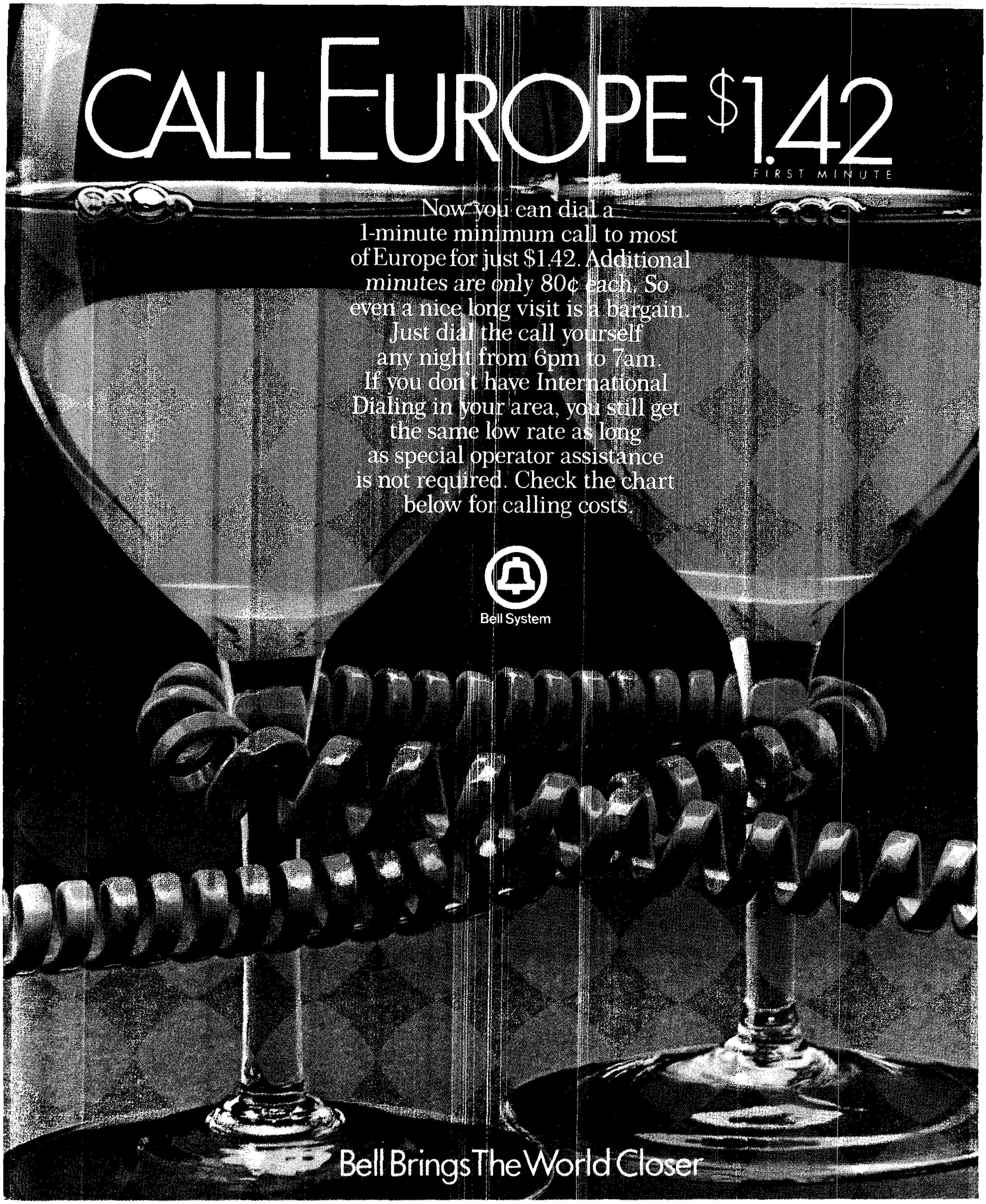

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